PRIESTS AND PEOPLE IN IRELAND

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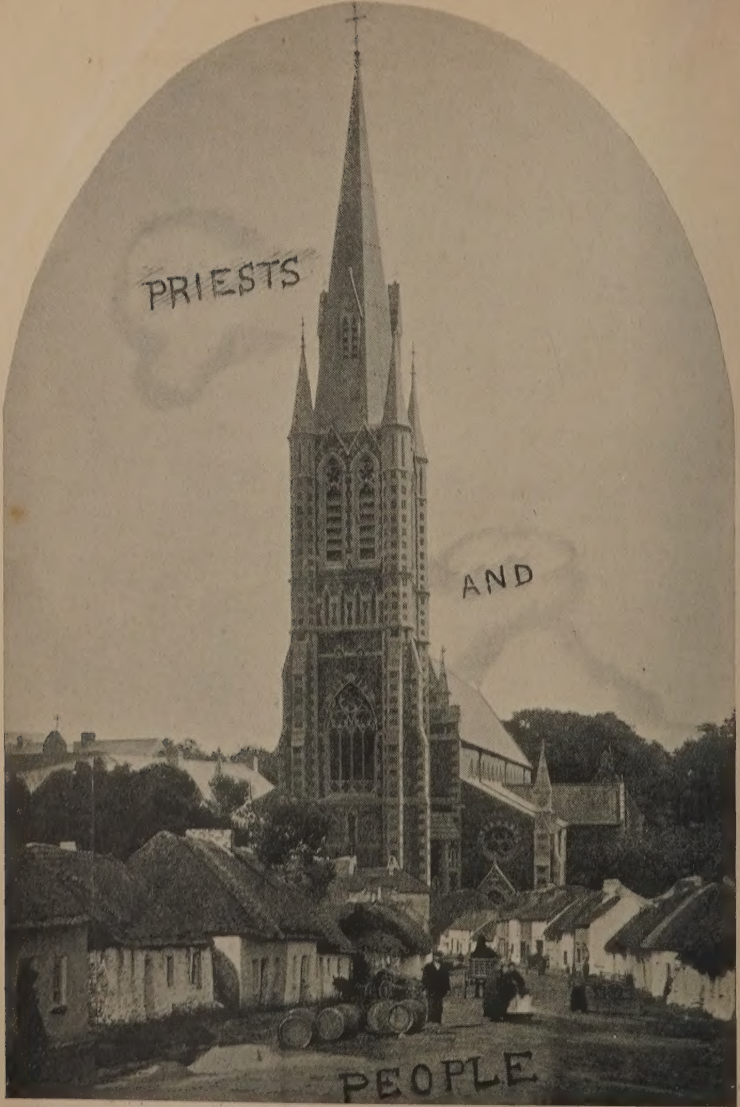


"Lord, were Maijee alive to-day . . . he might truly exclaim as he beheld the golden column of priest-money rearing its shameless yellow crest, &c." (p. 148).

PRIESTS AND PEOPLE IN IRELAND

BY

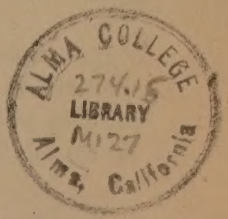
MICHAEL J. F. McCARTHY

B.A., T.C.D., BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

AUTHOR OF "FIVE YEARS IN IRELAND"

"In the relations between the State and the Church, my Government intends to maintain strictly the separation of the temporal and the spiritual; to honour the clergy, but to keep it within the limits of the sanctuary; to bring to religion and to liberty of conscience the most unlimited respect, but to preserve inflexibly intact the prerogatives of the civil power, and the rights of the national sovereignty."—KING OF ITALY'S SPEECH FROM THE THRONE, *February* 1902.

SECOND IMPRESSION



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PREFACE TO SECOND IMPRESSION

THE first edition of PRIESTS AND PEOPLE was practically sold out within a fortnight after its appearance. Unwilling to presume too much upon public favour, I had made no provision for reproducing the work; and, in consequence, we were unable to supply the trade during the greater portion of September and all October.

I sincerely thank the many newspapers that reviewed the work, and I express my indebtedness not less to those critics who have pointed out my shortcomings than to those, and they were many, who gave me their unqualified praise.

I have incorporated the most recent county census papers in this edition, and it is satisfactory to me to find that my estimates of those counties in the first edition have been verified by the official returns.

MICHAEL J. F. M'CARTHY.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Eighth Edition, price 7s. 6d.

Five Years in Ireland, 1895-1900

568 *Pages of Letterpress*, 35 *Pages of Illustrations, including* 42 *Portraits*

FIVE YEARS IN IRELAND, now in its eighth edition, was published in March 1901, and is the most successful Irish book on record.

Allgemeine Zeitung.—"One of those works which announce a revolution in public opinion, and a new epoch in the history of Ireland. There is no book in the English literature of to-day which has made such an immense sensation as this book."

Spectator.—"One can almost see the tears between the lines. Absence of personalities, abnegation of ancient grudges, earnestness and common-sense are his attributes, and he does not lack humour."

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Daily Chronicle.—"Mr. McCarthy is a liberal-minded Irish patriot in the sense that he can judge calmly and moderately about the troubles of his country without allowing himself to be carried away by excitement or prejudice."

Scotsman.—"No one could consider the accounts which it gives of the superstitious ignorance of the Irish peasantry and avoid reflecting that the proper work of the Church must be badly done in Ireland. . . . An unusually well-informed history."

Daily Mail.—"Himself a Catholic, he would check the power of the priests and permit the Catholic laity to exert their proper influence."

Irish Times.—"This book should be read by every Irishman and Irishwoman who desires to know the truth about Ireland."

Daily Express (Dublin).—"No future historian can afford to dispense with its wisdom and guidance."

Globe.—"Is full of sense and sincerity. . . . Mr. McCarthy has in him the characteristics of the real patriot."

Birmingham Daily Post.—"A man whose fervent patriotism does not prevent a clear appreciation of the weak side of Nationalist politics."

British Weekly.—"FIVE YEARS IN IRELAND is the book of the hour amongst all creeds and classes."

Morning Post.—"Shows great range of knowledge."

New Ireland Review (Jesuit).—"A virulent and sustained denunciation of the Catholic clergy of Ireland."

Freeman's Journal (Clerical).—"Its dulness is an absolute antidote to its venom."

Deutsche Rundschau.—"Treats all public questions with a degree of uprightness which has never been equalled amongst Irish Catholics."

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

I EXPRESS my indebtedness to very many friends, and especially to Captain Frederick H. Crawford of Belfast and Mr. Arthur T. Ellis of Dublin, for their kindness on many occasions while I was writing PRIESTS AND PEOPLE. Many of the most interesting photographs were taken for me by Mr. Ellis. With reference to the frontispiece, while it is, of course, an ideal picture intended to emphasise a contrast which strikes every student of life in Roman Catholic Ireland, still it is only ideal in part. The church is a real church, expensive and ostentatious it is true, but not exceptionally so for Ireland; the village is a real one, not many miles away from the church, and it is not, by any means, an exceptionally wretched village. Several more glaring contrasts, existing in fact, were presented for my adoption; but a reluctance to hurt the feelings of the inhabitants of any stated locality induced me to adopt the idea of the present frontispiece.

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INTRODUCTION

In Priests and People I attempt to perform a duty which is neither pleasant nor unattended with risk.

A new power—or, rather, an old power in a new environment—has been gathering force in Ireland during the later decades of the nineteenth century; and before this rising sun all classes of people in Ireland are bowing themselves down in worship to a greater or less extent.

This new power, this rising sun, is the sacerdotal organisation of the Roman Catholic Church, the Church to which I myself and the majority of Irishmen belong.

The framework of society in Ireland has, by virtue of the growth of this power, undergone a complete reconstruction; and events have been moving so precipitately, that the condition of things which confronts the statesman of to-day is almost entirely different from the circumstances which arrested Mr. Gladstone's attention when he introduced his first Home Rule Bill in 1886. "Rome Rule," as it was called, was then, in the opinion of many Roman Catholics, myself included, an unsubstantial chimera. To-day "Rome Rule" is, in a limited but well-defined form, an accomplished fact; and our chief consolation is that it is not accompanied by what was fallaciously

described as "Home Rule," for then its scope would have been unlimited and undefinable.

Our Roman Catholic priests, monks, and nuns now possess an effective organisation in Ireland which outnumbers the services of the imperial and local governments combined. They constitute an unmarried and anti-marriage league, apart from the people, and working for objects which do not tend to enhance the common weal.

And so great has their power grown, that the popular press has become a mere laudatory chronicle of their words and deeds, and our poor, popular members of Parliament find their most remunerative employment in securing the redress of sacerdotal grievances, and working for the increase of sacerdotal emoluments.

The press and the platform find it to their immediate interest to swell the chorus of flattery in which the praises of this great new power—or, rather, this old, world-condemned power under new circumstances—are being chanted throughout the land.

But more ominous and more eloquent than the open adulation of the newspapers and the orators is the dismayed silence with which the growth and consolidation of the priests' power is being watched by the merchants, the professional men, and the civil servants of every grade, from the clerk of petty sessions to the judge on the bench, from the sergeant of police to the highest permanent official in Dublin Castle.

For all of them the power of the priest is the one unspeakable, unmentionable thing.

The British public, reading the overt parliamentary proceedings in connection with Ireland, rarely hears of this new power from the lips of a member of the Government. For, although Acts of Parliament are

passed annually, and departmental concessions are made daily in order to confer some pecuniary benefit on the priests, the name of the sacerdotal organisation is never publicly mentioned.

The duty which I undertake in this work is that of presenting the public, as I believe for the first time, with a survey and examination of the priests' forces in Ireland, as they operate upon the daily lives of the people.

The concentrated energies of this old power in its new Irish environment are persistently directed to the achievement of four main objects, all of which are antagonistic to the national weal:—

1. Its own aggrandisement as a league, apart from the body politic in which it flourishes, but in alliance with an alien organisation whose interests are not the interests of us the Roman Catholic laity of Ireland.
2. Moulding the ductile minds of our youth, so that their thoughts in manhood may run, not in the direction of enlightenment and self-improvement, but in obedient channels converging to swell the tide of the priests' prosperity.
3. Perplexing and interfering with our adult population in every sphere of secular affairs, estranging them from, and embittering them against, the majority of their fellow-citizens in the United Kingdom, imbuing them with disloyalty to the commonwealth of which they are members, the result being that our people are the least prosperous—indeed the only unprosperous—community in the British Isles.
4. Terrifying the enfeebled minds of the credulous, the invalid, and the aged, with the result that

the savings of penurious thrift, the inheritance of parental industry, the competence of respectability are all alike captured in their turn from expectant next-of-kin and garnered into the sacerdotal treasury.

While every new Act of Parliament passed for the general benefit of Ireland is taken full advantage of in those counties where the Protestants are in a majority, in the Roman Catholic portion of Ireland the beneficence of every such measure is perverted to the especial uses of the priests' organisation, and the people remain as discontented as if it had never been passed.

Such is the condition of things which I shall have regretfully to portray.

I impute no bad motives to any one concerned in the disastrous phenomenon, either to the priests themselves, who are inveigled into the existing organisation before they have come to the use of reason; or to the British Governments, who have been led to accept the priests as the authoritative exponents of public opinion in Ireland, and have, in consequence, done so much during the past thirty years to inflate the power and pretensions of the sacerdotal organisation.

Following the precedent which I laid down for myself in FIVE YEARS IN IRELAND, I only deal with matters of public comment and notoriety, and I am not actuated by feelings of animus or personal enmity towards any individual, lay or sacerdotal, or any body of individuals in my native land.

I have discarded the immense amount of private information placed at my disposal, imputing offences against cardinal virtues to various members of the sacerdotal organisation, male and female.

I have endeavoured to merit again the encomium

passed upon my last work by the *Spectator:* "He never descends to personalities. Thus he keeps his pages sweet, and he takes us further into Irish sympathies than one had hoped for from an Irishman writing on Ireland."

I have written strongly, as the occasion demands, but never personally.

I am a Catholic; I am an Irishman; I have a right to speak.

I am in favour of religious equality and toleration in the fullest sense of those terms.

I admire the British people for their extraordinary tenderness to the small Catholic minority in Great Britain, who constitute less than one-twentieth of the population, and have only 3 fellow-religionists among the 567 parliamentary representatives of Great Britain in the House of Commons.

I condemn the policy to which our priests have now committed themselves, in the plenitude of their power in Ireland.

It is not a policy of forbearance, but of religious intolerance and bigotry which is ultimately bound to develop into religious persecution; and is destined to eventuate either in revolution, or, as seems more probable at the moment, in the undermining of individual and corporate morality, in the emasculation of our people's character, and in the rancorous wasting of national decline.

MICHAEL J. F. M'CARTHY.

PRIESTS AND PEOPLE

CHAPTER I

THE UNIVERSAL CAUSE

"A universal effect demonstrates a universal cause."
—JAMES HARRINGTON.

THE unsatisfactory condition of Roman Catholic Ireland is the universal effect which has occupied my attention ever since I began to think seriously, and which I shall discuss in these pages with a view to demonstrating the universal cause from which it springs.

It is admitted and deplored by all who take a sympathetic interest in Roman Catholic Ireland, whether they be Irishmen like myself, Englishmen, foreigners, or Americans, that we, Irish Roman Catholic people, are unable to take advantage of our opportunities and to compete with, or claim an equality with, the other white races of Northern Europe. The English, the Scotch, the Welsh, the Protestant Irish, the Teutons, the French, the Belgians, the Hungarians, the Dutch, the Danes, the Scandinavians, the Swiss, and even the Finns — many of them small peoples who possess no greater natural advantages than the Irish people in position, in climate, or in soil—all can claim a partnership in the work of the world which is being done in North Europe and North America. The citizens of the smallest of those lands have earned a right to be

regarded as equals by the citizens of the largest of those nations. The citizens of the small countries are, in many respects, superior, intellectually and industrially, to the citizens of the larger kingdoms.

How different it is with Roman Catholic Ireland. Our typical Roman Catholic Irishmen, our Gaelic League Irishmen, our United Irish League Irishmen, our priest-educated, priest-led Irishmen are out of it all. If we Roman Catholic Irishmen, three-fourths of the population of Ireland, were settled in mid-Africa or South America, we could not be more completely out of communion with the white races of North Europe than we are. What, then, is the universal cause which produces this universal effect, as to the existence of which there is such a consensus of opinion? Our Nationalist orators, our sacerdotal orators, our newspaper writers are never tired of dwelling upon it. And I myself, a Roman Catholic Irishman living in the midst of it, have painfully considered, for fifteen years at least, what can be the universal cause which produces this universal effect.

Various causes have been assigned for our national backwardness by our popular public men and by our critics.

For a long time I sought for the universal cause of our unhappy condition in politics. Is politics the universal cause? Assuredly not. For in every one of those countries I have mentioned the citizens take a keen interest in the politics of their country; and the political histories of those nations are all redolent of strife, suffering, and the copious shedding of blood. The keenness of politics in Belgium does not prevent the population and the wealth of the country from increasing; nor have the past sufferings of the little country broken its spirit. The Scotchman takes a keen interest

in politics, and secures every political reform which he desires. So does the Welshman, and even the Manxman. The English and French peoples take an absorbing interest in politics; so do the Germans, the Danes, the Scandinavians, the Swiss, and the Dutch. Every political reform required by those countries is won by the people. They present their case more rationally than we Catholic Irish do when they require a political reform. Their greater business capacity enables them to bring their political movements sooner to a sensible and successful issue. But the peoples of all those countries have been in the past, and still are, prepared to lay down their lives freely for the maintenance of any essential political principle. The Englishman, loyal though he be to throne and constitution, has not hesitated to execute one king, and to expel another from England, and exclude his progeny from the throne, to achieve political reforms and ensure civil and religious liberty. The Englishman has more than once given way, and would again give way, to rioting of the most violent character, in which lives were lost, jails broken open, and property of all kinds destroyed, in the assertion of what the masses believed to be their political rights. And Englishmen, as we see, are still prepared to die in tens of thousands for the protection of those rights. The same, in varying degrees, may be said of all the other countries of Northern Europe. Therefore I come to the conclusion that our farcical, petty, termagant politics in Roman Catholic Ireland, which are so spiritless and puny compared with the politics of those other countries, cannot be the universal cause which produces the universal effect which is deplored by every one who loves the Catholic Irish.

I ask myself, is it criminality, a natural proneness to

vice and crime in the Irish character, which produces this universal effect? I do not believe it is. There is crime in Scotland, crime in England, crime in every one of those northern countries to a greater or less extent. In some of the most prosperous of those lands the criminality is greater than it is amongst ourselves in proportion to the population. In others of them it is less than it is with us. But our criminality, so far as it makes itself amenable to the law, and can be tabulated in statistical form, is not above the average criminality of any of these countries.

There is a good deal of criminality prevalent in Ireland—idleness and the vices which spring from idleness—which can never be tabulated and presented in a statistical table, and in respect to such crime Ireland may surpass most of the countries of Northern Europe; but that is only an effect of the universal cause we are seeking for. There is nothing in the accessible criminal statistics of Ireland as compared with Great Britain, as we are so often proudly reminded, which can be construed to our disadvantage. Therefore I come to the conclusion that the actual criminality of Ireland is not the universal cause of Roman Catholic Ireland's miserable condition.

I next ask myself if it is the excessive indulgence in drink which produces this universal effect; and I cannot say truthfully that it is. Those patriotic people who deplore the backwardness of Roman Catholic Ireland, who make moan about its decreasing population, about the decay of its industries, about the continued loss of character and manliness in the population, all truly and proudly point out that there is more drink, per head of the population, consumed in England, Scotland, and Wales than there is in Ireland. There is intoxicating drink taken in all the other

countries of Northern Europe also: Germany, Scandinavia, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Belgium, and Northern France. I do not approve of, nor do I condone, the consumption of intoxicating liquor, when I state that I believe the consumption of drink per head in Ireland is not above the average of North Europe or North America. But that fact makes it evident that indulgence in drink cannot be the first cause, the universal cause, producing the universal effect, which we deplore in Catholic Ireland. If it were, then the same lamentable effects would be noticeable in every country where the same amount of drink is consumed.

Our popular leaders, lay and sacerdotal, inveigh against the iniquity of the law as the root of Irish misery. And in that quarter I next searched for the cause of our degeneracy; but I find that it cannot be traced up to the laws under which Catholic Ireland is governed. The laws of the United Kingdom are the freest, and, in some respects, the best in the world. They leave more scope for individual initiative than the laws of any other European state. There is toleration for every creed and race under the English flag. There is freedom of opinion and action for every man wherever British law is administered. The British laws are in force in Ireland; and the same laws prevail in prosperous Protestant Ireland as in degenerate Catholic Ireland, without an iota of difference. Nay, more; the laws in force to-day in Catholic Ireland are the same laws which are in force in Middlesex, Glamorganshire, Lancashire, and Lanarkshire. If a combination of Londoners, or of Protestant Irishmen in Antrim, were to proceed to put the "plan of campaign" into operation for preventing the exercise of his legal right by a common creditor, the laws would be enforced against

them, and, in all essentials, they would be put to trial and punished just as are the tenants on the De Freyne estate. We deceive ourselves in Catholic Ireland when we think that it is otherwise. The English, Scotch, Welsh, and Protestant Irish farmers have to pay rent as well as the Irish Catholic farmer. They have to give up their farms to the landlord whenever they cease to pay; and it is an everyday occurrence in England to find a farmer relinquishing a farm because he cannot work it profitably. And there has been no beneficial legislation for English or Scotch farmers similar to the enactments passed since 1870 for the Irish tenant farmer. The perfect and extraordinary freedom enjoyed under British law cannot receive a better exemplification than the flourishing condition of the Roman Catholic religious orders in Ireland. Those orders, legally speaking, have no right to citizenship or even existence in the United Kingdom; but, notwithstanding, they are allowed to accumulate money openly; and even receive large grants from the public treasury. There is not a law in force in Ireland to prevent the Roman Catholic Irish citizen from doing everything which is being done by the English, Scotch, Welsh, and Protestant Irish citizens of the United Kingdom. If representation in Parliament be considered a blessing, then the Irish citizen is better represented in the House of Commons, so far as numbers are concerned, than the English or Scotch citizen. Although the population of Ireland is only between one-ninth and one-tenth of that of the United Kingdom, Ireland returns nearly one-sixth of the representatives in the House of Commons. Scotland, with a population of 4,472,000, has only 72 members of Parliament, while Ireland, though its population is only 4,456,546, possesses 103 members. Therefore we cannot

justly ascribe the lamentable condition of Catholic Ireland to the injustice of our laws.

I next seriously fixed my thoughts upon religion and its interference with secular affairs. I observe that in all those countries where a high degree of prosperity exists, where manliness of character is predominant, whether in North Europe or North America, there is one universal cause wanting, which is present with us in Catholic Ireland, and that is Priestcraft. I do not use the term offensively, but I mean by it the interference and domination of the priest in the social and secular concerns of the people by virtue of his profession. Priestcraft is not rife in any of those countries. And where the religion professed in some of those countries is the Roman Catholic religion, I find that the priest has been deprived of all secular power, both in education and politics. The present trend of events in Roman Catholic France is notorious; in Paris chapels and convents are "to let"; commissions in the army are, by War Office regulation, given to students educated at secular schools in preference to those educated at clerical schools.

It appears to me, then, that the Priest in Power is a universal cause omnipresent in Roman Catholic Ireland, but which is wanting in all those other prosperous countries. All the other causes to which our wretchedness is at various times ascribed, Drink, Crime, Politics, and so forth, are present in those prosperous countries; but Priestcraft is notable by its absence. In Catholic Ireland those who read this book will find that Priestcraft is omnipresent, all-pervading, all-dominating. I am forced to the conclusion, then, that it is folly for us, Roman Catholic Irishmen, to deceive ourselves by attributing Catholic Ireland's degeneracy to causes which are but secondary

and are found not incompatible with progress and prosperity elsewhere. It is sacerdotal interference and domination in Catholic Ireland, beginning in the infant school and ending with the legacy for masses after death, that will be found to be the true and universal cause of that universal degeneracy upon which we so commiserate ourselves.

The potency of the priest implies a radical weakness in the national character; but it is the priest's interest to perpetuate that weakness and to foster it until it becomes a national imbecility. The weakness in our national character could be rectified, a fact which is proved by the success of Catholic Irishmen in good company in other lands; but its rectification is prevented by all the concentrated energies of the Priest in Power. The exceptionally evil consequences which, for Irishmen, flow from addiction to drink, addiction to crime, and addiction to politics, are all traceable to that intellectual weakness and want of moral strength in our character which are perpetuated by our subjection and addiction to priest. If Roman Catholic Ireland were to give up addiction to drink and become a nation of teetotallers—a state of things which does not exist in any of the countries mentioned, and which, therefore, it would be unpractical to hope ever to see established in Ireland; if we were to give up our addiction to crime, and if Catholic Ireland were to become a completely crimeless country, so far as legal criminality is concerned—a state of things which does not exist in any other country; if we were to give up our addiction to politics and become a completely non-political country —an equally unprecedented state of things; if Roman Catholic Ireland had the sustained moral strength to do any one of those wonderful things, the country would thereby become emancipated from the sway of the priests,

and immediately begin to advance. But none of those heroic things can be done. They have not been done in other countries, even in the greatest of them. It is absurd, therefore, to ask us to rise at once to such heights of moral heroism.

The one practical thing which all those other countries have done, and which we may do, is what we are never invited to do; and that is to give up our subjection to our priests in social and secular affairs. That is what the citizens, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, of all those other countries have done. But that is what Roman Catholic Ireland has not yet done. As soon as we achieve our mental freedom, once we assert our independence of the priest in social and secular affairs, then we, Roman Catholic Irish, shall stand on a footing of equality with Protestant Ireland and with the rest of North Europe and North America. When we Roman Catholic Irishmen have won a share in all the administrative, social, religious, educational, charitable, and Church work connected with Christianity in our own country, then we shall have started on the road which has led to success for all other countries who have travelled it, and we shall have removed the universal cause which has produced our national degeneracy.

It is the adult man who has to wrestle with Drink, Crime, and Politics—but it is the infant who is overwhelmed by mental subservience to the priest. When the character of the growing youth is softened and vitiated, he falls an easy prey to drink, crime, and politics when he becomes an adult. And our common country, the aggregation of those adults, becomes the wreck that we deplore. We cannot improve our nation while we allow our youth to be brought up in weakness and mystification. Enervated and perplexed in their

youth, under the influence of dominant sacerdotalism, our adult men have been trying for generations to cure by legislation—or agitation for legislation—the evil and inherent consequences of their breeding; but our careworn, agitating adults, in their turn, hand their children over to our priests to be brought up in similar mystification and misguidance!

Our Roman Catholic Church in Ireland is, fiscally, a voluntary Church; yet we, the laity, are but stocks and stones in its constitution. We are not living members. We accept, with dumb discontent, an arrangement which excludes us from all voice in its executive business. We have allowed the education of our children to become a branch of theological administration. Nay, there is some ground for apprehending that our Government, deceived by our silence, may create a new statutory university, endowed with public money, in which the status of our priests, as infallible dictators in secular education, may receive legal recognition.

That is the problem of problems in Ireland to-day. But, before grappling with it, let us move about through the country, north, south, east, and west, and endeavour to realise the relations subsisting between the priests and the people.

CHAPTER II

PRIESTS AND PEOPLE IN LOUTH AND ARMAGH

It has often struck me that the county of Louth is the most "northern" of the Catholic counties, not from a geographical point of view, but in the characteristics of its people. Donegal is, geographically, the most northern; but it is really "southern" in the character of its poor inhabitants. Louth contains the two important towns of Drogheda and Dundalk. Drogheda, which is in touch with Dublin, contains a population of 12,760, having decreased by 948 since 1891. Dundalk is in touch with Belfast and the North, and contains a population of 13,076, having increased by 627 since the census of 1891. There are several important factories in Dundalk—a railway factory; an iron foundry; tobacco factory; distillery and breweries. There are also factories in Drogheda, which is a town with a history, while Dundalk has none. But the spirit of Drogheda is as much southern as northern, and the town is not as prosperous as Dundalk. The county of Louth contains 60,171 Catholics as against 5669 members of the Reformed Churches, and is, therefore, more than nine-tenths Catholic. The area of the county is smaller than that of any other Irish county, being only 202,731 statute acres; and the population, which in 1891 stood at 71,914, has decreased to 65,820 in 1901. Louth contains a high percentage of illiterates, namely, 23.7 per cent., or nearly a fourth of the population. But the inhabitants are industrious;

and there are few better farmers found in Ireland than those of Louth. The number of people in receipt of poor law relief in 1901, as inmates of workhouses and outdoor, was 1 in 30 of the population.

Emigration is on the wane; the total number who emigrated during the decade 1891 to 1901 being 2803, or 280 per annum, as contrasted with 6954, or 695 per annum, from 1881 to 1891. The county is in the arch-diocese of Armagh, and, therefore, under the jurisdiction of Cardinal Logue, who rules over an important and powerful ecclesiastical establishment in this small area. There are 85 priests stationed in Louth, 21 monks and 77 male Catholic teachers. There are 167 nuns and 139 female Catholic teachers. There is an Industrial school at Dundalk, in which there are 61 Catholic girls under the care of the Sisters of Mercy; and there is another at Drogheda, under the care of the French Sisters of Charity, in which there are 101 Catholic boys, supposed to be destitute vagrants, who have to be reared by the nuns at the expense of the State. The amount of public money drawn by the nuns for those two schools amounts to £3479 per annum. Totting up these figures, we find that the clerical army and followers in the small county of Louth number 750 souls, male and female, over whom the priestly organisation is the absolute autocrat and master.

I find that the Imperial and Local Government establishments in Louth consist of 79 Civil Service officers and clerks; 162 police; 47 municipal, parish, union, and district officers; 29 other local and county officials; 33 female Civil Service officers, and 25 female municipal officers; total, 375, or barely one-half of the Catholic clerical establishment. The military army stationed in Louth amounts to 23 officers, effec-

tive and retired; 447 soldiers and non-commissioned officers; 3 militiamen; and 34 army pensioners; total, 507. Louth is considered in Ireland to be a very strongly garrisoned county, but we find that the soldiers of the King within its borders only amount to two-thirds of the army under the command of Cardinal Logue. The number of professional men in Louth is higher than in other Catholic counties. There are 21 solicitors and barristers, 27 doctors, 29 civil engineers, and 12 architects; total, 89, or about one-ninth of the clerical standing army. It is worthy of notice that while there are 167 nuns, there are only 16 midwives to attend to the 8453 wives in the county of Louth.

Out of the entire population of the county, namely, 65,820 persons, only five people were discovered who spoke Irish exclusively in 1891; and in 1901 there was not a single person in the county returned as speaking Irish only. In 1891, those who were able to speak a little Irish, using English as the principal language, were returned as 2671; and we are informed that in 1901 the number of such persons have increased to 3201. The importance of these figures is fictitious, for the 600 additional people so returned are youngsters learning the Irish numerals at the National Schools under the priests' control. The smattering of Irish they will acquire is destined to be of no use to them; but, on the contrary, it will take up some of their brief school time, which, if the schools were under good management, might be spent in obtaining knowledge of a useful character. There are 5482 Catholic children attending the priest-managed National Schools, 2996 boys, and 2486 girls. The future of those 5482 children is entirely in the priests' hands; for, though their education is paid for by the State, it is the priests who

control the teachers, whom they can dismiss, if they do not please them, at three months' notice.

There are five Monastic and Convent National Schools in the county, at which 728 boys and 1910 girls receive an education. These schools are conducted by teachers who have not passed the National Board's examination, and who are only partially under the control of the Board; but who, nevertheless, receive a substantial Government grant. They are, if such a thing were possible, more completely under the control of Cardinal Logue than the ordinary National Schools, and the 2638 children who are educated in them are sent forth into the world, well primed with mental subservience to the priests; and, to that extent, unfitted to compete with the Protestant youth whom they will have to meet in the open competition of the world. The Christian Brothers have three schools in the county, which do not receive a national grant, and which are attended by 858 pupils, who receive at the hands of the Brothers an education of which religion—that is, subservience to the priestly organisation—is the prime essential. It is needless to say that the 161 vagrant children who are educated in the Industrial Schools are also turned out of those institutions as the obedient servants of the priest.

The Protestants have two superior male schools in the county, at which 67 pupils receive a superior education; and the Catholics have one superior male school, attended by 93 Catholic boys. The Protestants number less than one-tenth of the population, and, therefore, if 67 youths be the proper proportion of Protestants to receive a superior education in Louth, there should be, at least, 600 Catholic boys receiving a superior education in the county, whereas there are only 93. Those 93 Catholic boys are under the control

of the Marist Fathers at Dundalk, and will, doubtless, be turned out of that sacerdotal school saturated with all the puzzling materialism of our religion, as it is applied to secular life; and a large percentage of them will become priests. There are two convents in the county which are described as giving "superior" education, at which there are 139 girls, only 23 being boarders, the rest being day pupils. As I do not consider the education of these convents to deserve the name of "superior," it is not worth discussing the proportion which the number bears to the population of the county. It is to be noted that the number of pupils attending them, 139, is only four-fifths of the total number of nuns in the county; and, as these Convent Schools are mostly used as feeders for the religious communities, we may take it that a large percentage of the girls attending them will join the Orders of Nuns who manage those schools.[1] The Religious Orders stationed in Louth are the Franciscans, Augustinians, and Dominicans, at Drogheda; the Dominicans, Marists, and Redemptorists at Dundalk; the Christian Brothers at Drogheda, Dundalk, and Ardee; Dominican Nuns at Drogheda; Sisters of Mercy at Dundalk and Ardee, and Sisters of Charity at Drogheda.

In the centre of Louth, midway between Drogheda and Dundalk, in the backward district of Dromin, the Rev. Doctor Mannix, a theological professor from Maynooth, attends at the dedication of a new church early in 1902.[2] "Explain it as we may," he says, "it is the fact that Catholics have often much to learn from their non-Catholic neighbours in industry, and thrift, and energy, and enterprise. There is something amiss when profitable, and honest, and honourable employments and departments of industry are left

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1901. [2] *Freeman's Journal.*

almost wholly in the hands of non-Catholics. There is something wrong with the education, and habits, and traditions of Irish Catholics when they can be beaten in their own ground, when they can be forced to emigrate, while non-Catholics can remain, and live, and prosper in the midst of Catholic communities." It is well to have such a confession from Maynooth; and times are changing indeed, when such an admission is made by a priest. But priests have a habit of decking themselves in borrowed plumes, a knack of re-echoing the words of those who are anxious to help the people, while they are by no means imbued with a desire to act upon those borrowed sentiments. Let me remind Dr. Mannix that he came from Maynooth to Dromin to dedicate a new church, and that all over Ireland the dedication and foundation of new churches and new convents are proceeding apace. Vast sums of money are being taken from the Catholic people to put up those buildings, and to maintain the priests and nuns who occupy them. The churches and the convents, the fat priesthood and the teeming nunneries are the tangible results of Catholic Emancipation for Ireland so far. There is nothing in the law at present to prevent a body of Catholics in the Dromin district from coming together and starting a local industry, any more than there is to prevent them from building their new church. Dr. Mannix says: "The stagnation, and decay, and hopelessness that have settled on Catholic Ireland are, no doubt, largely due to centuries of misgovernment and enslavement." Who are the enslavers? Who keep the Irish Catholic mind in subjection? Who denounce a "free mind" and "free thought" as if they were diseases? But, putting that aside, there has been nothing in the law for the past seventy years to prevent lay Catholics from pursuing every branch of

Lawrence.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL AND "ARA CŒLI" AT ARMAGH

"We find, in this very diocese, that Cardinal Logue is able to collect over £30,000 for the interior decoration of his cathedral" (p. 17).

"The total receipts of the bazaar were £33,380, 16s. 10d., &c." (p. 35).

industry, and holding all descriptions of property. Why then are they stagnant, while the priest is abnormally active? It cannot be lack of capital; for £60,000 can be readily subscribed for a new church anywhere in Ireland. We find, in this very diocese, that Cardinal Logue is able to collect over £30,000 at a single bazaar for the interior decoration of his cathedral. What then prevents the lay Catholics from advancing themselves in the world while the priests flourish so amazingly? Why is there "stagnation, and decay, and hopelessness" to puzzle the inquiring mind of Dr. Mannix? Is it not because of the upbringing of the lay Catholics, because of the timidity and want of self-help implanted in their minds? Is it not the result of that upbringing that they are prepared to expend millions of money in building churches, and convents, and endowing priests and nuns, and thus leave themselves without a ten-pound note to start a fresh industry? Must not the "stagnation, decay, and hopelessness," the "something amiss with the education, habits, and traditions of Irish Catholics," be laid at the door of the priests from whom the Irish Catholics receive their education? Cardinal Logue, as we shall see, comes to Bessbrook to found an expensive convent for which there is no necessity. All the factories and business of Bessbrook are the work of Protestant brains and hands. The Protestants have no Cardinal Logue to mystify and interfere with them. If there were a Protestant Cardinal Logue perambulating about the country, making his disturbing and mystifying speeches; and if the Protestants maintained their Cardinal Logue and his big army of priests, monks, and nuns in riches, and expended all their available capital in beautifying his churches, and glorifying himself; and if, in addition, they were supporting

an Italian priesthood; we should find the Protestants in as stagnant a condition as the Catholics are. And a Protestant Dr. Mannix from a Protestant Maynooth would be moving about asking the winds to tell him the cause of Protestant stagnation. We Catholics must remove the cause of this "stagnation, decay, and hopelessness" in ourselves. Nobody can do it for us, least of all the priests, who only know how to idle, to beg, to posture, and to talk. We must have the courage to confine the priests to their religious business, and win from our sacerdotal masters the same freedom of mental development in youth, and civic action in manhood, as the lay Protestants possess. If the mind does not work freely and straightly, the entire life is warped. It is in the school that the mind receives its bent; and for the past half-century the priest has been in the school, making, or rather marring, the mind of the nation. Hence it is that the nation is "stagnant, decaying, and hopeless." Let an Irishman be ever so industrious, let him amass a respectable sum of money, the priest will come to him on his deathbed, and take that money, entirely or partially, from his natural heirs and inheritors, and remove that money from useful circulation in industrial pursuits, and apply it to the purposes of sacerdotalism. In every country of Europe where the Catholic religion is the dominant one, progress has always been made in despite of the priest; for the priest, when allowed free play, submerged the laity. The priest can claim no share in the prosperity of any European Catholic land. There was a time in continental Catholic lands when the priest controlled the education of the youth, and handled large sums of State money for that purpose. But the Catholic governments of those countries took the education out of the priests' hands; and the countries progressed as soon

as that was done. When that has been done in Catholic Ireland, Dr. Mannix's prophecy may come true: "The day will come, when, without parting one jot or tittle of her faith, without losing any of her Catholic traditions, without relinquishing her high spiritual ideals, Ireland may be able to hold up her head amongst the nations." But Dr. Mannix is egregiously wrong in adding that the "priests and people of other Catholic lands have done" what they have done "with the encouragement and blessing of the Holy Father." That is not so. The Catholics in other lands who are progressive have not had their progress encouraged or blessed by the Holy Father. They are in a condition of revolt against his authority, and they resent his interference in anything which concerns their secular affairs. The Papacy no longer possesses power: it exists by sufferance, and has come to be looked upon with forgetful kindliness by the governments of those nations who have completely emancipated themselves from its sway. Irish Catholics are misled into believing that Protestant nations, when they treat the Pope politely and kindly, agree with him, or are prepared to accept his authority. Even continental Catholic nations will not accept command or guidance from him. Catholic Ireland alone, garrisoned with new churches, convents, monasteries, reformatories, and industrial schools—the home of sacerdotalism—still looks up to the Pope as if he were the possessor of power. Since the dethronement of the Pope in 1870, and the emancipation of Italy, British people no longer fear the Pope. They see us, his followers in the British Empire, an impotent minority numbering, at our own liberal calculation, ten out of three hundred millions. The Englishman, with his characteristic kindness towards minorities, and toleration of every religious profession, is kind to the

Roman Catholics and polite to the Pope. But, despite the disappearance of all overt danger from Papal inspiration in England, there is still a very real danger, and evil consequences flowing from it, in Catholic Ireland. The United Kingdom suffers to some extent thereby, but we, Irish lay Catholics, suffer much more. Our people are kept in a state of continual unrest and discontent. Their thoughts are fixed upon church building, convent building, useless religious observances, and their energies are wasted in the expenditure of money for sacerdotal purposes. The mind of the child is enslaved in the priest-managed, state-subsidised school. Therefore it comes to pass that the kindliness which the fair-minded English people extend to the Catholic minority of the United Kingdom is misplaced and actually injurious to us, whenever it takes the shape of pecuniary endowment for the priesthood or vests public patronage in the priests' hands.

Travellers from Dublin to Belfast cannot fail to observe what I shall call the Meigh (Mike) district on the borders of North Louth and Armagh, and partly in both counties. It is situated in the hilly country, north of Dundalk, and culminates in the wedge-shaped and mountainous Carlingford peninsula. It is inhabited almost entirely by Catholics, and the holdings are as small in many cases as the holdings on the De Freyne or the Dillon estates in Mayo. It is a pleasant, highland country, consisting of hills and dales amongst the mountains, and has long been a fruitful subject of cogitation with me, every time I pass through it on my way north, or on my return journey southward. Dull indeed should be the traveller who could fail to be struck by its peculiarities. There is a Catholic chapel in the midst of this district, though there is no town within its borders. The houses of the peasantry are situated

on the slopes of the hills, at the foot of the mountains, and along the valleys, as thick almost as monuments in a cemetery. The little whitewashed homesteads, and the little farm-buildings around them, are, in many instances, scrupulously clean and well kept. In many other cases they are ruinous and badly kept. But there is a spirit of helpfulness and energy in the little settlement which is entirely absent from what are called the congested districts in Mayo. If this locality were situated in the west it would be a congested district, and fat officials would draw large salaries for coming down to inspect it, and to deliver lectures and write voluminous reports upon it. But, being on the borders of the north, and at the English side of the island, the inhabitants, though Roman Catholic, retain sufficient self-respect to be self-supporting. I have often wondered how such a number of people managed to live on such small holdings, and in such hilly ground. Their little fields on the mountain sides are kept by sheer labour from relapsing into the region of heath and furze, but there is no particular brightness shown in their cultivation. I have never seen any public advertisement of distress in this district; nor has it, to my knowledge, ever come before the public looking for alms or pity. The North Louth peasants are permeated with the spirit of self-help which animates their Protestant neighbours in the county Down and the county Armagh, just as are the inhabitants of the whole county of Louth. I have inquired from people who know the district intimately as to how this thickly populated region manages to exist, and I have been informed that there is a yearly migration from the Meigh district to England, just as there is from the Mayo district to England, but on a much smaller scale. The Meigh peasants, when they get to England, do not all become harvesters

or temporary farm labourers, like the west of Ireland peasantry. Marvellous to relate, most of them follow the occupation of pedlars in England. They travel about the English rural districts with packs of miscellaneous merchandise on their backs, just as the young Jews do in the district around Dublin. When they get to England they buy their little stocks of commodities at the cheapest possible rate. They remain absent on this work for about half the year, and then they return to their homesteads with whatever money they have made. The number who migrated from Louth and Armagh to Great Britain in 1901 was 419; 115 landholders, and 304 non-landholders; and we may take it that this represents the migration from the Meigh district. I have often been struck in harvest time at seeing mere children cutting corn in the little fields; some of the boys so young that a farmer in the south of Ireland would be afraid to entrust them with the use of a scythe, and the girls who followed the youthful mowers so small that they should have been at school. A gentleman who lives in the locality informed me one day that the fathers and elder brothers of some children at whom we were looking were, at that time, in England, to his knowledge, with packs on their backs. This industry of the Meigh peasant, his annual departure from and return to his barren, ungenerous home, are characteristic of Catholic Ireland. Many of them must ultimately find a home in England; but the population continues to be as thick as ever, in proportion to the general population of the country. I can imagine that, prior to the famine, when Ireland contained a population of over 8,000,000, the entire face of the country must have presented some such spectacle as that witnessed to-day in the Meigh district. If genuine self-originated, self-supporting industries were started on a

considerable scale in Catholic Ireland, with which charitable and religious communities should have nothing to do, a copious supply of labourers could be drawn from the Meigh district. If the Meigh people got facilities for self-development and self-improvement in their own land, they would develop into a race of which any country might well be proud. Like all the rest of Catholic Ireland, at present, the district is in a kind of suspended animation. Up there in the hills, with the Protestant north on one side of it beyond Carlingford Lough, and the Catholic country with its large tenantless pasture plains, like Spanish *despoblados* on the other side, Meigh occupies a Tantalus-like position. If it were in England, the people would be sure to start some genuine home industry by which they would attain to comfort and wealth on their own soil; but in Ireland there is nothing for this Catholic population but the mysteries and stupefaction of religion for one half of the year, and annual migration as pedlars to England for the other.

A servant girl from one of the towns, not in the Meigh district, got married recently. Previous to marriage, she went home to her parents, and, on the eve of the wedding, the neighbours brought presents to the bride. Instead of being of a useful nature, the gifts consisted of quarts of whisky; or a pint of whisky and a pint of wine. After the marriage the wedding party assembled at *déjeûner*, and the priest who performed the ceremony honoured them by his presence. He sat at the head of the table, and filled out "tumblerfuls" of wine, which he handed to the females present, each of whom approached the priest and made a curtsey as she took her tumbler of liquor from his hands. To the men who were present the priest handed "cups and tumblerfuls" of whisky. After the company had

imbibed freely, the priest arose and went round with the bridecake, which he sold in pieces to the men and women present. Each one paid him for his or her slice, taking the piece of cake and dropping the money on the plate instead of it. When the priest had gone the entire round of the company, he took the proceeds from the plate and put them in his pocket, and he shortly afterwards took his departure from the house. This habit of "selling the bridecake" by the priest is very prevalent at weddings of poor Catholics throughout the north of Ireland. It is a degrading habit to the priest, and even more degrading to the company; for when the priest, to whom they look up so much, can stoop to such ignominy, what can be expected from the poor people who follow his example? In addition to the proceeds of the sale of the bridecake, which, at this servant girl's wedding, I am told by an eye-witness, amounted to over £5, the priest also received a fee from the bride and bridegroom. Thus all the kindness of the young couple's friends in this instance went to the support of the priest and the publican and the drink manufacturer; and the married pair did not receive a single useful present either in cash or kind to help them to start in life.

I regret to record an equally odious custom, prevalent in the north of Ireland, namely, collections on the dead bodies of poor Catholics. I am happy to say they are not made in the portion of the south of Ireland to which I belong. The custom is as follows: If the priest comes to the funeral, a collection is made up for him before the dead body leaves the house for the cemetery. In some instances this is done in a particularly repulsive way. The coffin is laid on chairs outside the door, and a large dish or plate is placed upon it, and all those present come forward and

place their offerings in the plate. In one instance north of this densely populated district which I am describing a widow offered the priests of the parish a lump sum of £5 if they would consent not to have such a collection. The priests refused the offer; for not alone would the collection amount to more money, but they said they could not set the precedent of breaking through an old-established and lucrative custom. When the dead body is brought to a church, the collection for the priest is made by himself at the altar rails. In the south of Ireland, if the friends of the deceased cannot pay, the priests absent themselves from the funeral; and the poor people are always buried without any service, and without the attendance of a clergyman. I have often felt that it was disrespectful to the remains of a human being, belonging to a Christian community, to be thus interred without a service. But now I think the omission is preferable to such loathsome money-grubbing over the bodies of the dead, as that which prevails in the North amongst our fellow-Catholics.

One of the most remarkable towns in the United Kingdom is situated a little to the north of this Meigh district. Indeed, it is the nearest town to the district on the north. Bessbrook contains a population of 3400, yet it does not contain a single public-house. It is a Protestant town, and it is full of industry, content, and happiness. Into this town come Cardinal Logue and Bishop O'Neill, on the 10th April 1902, for the purpose of founding a new convent[1] to be worked by Sisters of Mercy. It is to cost a large sum of money, and the plausible pretext upon which it is founded is thus put by Cardinal Logue: "Let us educate our young children; let us make them intelligent; let us make them capable to labour for their subsistence,

[1] *Freeman's Journal.*

and in an intelligent way give them a thorough, good, practical education. I think that in that way we could do more to make them contented, and keep them in their own country, than trying to give them charity, to raise little sums of money to help them in any little difficulty they might have. I think no money is more usefully spent or contributes more practically to the beneficial welfare of the people than money spent on education." Nobody contests these sonorous principles, but they do not apply to the business which Cardinal Logue has in hand. A stranger would obviously be led to the conclusion that it was the education of the Catholic children of Bessbrook which was alone to be advanced by the convent. That is not the case. Those children can get a free National School, with a fully qualified teacher paid by the State, without any cost to themselves. In the Sisters of Mercy Schools, the teachers will be religious ladies who have no special qualifications for teaching, having passed no examination. Therefore, it is not true to imply that it is purely in the interests of education that this convent is started in Bessbrook. Again, a stranger reading that statement of Cardinal Logue's would imagine that Cardinal Logue and his colleagues were in the habit of giving, or that they contemplated lending, little sums of money in charity from their enormous wealth, to help the poor Catholic people in the vicinity. Such an inference is misleading. Ask the Meigh pedlars if the priests have been accustomed at any stage of their existence to help them in that way. You will find that it is the Meigh peasant-pedlar who gives the money to the priests instead of receiving it; and as the priests have no intention now of either giving, or lending, or collecting money for our poor people, the statement is out of place. Those Sisters of Mercy will be an

additional burden on the poor Catholic community in the district. Cardinal Logue says: "Considering the start this work has got, and judging by what I know of the generosity of the people of the parish, they will give it a good lift. In the first place, you have a good example set to you. You have the example of Mr. M'Keown, who has given this fine farm to the nuns, and who has not only given it, but is looking after it for them. You have another parishioner, Mr. M'Parland, who has already given a very large contribution towards the buildings of the convent . . . which will enable the nuns *to go on for some time at any rate without cailing on the public.*" Thus the function will result in a permanent new imposition upon the poor Catholics; and, as if in sarcastic contempt of their poor auditors, Cardinal Logue and Bishop O'Neill, while they are imposing this fresh burden upon their backs, plausibly state that it is a better way to "make them contented and keep them in their own country" than if they "raised little sums of money to help them" in their difficulties! The assertion is daring. The convent will not keep a single peasant from migration, but it will be an additional claimant for a share of his earnings. The people have already good education free in the National Schools; and, if Cardinal Logue or Bishop O'Neill desired to start a new National School of a sectarian character, they could have done so by applying to their friends on the Board of Education in Dublin. In the usual sequence of events it would not at all surprise me to find those Sisters of Mercy scouring the country in search of vagrant children, and starting a profitable "Industrial" School in which to keep them, at a pension of £23 or £24 per head, as a means of increasing their slender resources at the cost of the taxpayers. It is mendi-

cancy, not self-help, that will be fostered in Bessbrook by this convent. It is misdirection and stultification, and not education which will emanate from it.

It will be found to have been a bad day for Bessbrook when that convent was established in its midst; and those who participated in it will be proved, as in so many other districts of Ireland, to have been engaged in a bad work, and not a good one. A good, honestly conducted National School, under a respectable lay teacher, involving no burden on the poor people, would give far better education to the Catholic children of the locality, and leave their spirit of self-help unbroken.

Cardinal Logue stated that he had "ascertained from Mr. M'Keown" that the spot marked out for the new convent had been an old graveyard, and he adds: "Wherever you find in Ireland a cemetery that was attached to an ancient monastery, you may be sure that there you have the relics of saints, so that this hill is sanctified by its holy traditions." I doubt it; even on the authority of Mr. M'Keown. I believe that wherever an ancient monastery was situated you have the relics of idlers, and numbers of idlers, whose lives are black spots upon the pages of our unfortunate country's history. And it would be as hard to find a saint's bones there as to find a saint amongst the twentieth-century people who are met there to found this convent. When Cardinal Logue was in Rome, he tells us "they"—doubtless, the Roman Mr. M'Keowns—"brought him into the sacristy of the Church of St. Paul to see the chamber of relics, and he was deeply impressed to find amongst those relics the skull of St. Celestine. It had a deep interest for Cardinal Logue, as an Irishman, and especially as the unworthy successor of the great apostle whom St. Celestine sent to preach the faith." It is fourteen hundred years ago since

St. Patrick died. Can Cardinal Logue point to one admirable or noteworthy deed—except, perhaps, the transient enthusiasm of Father Mathew—worthy of imitation done by an Irish priest since Patrick's death? We know little of St. Patrick for certain, except that Cardinal Logue and his predecessors have been trading on his name; and, on the strength of his achievements, have been leading idle lives for centuries. Granted that St. Patrick was a good man, that is no reason why an Irish bishop should extract money from the poor laity of his diocese for useless objects, and keep them back in life. None of our bishops deserve thanks for the deeds of Patrick. They must be judged by their own conduct. Stephenson was a great engineer, so was Watt; but no engineer of the present day can afford to live idle by preaching the glories or by treasuring up the relics of those famous men. That would not be the way to advance the science of locomotive engineering.

The less our priests preach about St. Patrick and Pope Celestine, the greater will be their wisdom.

They have more pressing duties to perform in the world. If St. Patrick had rested content with belauding and trading upon some man who lived before himself, and if, under Patrick's influence, Christian Ireland had sunk to the bottom of the scale of nations while Patrick went on building, and begging, and living in the indolence of riches, Patrick's name would be but a byword, a memory to be despised and forgotten. I believe that if Patrick lived to-day, he would raise up the peasants of Ireland; he would not keep them down as our priests do. Each man in his day must do his own work. And, it is not because one man plays his part well in his time, that successive generations of men are to stand idly prating about what that man did, and amassing money on the strength of it.

Cardinal Logue's Christianity is out of date. It is time the voice of Christ Himself, or a new Patrick, rang out in the valleys of Meigh.

The important town of Newry, the gap of the north, the capital of the Meigh and several other districts, contains a majority of Catholics. It is on the boundary line of Armagh and Down; and the southern portion of the county Down lying to the east of it is also, to a considerable extent, a Catholic district. Bishop O'Neill of Dromore lives in Newry, and has a new cathedral in the town; and I find that, though Newry is most advantageously situated for commerce, being at the head of Carlingford Lough, and in direct communication with England, *vid* Greenore, its population and its prosperity are on the decline. Twenty years ago, at the census of 1881, Newry had a population of nearly 16,000. To-day its population has decreased to 12,500. But, if it has lost in this respect, Newry can boast of its bishop, palace, cathedral; priest-managed diocesan seminary; Convent of the Sacred Heart; Convent of the Poor Clares; Orphanage of Our Mother of Mercy; and a Dominican Priory; and of two Convents of Mercy in beautiful Warrenpoint and romantic Rostrevor, close beside it. It cannot serve God and itself, while it serves the sacerdotal Mammon. North of Newry, and still in the county of Armagh, is the Protestant town of Portadown, situated on the upper Bann, which has neither a bishop, nor a cathedral, nor any other obtrusive evidence of sacerdotal dominion, except a parish priest and two curates, and a Presentation Convent with twelve nuns, all of whom have to be on very good behaviour externally. Protestant Portadown has been going ahead steadily, having increased its population from 7850 in 1881 to 8430 in 1891, and 10,500 in 1901. Newry, besides

being full of priests and nuns, is endowed with the questionable blessing of a Nationalist Member of Parliament, who, like his colleagues, must be regarded as a priests' man. Its registered Local Government electors number only 2386. Portadown has no Member of Parliament, although its electors number 2690. Farther north still, and only a short distance from Portadown, and still in the county of Armagh, is the prosperous Protestant town of Lurgan, with an increasing population of 11,777, with no Member of Parliament, no cathedral, no bishop; but having a parish priest and three curates, and endowed with a Convent of Mercy, to which the Government has handed over a grant of public money for technical instruction, to the indignation of the inhabitants of Lurgan. The nuns had already managed to find forty-five vagrant little girls to put into their "Industrial School," and thereby endow themselves with £730 of public money yearly. They now have two Government endowments. The payment to those inexperienced, terrified ladies in the Lurgan Convent of Mercy, of taxpayers' money for imparting technical instruction to the children of Lurgan, is as preposterous an act of folly as one could imagine. Father Finlay, the Jesuit member of the Board, follows the endowment, and delivers a lecture in the town upon industry. What daring sarcasm! Lurgan, full of self-help, vigour, and progress, containing a Protestant population who have done everything needful for themselves, containing a "stagnant, decaying, and hopeless" minority of Catholics, as Dr. Mannix would say, is not served by that act of the British Government. A Jesuit would be but a drone in the Lurgan hive to be expelled. The most "stagnant, decaying, and hopeless," though well-meaning, section of the Catholic population of Lurgan are not the proper people to give lessons in

handicraft and self-help to the children of Lurgan! The Irish nuns cannot call their souls their own. They exist on sufferance under the authority of their bishops. Their poor minds are full of fears and doubts and tremulousness. Hell yawns open under them at every step they take. Their accounts, receipts, and disbursements are under the supervision of the bishops. They are the last people in the world to whom a sane administrator would intrust public money for the purpose of infusing manliness, self-help, and technical education into the youth of such a town as Lurgan. It may be inferred from this case why governmental benevolence is unproductive in Ireland. Indefensible as the endowment of this convent in Lurgan may be, the similar endowment of scores of convents throughout the rest of Ireland is even more pernicious; for in Lurgan there is a Protestant community to elevate the standard of the Catholics. But, in the south and west, where convents abound, there is no Protestant community to act as a stimulus and elevating force; and, as we shall see in Westport, the parish priest will simply order the District Council "to hand the money to the Reverend Mother." The endowment of Lurgan convent is as preposterous as if a convent in Newcastle-on-Tyne were to receive a public grant for giving technical instruction to young miners how to excavate coal, or to young quay-labourers as to loading it on ships, or to the children of the factory hands at Messrs. Armstrong, Mitchell, & Co.'s great manufactory as how to make armour. When the Technical Instruction money can be thus perverted to priests' uses in the North, and in the face of Protestant criticism, readers may understand the extent to which it is so perverted in the South, where there is no Protestant criticism to be feared. Things were, as I thought, at their worst when our help-

less nuns were in a position to receive from £20 to £24 per head for vagrant children, whose support in the workhouses does not cost more than £8 or £9. But to endow them for teaching art and craft is to misapply the public funds in the grossest way possible. A "vocation" is the only qualification necessary for a nun; and that means, in Lurgan, implicit faith that the Bishop of Dromore and his priests can do no wrong. Such qualification may not unfit ladies to rear vagrant children at a remuneration treble the cost of their support in the Union Workhouse; but such ladies are the last persons in the community who should receive Government money for giving technical instruction.

Let us now visit the picturesque and primatial city of Armagh, where Cardinal Logue resides as the Roman Catholic successor of St. Patrick, and where our enormously expensive cathedral has recently been built. We find industry and commerce in a state of decay; and the population fallen from 10,070 in 1881 to 7438 in 1891. Primate Alexander of the Church of Ireland resides in Armagh. The Protestant cathedral is an ancient foundation, and the Protestants of Armagh have not been put to any expense in connection with it. It is the most picturesque building in Armagh; it contains some exquisite pieces of sculpture, executed by famous European sculptors; and its ornamentation and interior furnishing were carried out at the personal cost, for the most part, of the late Primate Beresford. I had just walked across the town from Cardinal Logue's new and showy cathedral; for Armagh nestles in a valley between the two cathedrals. The Catholic cathedral is ostentatious and flaring; its twin towers pointing up like horns into the sky. It is not artistic, nor is it well placed. From any point you look at it,

it appears to be out of plumb, and Cardinal Logue's residence standing beside it, which he calls "Ara Cœli," or the "Altar of Heaven"—a name which grates upon one's ears—seems altogether out of the vertical. If it be an altar of Heaven, it would appear to be all awry, and not straight. The interior of our Roman Catholic cathedral, on the day I visited it, more resembled the interior of a stable, or outhouse, than a place of worship. It was dirty and neglected; and I emerged from it in disgust, and walked across the primatial town, through its winding streets, and up and down its steep hills, until I reached the Protestant cathedral on the top of the opposite hill. The quiet, unostentatious, inexpensive exterior of the Protestant cathedral was a relief to the eye after the two springbok-horn towers of our monstrous Catholic building. The interior of the Protestant cathedral was orderly, clean, comfortable, and unpretentious. The statuary within it consisted of monuments of eminent men, connected in some way with the cathedral or the locality, and they were the best of their kind. If Cardinal Logue had expressly wished to dissociate himself from everything becoming in the Protestant cathedral—

"The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill"—

he could not have succeeded more entirely than he has done. Armagh was at one time a very important place. It is now a place of little importance from a commercial point of view, but it will always remain an interesting and historic locality. Though its trade is on the wane, it is an imposing country town, or city, as the inhabitants prefer to call it. There are signs of grandeur, evidences of design and of taste, both in its location and in its surroundings. The Mall is a picturesque place, and the Protestant bishop's palace

is a fine house, well situated. Evidences of the personal benefactions of the Protestant primates are to be seen in the buildings and market-places of the town, in the astronomical observatory and public library.

Cardinal Logue organised a bazaar on behalf of his cathedral in July 1900, and "the total receipts were £33,380, 16s. 10d." The expenses, of which the largest item was £658 "paid to priests doing temporary duty for the collectors," came to £3353, 19s. 11d. And the "net proceeds £30,026, 16s. 11d.," were handed over to Cardinal Logue. Father Byrne, P.P., V.G., auditor, condescends to inform the public that he has "carefully gone through the accounts and compared vouchers with expenses and found everything perfectly correct."[1] One would like to follow the net proceeds, £30,026, 16s. 11d., and learn how they were expended.

There are 56,707 Roman Catholics in the county; the Reformed Churches being in the majority, and numbering 68,531, of whom 40,853 are Episcopalians; 20,029 Presbyterians; 5066 Methodists; and all others 2583. The Vincentians have a monastery and seminary at Armagh, and the Nuns of the Sacred Heart have a convent there, in which there are 36 nuns. Besides the convents in Lurgan and Portadown, there is a Convent of Poor Clares at Keady; and of St. Louis at Middletown, which has an "Industrial" School, in which are collected 50 vagrant little girls, for whom the nuns draw £898, 1s. 6d. of taxpayers' money yearly.

Let us now move westward to another territory where North blends with South.

[1] *Freeman*, June 3, 1901.

CHAPTER III

THE FERMANAGH BORDERLAND AND MONAGHAN

"And if the Lord allows me, I surely will return
To my native Belashanny and the winding banks of Erne!"
—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE county of Fermanagh is a borderland between Catholic and Protestant Ireland; and, in 1901, out of its total population of 65,243, there were 29,177 members of the Reformed Churches; the balance, 36,066, being Roman Catholics. It is remarkable for the picturesque series of lakes into which the river Erne expands in its passage through the county. Of the superficial area of Fermanagh one statute acre out of nine is under water. In fact, the county consists of the river Erne and the lakes, and the riparian territory attached to them; and the Fermanagh people naturally take a pride in the Erne and its lakes which influence their daily lives to such an extent. Enniskillen, the chief town, is a buoyant, prosperous place, and it too contains a mixed religious population in about the same proportions as the county. When in Fermanagh recently I was deeply impressed by many things which I saw. Amongst other things, I paid a visit to one who has been a remarkable man in the county for the past fifty years, Mr. J. G. V. Porter, of Belleisle, an island in the upper lake, which is connected with the mainland by a handsome bridge; and there Mr. Porter lived in old seigniorial style. The nearest village, Lisbellaw, is mainly his property. It is nicely placed, and clusters

round the Episcopalian church which tops the hill. Its houses are built of good stone and slate-roofed, and there are no ruined cabins to be seen in it. Neither is there a convent or monastery, or even a parochial house, or anything savouring of the Priest in Power, except the bare, unadorned chapel on the hillside. There is a thriving woollen industry in Lisbellaw, the factory having been originally built by Mr. Porter; but it is being now worked on its own merits by a firm who took it over from him, and who have greatly enlarged it. One Sunday when in Fermanagh I attended mass at the Lisbellaw chapel. I drove from Belleisle, where I had stayed on the previous night, in Mr. Porter's pony carriage, drawn by two remarkable snow-white Shetland ponies—as uncommon a turn-out as one could desire. The little white ponies were as fat as, and not unlike, large pigs; and, as they galloped along the road, they kept playing with each other, whispering into each other's ears, and pinching one another in a friendly way. On the road we passed some groups of men, some going to mass, others to service in the church — tall, well-dressed, healthy, manly-looking people. The land around Lough 'Erne being of a heavy description, which retains the moisture, the country is dotted with what are called land loughs—that is to say, isolated lakes unconnected with the river Erne. Those land loughs make the country cold and damp in winter; and it would be hard, indeed, to look upon a more uninviting country-side than the scenery of the county Fermanagh in November. The rainfall is high, and dampness is to be seen everywhere, owing to the want of natural drainage. I could not help contrasting the natural advantages possessed by the inhabitants of Cork, Limerick, Tipperary, or any of the great southern

counties, with the difficulties under which Fermanagh people live. In the south of Ireland, the country is open; there are great highways affording splendid facilities for locomotion; and the view is always an extended one. This width of prospect is found to exercise a distracting influence upon the inhabitants. The eye can see so far away over hill and dale, over wood and pasture, that one is tempted to roam, and men are prevented from concentrating their energy upon their own farms. For instance, about twenty-five years ago my father took a large farm and allowed the previous tenant to occupy the dwelling-house for six months, in the hope that his friends might assist him to take advantage of his equity of redemption. He was an able-bodied young man, and he spent almost every day of the six months from March to September stretched or seated on a grassy rock near the house, looking at the splendid prospect of well-tilled open country which lay spread out before him, smoking as he basked in the sun, and he often described the country to me as if it were a map lying in front of us. Meanwhile my father's men were working on his fields close beside him, in the effort to succeed where he had failed; but the sight instead of rousing him only stupefied him.

In Fermanagh there are no wide prospects from every field, no great roads stretching away into the distance, and apparently leading from one end of Ireland to the other. The lakes wind in and out about the county, and the road has to wind in various ways to avoid them, the surface of the country being broken up into a series of knolls. Such a state of nature is pre-eminently calculated to inspire industry and competition amongst neighbours. This is also the kind of country to be found in Monaghan, an adjacent county, which I shall

have something to say about in this chapter. The holdings in Fermanagh are small; three, four, five, or ten acres being considered a fair-sized holding. Twenty acres is considered a large farm, and the possessor is considered a "weighty" farmer. In the course of my drives through the county I saw many farms held by Scotchmen residing in Scotland, who send over some members of their families to live on these Fermanagh farms. A great many shopkeepers hold farms; and many of the farmers have outlying holdings to an even greater extent than in the south of Ireland. In Fermanagh such farms are called "hurdens," or side-farms. And a Fermanagh peasant will say to you, "Oh, that's a weighty farmer; he has two hurdens forby his own farm." I could not help contrasting the scarcity of straw with the abundance of it in Cork. The result is that the houses of the peasantry are badly thatched. Some of the labourers' dwellings are as bad as houses in the congested districts of Mayo and Roscommon. Dwelling-houses for labourers are scarce, and two families will often be found occupying a small cottage on the roadside, one using the front door and the other the back door. The people are sturdy and self-supporting, well-dressed, healthy-looking, and altogether presentable. But at some of the cross-roads I saw crowds of healthy boys and men, in their Sunday clothes, and with shining morning faces, looking out at me through the low doors and small windows of cottages which one would consider to be in bad repair if they were cow-houses. The green grime on the roof and walls made an antipathetic setting for plump, fresh faces of well-clad young people. In Mayo I remarked idle, well-dressed girls and young men in bad houses along the roadsides on a working-day. It was not so in Fermanagh, for, though the people were well dressed on Sunday, every

one was at work in the yards or in the fields on week-days.

Many of the things which I saw in the chapel at Lisbellaw gave me food for reflection. There is no attempt at decoration, or even care displayed for the bit of ground in which it stands; and this is a preferable state of affairs to the unseemly ostentation of the churches and priests' houses in the poor western counties. Within the chapel the people, clad in their rough frieze clothes, were huddled together anyhow. No raggedness, no bare-footedness, no misery was visible. There was, however, that absence of independence and dignity which I notice amongst the congregations of all our churches, from Marlborough Street to Letterkenny. One could not call the Lisbellaw Catholics a gathering of individuals. They were like a herd of sheep in the corner of a field, waiting till it should please the shepherd and his dog to disperse them. They were healthy people at close quarters, except for this absence of individuality, which made even an ordinary person like me, coming from an ordinary place like Dublin, feel out of touch with them. I noticed that one of the open benches in the body of the church had a red cushion on the seat, and another cushion on the kneeling-stool. It was not the first bench next to the altar-rails, but was in the second or third row. It struck me as peculiar, and I avoided it. When I had been seated for some time, an elderly and a young lady, in sealskin jackets, appeared, and took possession of this cushioned seat. Our priests profess to be no respecters of persons or wealth, but the truth is, that the greatest school for snobbishness and class distinction in the world is our Roman Catholic Church. It is always ready to grovel before the possessors of money, and to place freely at their disposal not only a soft seat and kneeling-stool in

Roche, Dublin.

A Poor Burial Service in an Irish Country Chapel

"When the dead body is brought to a church, the collection for the priest is made by himself at the altar rails" (p. 25).

the midst of bare discomfort, in return for their money, but also the sacramental treasures of the Church. Nowhere else are rich people—especially the young—so spoiled and flattered as they are by our priests and nuns. Our "Church" often boasts that it is the Church of the poor, but it only deserves that title in the sense that it keeps the bulk of its members in poverty. I learned afterwards that this seat was occupied by a Catholic lady, the possessor of property, who married a member of the Reformed Church, and that her husband was bound, under conditions in the marriage settlement, to attend his wife's place of worship a certain number of times each year.

Here, then, were those two ladies in sealskin jackets in this cushioned seat, and the other denizens of the chapel, herded as far as possible from the altar, without individuality; and here I was myself, feeling estranged from everything around me, as if I were in a foreign land. A third feature was now added to the scene within the chapel. A man in a topcoat and mud-bespattered boots and trousers, his hair tossed, and a large black muffler wound around his neck, came out suddenly upon the altar through the sacristy door. It was the priest. He looked around the chapel, and his eyes alighted upon myself. He went up to the tabernacle in a hurried, irreverent way, opened the door, did something or other with his hands inside, and went off through the sacristy door again. Next appeared a boy, wearing a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers of light brown Lisbellaw frieze, to light the altar-candles. His nailed boots clattered on the bare altar-boards like the hoofs of a horse on the road outside. The chapel bell was resounding like a cracked pot, the creaking of the chain by which it was pulled making more noise than the bell itself. Mass then commenced, and a poorer

and less edifying service it would be hard to see. The incoherent mumbling of the priest in Latin, as he raced through the phrases, without dignity or reverence, was broken occasionally by the tramping about the altar of the boy in the frieze clothes and heavy boots, and by the tinkling of the bell. It lasted a little over twenty minutes; there was no sermon; and, all through the mass, the chapel was filled with noise by the pealing of the church bell, a few yards off, summoning the Protestants to their Sabbath service. Then the gathering of people, collected together under pain of mortal sin, dispersed with a feeling that they had done their duty. I cannot bring myself to believe that our "Church," as the priests call themselves, does its duty by celebrating these brief perfunctory masses and compelling us to attend them as the one thing needful on the Sabbath day. Some worthier and more practical means should be devised by our priests for obeying the command, "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day," than a compulsory attendance at mass. The unedifying and unsatisfying nature of the service seems based on the assumption that the laity are childish folk, for whom posturing without instruction will suffice.

The largest island in Lough Erne, Ennismore, is fully four miles wide, and possesses considerable interest. There are land lakes on it, full of baldcoots and great northern divers, their rocky shores lined with pale straw-coloured rushes, while grey crows float in the breeze, and magpies hop and chatter in the hedgerows. I drove across the island from Carrybridge, over the new viaduct erected by Mr. Porter, and farther on in the direction of Cuilcha mountain, at the top of which is the Shannon Pot, or source of the Shannon. I was impressed by the industry of the people along the route; and felt that if our medium-sized holdings in

the south of Ireland were as industriously worked as the small farms in Fermanagh, the province of Munster would be a garden. We often hear of the marvellous industry of the Channel Islanders, who sow corn separately, grain by grain, and carefully note the produce of each seed as it grows. To myself, accustomed to the large farms in the south of Ireland and the wholesale quantities in which corn was sown on my father's land, such minute attention was a revelation. But I was almost as much astonished at seeing small fields of half an acre in Fermanagh planted with trenched oats, the field being divided into ridges with a spade, the corn sown by hand, cut with the billhook, and the little crop as carefully attended to as a well-kept kitchen-garden. Corn in general is left out in stacks in the field, as the ground is so heavy in winter that if cattle were allowed to graze on the stubbles they would irreparably cut up the surface and spoil the field. The corn is drawn in as required, and threshed out with flails.

In many of the farmyards I noticed dead pigs hanging up, scalded and prepared for market in Enniskillen.

I passed several National Schools, and nowhere could one see more clear-skinned or promising children than those who peeped out from their playgrounds over the hedges. The tall stature of the men impressed me. I was informed that the island of Ennismore is not now as prosperous as it was thirty or forty years ago; for where there are only caretakers and hurdens now, there used to be resident farmers. There is not a bit of the island unoccupied; but much of it is held by enterprising shopkeepers or farmers living at a distance. "Drifts" or "byres" of good cattle are to be seen on the island which contains more pasture than tillage. It is excellent land, like most of the arable islands of Ireland, and fetches a high rent. When in the west of

Ireland I was astonished to hear that some of the countless islands in Clew Bay fetched very high rents; and, standing under the shadow of Croagh Patrick, a local farmer pointed out an island for which £3 per acre was paid. The rents on Ennismore, of which I was told, seemed high also, but the pasture is very good.

The way in which the industrious Fermanagh people till their bogs is characteristic. The bogs are, as they say, "laboured" as tillage land. When it is decided to cut the turf in a bog, the skin, or productive surface, is carefully removed, and the turf is cut to a depth of five or six feet. As the bog is cut away, the skin or surface soil is spread over the bottom from which the turf has been removed, and this bottom is then tilled just as the top had been. When the top layer of turf has been exhausted over a considerable area of the bog, a second cutting is made deeper down, and the surface soil again transferred to the second bottom, on which crops are grown as before. Thus you will see a bog in three stages descending like steps into the earth.

Mr. Porter deserves to be called a patriot for many reasons. Ennismore was only connected with the mainland at Carrybridge before the erection of Mr. Porter's bridge—a solid iron structure under which the steamer sails freely—and which now establishes communication with the mainland at the opposite side. The islanders, when there was only one bridge, had to make a long detour when about to attend fairs and markets in the opposite direction to that in which the bridge lay, or they had to ship their cattle and carts across the ferry in cots.

The island of Belleisle, in which Mr. Porter lives, is inhabited by numerous families employed about his demesne, living in separate houses, and presenting every appearance of comfort. The views from the island are

very pretty. The upper lake which one sees from the front of the house is dotted with numerous wooded islands; one of them, a lovely three-acre island, is inhabited by Mr. Porter's gamekeeper, and I cannot imagine a happier life than a healthy man and his family could lead on this three-acre island. If all our Irish gentlemen, more especially our Roman Catholic gentlemen, could be induced to take as deep an interest in their localities, and in their poor neighbours, as Mr. Porter has taken in the Lough Erne district, Ireland would be a happy country. It was owing to Mr. Porter's active agitation that the Board of Works carried out the Lough Erne drainage scheme. The lands on the lake shore used to suffer severely from flooding; and heavy loss of crops ensued for the farmers. That is now changed by the drainage scheme, which consisted in blasting away the natural bar of rock that checked the progress of the Erne near its mouth, at Belleek, and over which the river fell in picturesque cascades. Heavy sluice gates were put up, and the outflow of the river is now regulated, so as to keep the waters of the lakes, as nearly as possible, at a uniform height. Indeed, it would now be possible to let the entire range of lakes flow off into the sea. But no Fermanagh man or woman would be so unpatriotic as to thus "drink Lough Erne dry." Fermanagh is in close touch with the west of Ireland—most of the servants, for instance, are procured at the hiring-fairs in county Leitrim—and Mr. Porter believed that if a good waterway were made between Belfast and Galway, *viâ* Lough Erne, Galway could be made a point of exportation and importation for goods for all the north of Ireland and Belfast. Many difficulties should needs be overcome before such a consummation could take place. A decreasing and disheartened population does

not favour its attainment. But Mr. Porter did one man's part. It was largely through his exertions that the bridge connecting the island of Achill with the mainland of Mayo was erected, a work which has resulted in great benefits for the islanders.

The contrast between Fermanagh and the adjacent county of Monaghan, which is almost three-fourths Catholic, is worthy of notice, especially as Monaghan is from a sacerdotal point of view superior to Fermanagh. The county of Fermanagh is in the diocese of Clogher, which includes the entire county of Monaghan, and portions of adjoining counties.

Monaghan contains 54,757 Roman Catholics as against 19,854 members of the Reformed Churches, and, therefore, may be called a Catholic county; while Fermanagh is, on a counting of heads, 45 per cent. Protestant and 55 per cent. Catholic. But if we look into the mental and industrial condition of Fermanagh, we shall find that Protestant ideas and Protestant hard work, energy and common sense are dominant in the county. In Monaghan the reverse of this is the case. For instance, while the capital of Fermanagh, Enniskillen, is one of those Irish towns which it is a pleasure to visit, a town full of life, business, and energy, the capital of Monaghan, which is the town of Monaghan itself, is an insignificant town, without life, distinction, or prosperity. The Catholics of the county Monaghan, although they are in such a majority, remain, as a whole, poor and heartless people. I have seen them collected at mass, and more dispirited-looking Irishmen and Irishwomen it would be hard to find. Our Bishop of Clogher resides at Monaghan; and the late bishop succeeded in getting sufficient money from the poor Catholics of the diocese—and from many outsiders—to build and equip completely

a splendid new cathedral. He placed the cathedral on a lonely hill, about a mile outside the town of Monaghan, where it stands alone in its glory. The result was that the present bishop had to build a new Catholic church in the town of Monaghan for the use of the townspeople, which was completed last year at considerable expense. The consequence of sacerdotal autocracy in church building for the struggling Catholic townsmen of Monaghan was that they not only had to pay a large share of the cost of the enormous cathedral, from the free use of which they were debarred by its location, but they had also to incur the expense of erecting a new church for themselves.

Monaghan, then, is a struggling Irish town, with a population of 2900; whereas Enniskillen is a picturesque, thriving town of 5412, which no Irishman need be ashamed to show to a visitor from foreign lands. The town of Monaghan possesses one of those so-called industrial schools, managed by the Sisters of St. Louis, and which contained, in 1901, 69 vagrant little girls, supported by the State at an annual cost of £1367. It also contains a reformatory for juvenile female offenders, managed by the Sisters of St. Louis, which contained, in 1901, 17 inmates supported by the State at a cost of £431, 15s. 3d., or on an average of £25, 2s. 2d. per head per annum. The Sisters of St. Louis have, in addition, "a boarding school for young ladies, and a day school for the female children of the town," and the community numbers 48 nuns. There is in Monaghan also the ecclesiastical diocesan seminary of St. Macartan, conducted by the bishop and a staff of priests, for the education of young men for the priesthood, of which I shall have something to say. In addition to the diocesan seminary, there is also in the town of Monaghan a Christian Brothers' school; so that

in the matter of Catholic education under priests' control, the town is not alone sufficiently, but even excessively, provided for. Near the town of Enniskillen is the Royal School of Portora. In the year 1885 the Roman Catholic Bishop of Clogher approached the Endowed Schools Commission, posing as the sole representative of Roman Catholic opinion in the diocese, and speciously persuaded that body to denude the Portora Royal School of half its ancient endowment and hand it over to himself. His case was put very plausibly, and may be thus epitomised: "Portora is a Protestant school. I forbid the Catholic children of Enniskillen and the county Fermanagh to attend it, therefore it is of no use to them. Give me half the endowment and I will start an intermediate school for the town of Enniskillen and for the district round it, to which I shall not only permit, but encourage, the Catholics of Enniskillen and district to send their sons, so that they may be no longer without superior education." As a matter of fact, several Catholic Enniskillen boys used to attend the Portora Royal School as day-pupils. The Endowed Schools Commission, as far as I can learn, yielded unconditionally to the Catholic bishops on every claim they advanced in this and similar cases. They split the Portora endowment, and conferred half of it upon a "Catholic Board" consisting of the bishop, four other priests, and four laymen. And the Roman Catholics of Enniskillen, who number about 2938, a figure which is rather more than the entire population, Protestant and Catholic, of the town of Monaghan, have had no endowment for their intermediate education from that date to the present day. They have only a National School; and recently a Presentation Brothers' School. According to the census of 1901, there is not a single Roman

Catholic youth, male or female, in the county Fermanagh, receiving a "superior" education. When the Portora endowment was divided by the scheme settled in 1891, it was understood and distinctly stated that it was to be devoted to providing an intermediate school for the Catholic youth of the neighbourhood of Portora, that is to say, Enniskillen. The want of intermediate education by the Roman Catholics of Enniskillen constituted the gist of the case for the division of the grant. But from the year 1891, when they split the endowment, until the present day, no money has been spent on superior education in Enniskillen, which remains as it was before. And the reply to every remonstrance addressed to Monaghan by the Catholics of Enniskillen is that the "Board" has been spending the endowment upon the diocesan seminary at Monaghan. Now the town of Monaghan is a long distance from Enniskillen, about thirty miles by rail; and nobody could include one town in the neighbourhood of the other. The two towns are as distinct in neighbourhood as they are different in feeling and sentiment. The grabbing of the grant has been keenly resented by the Catholics of Enniskillen. Last year a resolution was passed by the United Irish League of North Fermanagh, calling for restitution of the money which was taken from Portora Royal School with the object of providing intermediate secular education for the Catholics of Fermanagh. They denounced the injustice of spending the money in the diocesan seminary for young priests thirty miles away, where there is no real power over the bishop to check or question his method of appropriating the substantial yearly grant. A committee of Enniskillen Catholics was appointed to seek redress on behalf of their native town. But, in vain! For the hundredth time it was proved that our priests are always ready to

aggrandise their class at the expense of the laity. Such conduct explains why Catholic countries, when priest-controlled, are ever backward. The priest is ready to wrong the layman in a semi-Protestant locality like Fermanagh, where he cannot hope to be complete master, so as to enrich himself in a mainly Catholic locality like Monaghan. The result of sacerdotal rule in the Catholic part of Monaghan is decay; while in Enniskillen, partially blessed by the priest's absence, we see a bright town and a bright people. There is not in Enniskillen a criminal reformatory, vagrant industrial school, a costly cathedral, a new bishop's residence, or a diocesan seminary. There is one convent of the Sisters of Mercy, taking an endowment from the National Board of Education, and having a community of twenty-four members, and there is the Presentation Brothers' School; and these are the only religious institutions in the county of Fermanagh. But in county Monaghan there are convents at Carrickmacross and at Clones, in addition to those in the town of Monaghan.

In Monaghan our Catholic bishop and priests find a state of things eminently to their satisfaction. A subservient, dispirited lay Catholic population, in the midst of which flourishes a glorified and richly endowed priesthood, drawing £1200 a year from a Protestant endowment for the support of its diocesan seminary; drawing, through the nuns, close upon £2000 a year for the support of eighty-six vagrant and criminal infants; exercising patronage over the county National Schools; drawing, through the nuns, intermediate result fees for the convent pupils, and drawing the same directly for the diocesan seminary pupils; excluding laymen from all practical voice in the work of Catholic charity, church management, and education; possessing a fabu-

lously expensive cathedral, perched upon a hill, where it is of little or no use to the laity; engaged in building a new bishop's residence; and erecting a new church in the town of Monaghan to supply the deficiencies of the new cathedral.

The following will is typical of the spirit of Catholic Monaghan:—Mary Hart, Corcreeghy, Monaghan, widow, died on the 26th March 1902, and bequeathed to her executors, on trust, "her lands at Tullykenny and Cooldarragh, to dispose of same and *to expend the purchase money in having masses said*" for the repose of her soul; and she bequeathed "*all the residue* of her estate, in trust, to apply the same for the purpose of having masses said."[1] That is the atmosphere which the priest creates, and in which he thrives, as we shall see in the seventh chapter.

In Enniskillen the priest is in his proper place. There we find civic life and prosperity. But the priest dislikes the town, and will give no facilities to the young Roman Catholics of Enniskillen to acquire "superior" education, unless they consent to leave their picturesque native town, and bury themselves in Monaghan. Such a state of things could not exist if our laity had a proper share in the management of our Church and educational affairs.

The case serves as an object-lesson for us, of how little we may expect from our pampered preternatural clerics. They have never hesitated to sacrifice our interests to their own. When, indeed, has our priesthood produced a patriot or an enlightened broad-minded man, whom the country could follow with confidence, or our youth look up to as an example?

The Enniskillen Roman Catholics may have been treated unfairly; but, since they could only have got

[1] *Freeman*, May 22, 1902.

their school under the absolute control of the priests, they do not suffer any real loss by the absence of such a clerical institution from their town. They can see how little gain it is to Monaghan. Let the priest keep all his ill-gotten emoluments; they are "his reward." But let the Enniskillen Catholics consider that their comparative immunity from priestcraft has been cheaply purchased, even at the cost of half the Portora endowment.

In Fermanagh, out of a decrease in population of 8740, in the decade 1891–1901, emigration accounted for 5403, or 62 per cent. of the total diminution. In Monaghan, during the same period, the decrease in population was 11,595, or 13.5 per cent.—*the highest rate of decrease* in Ireland within the period—but, of that figure, only 5301, or 45 per cent., was accounted for by emigration.

In Fermanagh, in 1901, the principals of the sacerdotal army—priests, monks, nuns, and teachers—were *admitted* as numbering 185. In Monaghan, the strength of the priests' forces the same year, without subsidiaries, was disclosed at 344.[1]

The sacerdotal anti-marriage fraternities will be found, as we proceed, to exercise a sinister influence upon our people in many vital spheres. But let it suffice to notice here that while the birth-rate in Fermanagh, where the priest is comparatively weak, exceeds the death-rate by 2.6 per cent., the birth-rate and death-rate in Monaghan are practically equal, the first being 18.9 and the second 18.3 per cent., leaving scarcely any margin of natural increase.[1]

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1901.

CHAPTER IV

PRIESTS AND PEOPLE IN BELFAST

"MacEgan a prelate like Ambrose of old
Forsakes not his flock when the spoiler is near,
The post of the pastor's in front of the fold
When the wolf's on the plain and there's rapine to fear."
—Dr. MADDEN.

THE Roman Catholics of Belfast constitute nearly one-fourth of the population of our most prosperous Irish city—84,000 out of 348,000; yet the only record they can point to by way of achievement, as a body of Belfast citizens, are their ecclesiastical buildings, churches, presbyteries, convents, and sacerdotal schools. In the words of the Rev. A. Macaulay, P.P., St. Brigid's, addressing the members of the Belfast Catholic Association: "The fruit of the labours of those who have in the past so strenuously wrought for your benefit is worthy of being carefully preserved. You have only to open your eyes and behold massive and magnificent buildings — schools, convents, churches, and other institutions—in order to show what *your ecclesiastical authorities* have effected for yourselves, your children and children's children . . . a regular series of magnificent works, which will render the name of Father Convery immortal." It is the "ecclesiastical authorities," not the laysubscribers, who get the credit of the work. "And these works are, after all, but preludes to the glorious fabrics which, in the past few years, have arisen, as it were, under the touch of a

magic wand by the fostering care of the prelate (loud applause), whom thoughtless people now ask you to insult; for I hold that to an honourable mind ingratitude is fully equivalent to insult. How can you afterwards look on those stately buildings—colleges, institutions, venerable monasteries—without the bitter pangs of shame and remorse (applause)?"[1] The "insult" to which he refers so passionately, consisted in a Belfast layman, Mr. Matthew M'Cusker, standing as a candidate for the representation of the Falls Ward in the corporation of Belfast, against Dr. M'Donnell, the candidate nominated and supported by Bishop Henry! One would not expect to find language so redolent of the Middle Ages in Belfast. But, there it is, nevertheless. Nay, what is worse still, wherever you see one of our Roman Catholic churches, or a "venerable monastery," or a "gorgeous fabric" in Belfast, in any portion of the Roman Catholic quarter, you will also see, hovering around in the vicinity, dirty women and children, barefooted, with unkempt hair and ragged clothes, poor, mystified, and mendicant—the guardian angels of the "magnificent works" which are to immortalise Father Convery. When such things can be done in the *green* wood of Belfast, can one be surprised at anything which is done in the *dry* wood of Mayo, Donegal, Kerry, or Carlow?

Father Laverty, V.G., on the same occasion, is reported as having used the following bullying words: "He hoped no Nationalist in the Falls Ward would be so recreant as to vote for a man so dishonourable as to turn his back on his friends and to attack the Association, and *to stab in the back* the venerable President of the Association, the Bishop of Down and Connor. He was proud that since the inception of the

[1] *Irish News*, January 9, 1902.

Catholic Association, he had stood by the bishop of the diocese. He might have incurred obloquy from his enemies, but he spurned such obloquy, for he felt that it was his duty, as it was the duty of his lordship, the bishop, to organise the Catholic Association to safeguard and protect the Catholic interests of this great city." But for the heroic sacerdotal shepherds, the Protestant wolves would devour the Roman Catholic sheep. How false! The Catholics of Belfast live well upon the work of the Protestant majority. If any one dines off the tender and juicy inmates of the Catholic sheep-pen, it is the prelatical wielder of "the magic wand" and the other "ecclesiastical authorities." The one Catholic newspaper of Belfast, the *Irish News*, from which I quote, is the docile mouthpiece of the bishop and priests; and, in a leading article commenting upon the foregoing proceedings, it says: "The splendid reception given to the Very Rev. Father Laverty by the Catholic people of the Falls was well worthy of the vicar-general's brilliant and fearless services to Catholicity in this city. Thanks in a signal degree to his labours, the Catholics of the Falls have to-day the power to send a representative to the Town Hall. Hence the unwarrantable abuse of the patriotic priest in the Unionist papers."

There is no foundation whatever for this statement. The Unionists—that is to say, the Protestants of Belfast—are only too glad to find intelligent Catholics filling places upon every representative board in the city. They, perhaps, do not like priest-ridden Catholics who speak for Father Laverty instead of for themselves. But who does? Neither do they like the "venerable monasteries" and "gorgeous fabrics," and the "magnificent works" eulogised by Father Macaulay, and which are always surrounded by poor, neglected people, whose

presence constitutes a blot on the community. They prefer such magnificent works as Harland & Wolff's, Workman & Clark's, Robinson & Cleaver's, Gallaher's, the York Street Spinning Company, the new City Hall, the new waterworks, or their fine public library. They know that Roman Catholicity, as it is worked by the priests in Belfast, is nothing but a drag upon the prosperity of their native city. They would naturally encourage, as would every one else who wishes well to Ireland, the efforts of such a man as Mr. Matthew M'Cusker shows himself to be, in his address issued on this occasion to the electors of the Falls Ward. "I have resided for twenty-five years in the city," says Mr. M'Cusker, "and, having during that period acquired a substantial stake in the community, I am deeply interested in its continued prosperity and in the efficient and economical administration of the public trust." There is nothing abusive to any one in Mr. M'Cusker's address. It is a plain, business-like document, and does him credit. But the result of the election was the defeat of Mr. M'Cusker, who received 1080 votes, and the return of Dr. M'Donnell, who received 1800—a victory for the priests, but won by such misrepresentation of the issues at stake and mediæval eloquence as that of which I have given a small example in my extracts from the speeches of Fathers Macaulay and Laverty.

The character and extent of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical establishment in Belfast are worth noting. The bishop retains all the city parishes, except four, which are unimportant, in his own hands, so that he receives all the money made in them except the stipends of his thirty-two curates, who are subordinates with scarcely any rights or vested interests. The four parish priests within the city have seven curates to

assist them. The Passionists and the Redemptorists are established in force in Belfast in addition to the secular priests; and two classes of Christian Brothers are located in different districts of the city. The Sisters of Mercy possess a convent and State-subsidised national school at Crumlin Road, and there they have an "industrial" school also, containing 88 vagrant little girls, and receiving a yearly State endowment of £1450, 17s. 7d.; they have another convent and national schools at Sussex Place; and, as we shall see, they manage the new sectarian hospital, known as the Mater Infirmorum. They possess also the Sacred Heart Convent at Abbeyville, with an "industrial" school attached, containing 95 vagrant little girls, for whose maintenance the State pays £1558, 15s. 1d. per annum. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd have a convent and Magdalen Asylum at Ballynafeigh, where the "inmates, under the direction of the nuns, make and embroider vestments, &c."[1] The Dominican Nuns have a boarding and day school, and a remunerative State-assisted training-school for young national schoolmistresses. There are also a convent of Bon Secours at Falls Road; a convent of Poor Sisters of Nazareth at Ballynafeigh; a convent of French Sisters of Charity at Clonard Gardens, working State-aided national schools; a convent of the Sisters of the Most Holy Cross and Passion at Ballymacarrett, working a national school also. There is the diocesan college of Down and Connor, owned by the bishop, called St. Malachy's, in which the priests swoop down upon all the money spent by the Belfast Catholics on "superior" education, and of which Father Laverty, V.G., fresh from the hustings, is the president, and where all the teaching is done or directed by priests. There is also the St.

[1] *Catholic Directory*, 1902.

Patrick's male "industrial" school at Milltown, Belfast, in which 164 vagrant boys are "maintained" under clerical control at a cost of £2530, 17s. 4d. per annum to the State. The drawings of public money by the clerical managers of Catholic "industrial" schools in Belfast city alone amount to £5540, 10s. per annum. If the Protestant community in Ulster drew a proportionate sum for minding derelict children, it would amount in money to £60,945, 10s. per annum. But the entire Protestant community of Belfast city and the whole of the province of Ulster combined, having a population of 882,299, only receive £9991, 11s. 5d. for the purpose; and this amount covers a great deal of territory outside Ulster as well. The Catholic priests and nuns of Ulster, on behalf of the Catholic population, outside the radius of Belfast, draw an additional £7428, 13s. 10d. for "industrial" schools, making a total of £12,974, 3s. 10d. per annum, taken under the Industrial Schools Act, by the Ulster priests' organisation; a condition of things with which self-respecting Catholic laymen should not be content. Thus the art and craft of our priest and his helpmate the nun, flourish in Belfast and Ulster, where one would have hoped to find sacerdotalism kept in abeyance by the laity. A trade in vagrants, derelicts, invalids, mendicants, and sinners is being carried on, and thrives amongst the Roman Catholics in the northern diamond of Ireland, just as the same industries do in priest-infested lands all over the globe.

Within recent years the Belfast Catholics have been induced to add to the list of the architectural achievements of "their ecclesiastical authorities" a new, priest-owned hospital for Catholics, managed by nuns, and called the "Mater Infirmorum." The "venerable" bishop and "immortal" priests of Belfast seem in con-

stant terror lest the fence of bigotry and isolation which they maintain between the lay Roman Catholics and their Protestant fellow-citizens should be broken down; and the origin of the "Mater Infirmorum" Hospital gives an instance of the extremes to which they are driven by their jealous precautions lest any of the funds derivable from the laity should by any chance be diverted from the priestly organisation.

It was in the year 1897, at the celebration of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, that it occurred to the practical people of Belfast to found, by way of commemoration, a large hospital adequate to the needs of a commercial city of the first class. A fund of over £100,000 was then subscribed, and the Royal Victoria Hospital was founded; a fine institution, adequate in every way to all the needs of the city. The Belfast Roman Catholics, lay and clerical, took no part in the Queen's diamond jubilee. But when the intended foundation of the Victoria Hospital was announced, and in order to prevent Catholic working-people from going to the new institution in sickness or accident—though no restriction whatever was placed upon the clergy of all denominations visiting patients in that hospital—the "ecclesiastical authorities" of Belfast started the project of a separate nun-managed hospital for themselves, to be called the "Mater Infirmorum." They refused to take any part in the building or management of the Royal Victoria Hospital, though offered adequate representation on its Board of Governors. By means of "the magic wand" they built their new hospital; the Sisters of Mercy are installed in the "Mater Infirmorum" to-day, and it is being managed, like every other religious hospital in Ireland, over the heads of the laity and, as I believe, on a profit-making basis. The inspection of all books and accounts and

the management of all profits are vested in the bishop of the diocese in the case of every nun-managed institution in the country that I know of. One who did not know Ireland would conclude that no pecuniary support could possibly be solicited from the Belfast Protestants for an institution founded under such circumstances. On the contrary, the facts by no means prevent the nuns, whom I can never regard as anything more than the agents and managers of the bishop, from dunning the Protestant members of the Belfast community for periodical subscriptions to its support. Short a space of time as it has been founded, it is already in a distressful state of impecuniosity. This does not surprise me, for it would be bad business on the part of the managers of any religious institution to profess to be otherwise. A circular issued in connection with it, in September 1901, states: "The object of the annual collection is to defray current expenses, which, according to the balance-sheet for last year, amounted to £4319, 14s. 10d., while the total receipts from all sources, viz. the collections in the city churches and country parishes, subscriptions, donations, pay patients, St. Anthony's Bread"—the reader of this book will know something about that superstition—"&c., were £2955, 0s. 2d., leaving a deficit of £1364, 14s. 8d., which was supplied from building fund £1224, 3s., and due to the bank £140, 11s. 8d. It is, therefore, an error to suppose that the receipts of last year came from capital invested. To remove this error, into which it would seem some of the friends of the hospital have fallen, it is necessary to emphasise the fact that the receipts of last year came from the sources above indicated. While the expenditure steadily increases, these sources of income, it may be mentioned, are always very uncertain."

Lawrence.

CATHEDRAL STREET, LETTERKENNY

"*Whether at Rome, or at the Killybegs Industrial School, or the County Asylum Board, or in his cathedral which their pence erected for him at Letterkenny, &c.*" (p. 89).

This document is subscribed by the Sisters of Mercy, who are in charge of the institution, but we may be sure that their "ecclesiastical authorities" were not without cognisance of and participation in its composition. It winds up with this quotation from the Psalms, calculated to evoke Protestant sympathy: "Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor, the Lord will deliver him in the evil day." It is well for the Belfast Protestants that they do not require any assistance for their delivery in the evil day from the Sisters of Mercy or St. Anthony's Bread, or from Bishop Henry, or Father Macaulay, or Father Laverty. They, I should think, stand as near to the Lord, to put it mildly, as do those ecclesiastical experts in the sufferings of "the needy and the poor." The issue of such a whining appeal suggests the query, *What about the magic wand?* Can the laity continue to believe in its omnipotence after such a disclosure? There is a degree of cunning, positively staggering to those who expect to find simple straightforwardness in professed clerics, to be met with in all preachers of sectarian bigotry and fomenters of religious discord. The "ecclesiastical authorities" who rejected the Victoria Hospital scheme, have not hesitated, I understand, to employ the services of some persons belonging to the Reformed Churches! Will such procedure induce the Protestant community of Belfast to subscribe to their funds? The liberality of Protestants is so great that they may get the subscriptions. Indeed, public collections are made openly in the streets of Belfast for this hospital, and generously responded to by the Protestant city. One of the leading commercial firms in Belfast, whose principals are Presbyterians, handed me the following begging circular addressed to them:—

"*September*, 12, 1901.

"DEAR MESSRS. ——,—Presuming on your charity I take the liberty of enclosing notice of the annual collection for the maintenance of the above hospital, and of appealing to you on behalf of the sick and afflicted treated in the institution. Any contribution forwarded to the hospital will be gratefully acknowledged. — Believe me in anticipation, yours much obliged,

"SISTER MARY MAGDALENE
"(*Superioress*)."

The Catholic Association of Belfast is one of those sectarian institutions which make for the permanent isolation of its members from the bulk of their fellow-citizens. It was founded by the bishop and priests after the fall of Mr. Parnell, and the consequent disintegration of the Irish party. Through it the priests partially control the political views and actions of the Belfast Catholics; and the association tightens the grasp of sacerdotalism on the laity. Let it profess to be what it may, that is its actual result. It is a religious society in which politics and religion work in combination for the estrangement of the Belfast Catholics from the progressive majority, amongst whom they are induced to live in a state of isolation and revolt rather than partnership. Indeed, whenever they meet under the auspices of this Catholic Association, for political or municipal purposes, they are under direct clerical control, and they are members of a religious association breathing forth antagonism to all outside the influence of Bishop Henry's "magic wand," under which "glorious fabrics" arise like Aladdin's palaces. In any secular society there might be a sprinkling of Protestants holding Nationalist views,

there would be some semblance of independence and freedom of speech and thought. But in this Catholic Association there is no room for anybody but an obedient servant of the priests, be he a professional man or a trader. I have often been struck when in Belfast by the poverty of the Catholic quarters, and overwhelmed with sadness at the position of our people in that great and rising city, where they have such splendid opportunities of improving their position in the scale of humanity. They can see daily before their eyes numerous examples of self-made men in almost every walk of life. They see their Protestant neighbours enjoying to the full all the fruits of their industry. They see them cheerful, active, and industrious; working hard for six days of the week and concentrating all their energies on their legitimate business; and on the seventh day devoting themselves to rest and to the society of their families, and engaged in the consideration of their religion and the payment of proper respect to their Creator, the Giver of all good. One would look, not unnaturally, with hope to the 84,000 Catholics settled in Belfast for an example of enlightenment by which their fellow-religionists in all Ireland might profit. The action of men like Mr. M'Cusker, in the Falls Ward election, and those who think with him, whatever may be their political views, would seem to afford solid reason for thinking that the Roman Catholics of Belfast will at length awaken to a sense of the subordinate and damaging position which their priests constrain them to occupy. "Magic wands," "massive and magnificent buildings," "glorious fabrics," and "venerable monasteries" cannot always be considered all-sufficing for practical men. If the lay Catholics of Belfast desire to go forward with their city they should rescue themselves without delay from their

present position. Hundreds of heads of Catholic families in Belfast have been driven to the necessity of becoming licensed publicans in order to get a living; and the vast majority of the publicans' licences in this Protestant city are held by Catholics. It has long been a well-known fact that many Catholic public-houses used to be mortgaged to the Catholic bishop—it may not be the case now—and that most of those "glorious fabrics" dilated upon by Father Macaulay were erected with the subscriptions of the bishop's publican-mortgagors. Let the Catholics of Belfast reflect. Why should they not take a creditable part in the great industries of Belfast, and assert themselves like men, apart altogether from religion, in the management of their native city? It suits the priests admirably to see the Catholic population of the city engaged either in the drink trade or in the commonest forms of labour. Our Catholic priests, as a body, have no antipathy to the drink trade in any part of Ireland. It is a prolific source of income for them, their platitudes on temperance notwithstanding. I do not cast a reflection upon the persons engaged, unhappily for themselves, in the retail distribution of drink. But, if it were my duty to do so, I should most earnestly adjure the Catholic parents of Ireland, whether they be licensed traders or not, never to put their sons to that business, save as a last resource! I should implore the Catholic youth of Ireland, if my words could reach them, not to go to that business, even when they think it is a last resource! Let the manufacturers make money in millions, if they will; let them be the welcome guests of royalty because of their success in its manufacture; let rich brewers be ennobled by the score because the Powers That Be so will it; but let the respectable, self-supporting, state-supporting Catholic citizens of Belfast follow the example of their

Protestant fellow-countrymen and leave the exacting work of drink distribution to be attended to by those who reap nine-tenths of the profits and all the honours of the Belfast trade. Let the wife's emaciated frame, the widow's penury, the father's grey hairs bowed down in sorrow to the grave, and the orphan's destitution, be placed to the debit of those who are the first cause; and let the Catholics of Belfast claim a fitting share in the great world-enterprises for which Belfast is becoming famous.

It is dawning upon our politician-patriots that the species of religion practised by us, Catholic Irish, may be to blame for the unhappy condition in which we find ourselves. The environment of the present Irish party is not one calculated to embolden its members to enunciate such an idea. In a recent address, delivered in Belfast, Mr. Michael Davitt, who is not now a member of the Irish party—having left it about the time that one of the Irish bishops was appointed head paymaster and treasurer of the funds—struggled with some half-expressed convictions on this vital subject. His speech was delivered in honour of the centenary of Robert Emmet, and he is thus reported[1]: "The three permanent popular forces of Ireland—the Church, the moral force, and the physical influences—were all responsible alike for this shameless epidemic of moral cowardice on the part of the people. Had they been told in Ireland—as Archbishop Hughes of New York told them when too late, that it was permissible on the part of a starving man to seize the sacrificial bread off the Altar of God if it would save his children's life in a famine—if that sound Christian and national doctrine had been taught in Ireland in 1847 by prelates and patriots, the year of the Black Famine might have been

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, March 5, 1902.

a year of less humiliating reproach to Irish national manhood and memory."

Mr. Davitt is referring to what he calls "The appalling chapter of our history, which tells of 300,000 deaths from starvation, in a land with plenty of food, and with 8,000,000 of people, and which records to our eternal shame as a race that there were not 1000 of those 300,000 miserables found willing to sacrifice their wretched lives by throwing themselves against the forces of England, which stood by to see fair play between the famine and its victims."

I am glad to see that Mr. Davitt acknowledges the "Church" to be the first of the permanent popular forces in Ireland; and, therefore, the organisation responsible in the first degree for our degeneracy. He might have gone further and said that the "Church" now includes the two remaining forces which he mentions. It controls the Irish party, which is the "moral force" alluded to by Mr. Davitt; and the physical force party, if it exists, is equally dependent. And, furthermore, the legislation of our common Government—which has again been "standing by to see fair play" between the priests and their flocks or victims, as Mr. Davitt charges it with having stood by between the famine and its victims—has endowed the "Church" with supreme control over the minds of the children of Catholic Ireland. Hence its power; and hence the Government's contempt for Mr. Davitt. Some future critic of our times, when the priest has done his work as effectually as the famine, will revile the "miserables" who now inhabit the island for not having resisted the priest. Not by such thievish heroism as Archbishop Hughes preached, but by manly self-assertion and firm resolve not to be trifled with, can we win our coming battle with the priests. Our lives are not asked from

us, only a little pluck and, perhaps, some brief discomfort. But, if the sacrifice of life itself should prove necessary, it could not be given in a nobler cause than that of the emancipation of the mind of one's own people. I dare not hope that Mr. Davitt, much as I find myself in agreement with the sentiments of many of his speeches and writings, will take any practical steps to put his innuendoes against the priests into practice. In Belfast, where his speech was delivered, he was inhaling an atmosphere of moral strength and independence. He was not the guest of the Catholic Association. Therefore he found himself in a position to half-express a conclusion that the Church is the prime cause of our mental and physical penury. Such is the influence of a free environment. But when Mr. Davitt goes to Dublin, to Cork, to Limerick, to Waterford, or to Galway, he will find that "shameless epidemic of moral cowardice on the part of the people" as rampant as he describes it to have been in 1847, and a criticism of the priests in any of those towns would put too great a strain even on his own moral courage. Mr. Davitt taunts the son of Daniel O'Connell, the Catholic Liberator, with "having made it a boast one day in Dublin that God had permitted him to live in a land in which there was a race of men who would rather die than defraud their landlords of the rent." May not our children taunt Mr. Davitt himself with being a party to the far more degrading boast that we now live in a land in which there is a race of "miserables" who would die rather than assert their own and their children's right to free mental development, through fear of a priestcraft under whose malign blight they are decaying; a race of men who would rather die (in bed) than claim the inalienable right of their children to good and true education, as the result of which they might develop

into self-respecting free citizens worthy to rule a free land? Mr. Davitt calls the generation after Daniel O'Connell's time "a soulless age of pitiable cowardice." Despite his great ability, Daniel O'Connell at his best was but a termagant; and, at his death, he showed himself steeped to the lips in Italian unctuousness. When in his prime he used to declare for "religion from Rome, but politics from home." But the ingrained Roman Catholic weakness was in him; and his will, in which he split up his body, leaving the better part of it in Rome and consigning the rest to Ireland, will be a subject of criticism for generations, who will mock the theatricalities of our Roman Catholic Irish politicians. The Catholic emancipation which O'Connell won for us has emancipated the priest so that he might enslave the layman's mind. All the gain resultant from it, so far, lies with the clerical class. We have the right to vote; we can elect a member of Parliament, but, when elected, he serves the priest and injures us by his public conduct. Our minds are in manacles firmly riveted on by the priest in the school; our youthful spirit is broken by him beyond reparation. And it is probable that the Irish politician of fifty years hence will be as scathing in his denunciation of Mr. Davitt for his subservience to our selfish priesthood of to-day, as Mr. Davitt is unsparing in his censure of the poor Irish Catholics who died in 1847. Our Irish politicians, like Mr. Davitt, ought to be the champions of the liberties of the laymen of Ireland. But, so far from ranging themselves on the side of true freedom, they are selling the birthright of their country for a mess of pottage to the Irish priests, who are themselves the partners of the ravening Italian priests at Rome. It must be borne in mind that, in the partnership with Rome, the Irish priests get the larger share of the spoils;

but in the partnership of the Irish members with the priests, all the spoils are for the priests. The Irish party, since 1890, may be justly charged fifty years hence with having "stood by" while the Irish race at home were being reduced to the level of the poor Italian "dagoes"; and that they took "priest's money"—which, it is said, brings bad luck to the recipient—for their parliamentary fund, while the birthright of freedom was being filched from the people by the priests. What betrayal could be more serious, more irremediable? What a false note runs through the mock-heroism of their speeches on Magdalen laundries, Catholic chaplaincies in the navy, priest-managed universities, and other clerical business in the House of Commons! Little, indeed, need our common Government fear, much though they may pity, such a body of parliamentarians. Little respect have the priests themselves for that party, whose members are constantly gibed at in the priests' especial prints. I should advise Mr. Davitt to read one of the priests' newspapers if he wants to know how the priests regard him and his friends; and how little it redounds to the credit of an Irishman to serve our priests.

It has often struck me that the Roman Catholics of Belfast have an example before their eyes which should imbue them with the necessary courage to be the first Catholic body in Ireland to insist upon a fair division of authority, in educational, charitable, and Church work, amongst the laity and the clergy. The Presbyterian and Episcopalian churches are the predominant religious bodies in the city; and our fellow-Catholics must know countless instances of the marvellous success of individual members of those Churches in life.

How self-reliant, cheerful, and industrious the Presbyterians are, for instance. It often edifies me to see

the amount of really hard work done by them everywhere; some of them in Dublin, for instance, are the most hard-working men I know; at work late and early; always at work, at full pressure. For six days of the week their energies are concentrated on their business, and they do not know how to idle, even when they acquire money. I believe that the strenuous, constant work of the Presbyterian body is one of the most salutary elements in the social life of Ireland. I attended for half-an-hour at the meeting of the General Assembly in Belfast in the year 1901, held in the Presbyterian church at May Street. I had never been in a Presbyterian church before that day; and its plainness and comfort came as a revelation upon me. The ground floor and the galleries were filled with comfortable pews. There was no dirt, no discomfort, no ostentation in the shape of expensive pictures, statues, or altars. Indeed, a Catholic would not recognise the interior of the building as being the interior of a church. There were no draughts; no expectorations on the floors; no ragged people to be seen inside or outside the building.

A Roman Catholic American, speaking the other day in Dublin, said: "I have not seen a clean church since I came to Ireland." He had been at mass in many of our Dublin churches, and the dirt and discomfort of them amazed him.

The interior of May Street church was therefore a pleasant sight to me, accustomed only to our priest-managed churches; the comfort of the pews, the solidity of the fixtures, the sensible and solemn appearance of the place of worship. When I looked round at the people who were in the church, I beheld a collection of ministers and laymen, old, young, and middle-aged, sitting promiscuously in the various pews, chatting like the members in the House of Commons. A Presby-

terian clergyman, the Moderator, sat in a chair on an elevated daïs, like the chairman of a public meeting, attended by a secretary, who sat in a seat beside him. There are no people who can more seriously and adequately discuss a vital question than the members of the General Assembly. It was therefore with regret that I found that the discussion in progress when I entered was of an unimportant nature. But, perhaps, for that reason I carried away a truer insight into the Assembly's working than if some great public question were being debated. The conversational freedom in which the speakers addressed the Moderator impressed me curiously. There was no oratory, no grandiloquence, no perceptible pretence of any description. The men were speaking as if they were at home, and as if they were really getting their thoughts out. The Moderator was not addressed as if he were superhuman; but the utmost respect was paid to his rulings and to his position—that highest species of respect which can only emanate from rational, free people. Presbyterians of wealth and of social distinction were sitting down in a casual way with their brother Presbyterians, no difference whatever being made between the members. I saw no deference paid to money and rank; but I saw the highest respect shown to those who were described to me as men of proved personal worth. I saw no special seats for the rich, and dark corners for the poor. Every man in that church got the same accommodation; was equally free, and equally fearless. An elderly clergyman, to whom I was introduced while the discussion was going on, spoke to me just as if we were in a public assembly, to which nothing of a religious character attached. There was no awe, no mystery, no supernatural powers supposed to be resident in any of the fixtures of the building, or in any of its occupants.

He beckoned to a member of the Assembly, sitting in a distant pew, who thereupon came across to us, and the clergyman introduced him to me as the Right Honourable ——. Many others were introduced to me in the friendliest way. Meantime I was much interested in the discussion which happened to be going on. The question was whether the General Assembly should interfere; or, as it was expressed, should "legislate" for the prevention of juvenile smoking. The debate was maintained heartily, openly, good-humouredly, fearlessly, to the amazement of me, a mystified Roman Catholic. I should advise some of the advanced Roman Catholics in Belfast to attend for half-an-hour at a meeting of the General Assembly, and discover therefrom what it is we lay folk really lack. They may learn at the General Assembly where the Presbyterian gets his courage; where the Catholic gets his cowardice.

It seems impossible to damp the ardour of a Presbyterian. I have known one or two instances in Dublin where Presbyterians failed in a particular branch of business through adverse circumstances over which they had no control. And I observed, during their time of difficulty, what a brave face they showed to the world. Not for an instant were they broken in heart or spirit. No man meeting them in the street would believe what I knew to be the case, namely, that they were in severe trouble, mental and pecuniary. I saw those men start at once in some other line of business, and go on working for their living as if no misfortune had befallen them. Such pluck is sadly lacking amongst us Catholics.

I received a visit from a Catholic some time ago whom I had not seen for years. He was in the most doleful frame of mind, and could scarcely get his tongue to speak. He was a professional man, and he told me that business was so bad in his native town that he had

closed up his professional residence and come up to seek work of any description, provided there were a fixed wage attached to it. I never saw a man in a more tremulous condition of fright. I was surprised, for his parents were well-to-do; and, at their death, had left him something, besides having given him his profession. He had been educated entirely at a priest's boarding school. I said that, being a single man, he had nothing to fear; that he should not contemplate surrendering his independence, or giving up his profession. He interrupted me in a halting fashion, saying: "*But, but I am married!*" It was the first I had heard of it, but it appears he had been married for a couple of years, and felt keenly the pinch of having to keep house. He had no children, and added that it was a fortunate circumstance. Unmarried he had been able to keep himself in indolent comfort, and make an outside show. But now he was like a galled jade. Alarmed at the prospect of a life of struggle, he had closed up his house, and, though he was not in debt, left his native town, and had decided to abandon his profession, and was eager to take service of any kind for a certain salary! He said that a Regular priest had offered him a letter of introduction to the members of his Order in another town if he were inclined to start anew in a strange place. His despair was great indeed; but his case is only one out of thousands which go to show the want of moral stamina in the priest-smitten Catholic. I could not imagine a young Presbyterian or Episcopalian or Methodist professional man, in good health and in possession of all his faculties, behaving thus. The Presbyterian's ancestors who so often crossed the Scottish border in arms, and invaded England, and who woke up the English Nonconformists, and came to their aid in the great struggle of the Civil War—and who might

have then had the religious supremacy of England for the taking, if they were imbued with the lust of power —displayed all the pluck in the field of battle which the Presbyterian of to-day shows in the commercial and professional walks of life. Yet one never hears a Presbyterian boasting of his ancestors. While we, whose ancestors left us only a heritage of failure and disgrace, are ever harking back to the past; for bad as that was, we feel that it was better than our present condition.

But to resume. It was proposed that the Assembly should pass a law prohibiting smoking amongst young Presbyterians, on the ground that it was injurious to health. Imagine my amazement, I bred in an atmosphere of priestly mystery and sententiousness, when a clergyman arose close beside me, and, addressing the Moderator in a strain of droll earnestness, said he would be no party to any "legislation" condemning or preventing juvenile smoking. His words were to this effect: "How can I prevent a boy from smoking when I smoke myself? I won't give up smoking for the General Assembly or for any other power; and, if I do not give up smoking myself, I cannot see my way to preventing the boys of my parish from smoking, if they so will. How could I produce a pipe and light it in the presence of the public or of my friends, when I had just been snatching a cigarette, perhaps, out of a wee boy's mouth, and denouncing him for smoking it as if he had been guilty of a crime? And what I cannot do in public I will not do in private. For, if it be wrong to smoke, it is as wrong to smoke in private as in public; and I have no notion of hunting the wee boys all over the town, trying to take cigarettes from them when I see them smoking at the street corners; and then, maybe, lighting my own pipe the next minute."

The balance of sage opinion in the Assembly con-

demned the evils of juvenile smoking; but the humour and outspokenness of the speech I have paraphrased impressed me deeply. Such candour is never heard from our Roman Catholic priests, who, by the exigencies of their position, are posturers eternally trying to appear supernatural, and ending by being unnatural; ever holding themselves in, afraid lest they should give themselves away, fearful lest the observant laity should detect a flaw in their miraculous armour.

Other speakers followed, some in favour of preventing juvenile smoking and others against it, and the result was, as well as I can remember, that no action was then taken. Were a deputation of lay Catholics to visit the General Assembly and listen to its proceedings for an hour or two, they would leave the building convinced that the management of Church affairs amongst us Catholics is altogether wrong; and they would be forced to the conclusion, which I have long since come to, that the most effective way to develop the character of a Christian man in a Christian state, is to give him an authoritative voice in the control of his Church, and of everything educational and charitable appertaining thereto. He will then feel that he is a living member of Christ's brotherhood on earth, instead of being a voiceless slave, ever doubting, ever mystified, ever fearful, over whose head all the business of Christian economy is transacted as if he were a worm.

I dined with an ex-Moderator of the General Assembly, a clergyman of means, unattached to any particular church district, the Rev. David Arnott Taylor, D.D., and there were two or three Presbyterian clergymen present. Other Presbyterian clergymen came in after dinner. Freedom of discourse, buoyancy, heartiness, and hope, characterised those men. They were not

constrained by the presence of Dr. Taylor, though he was an ex-Moderator, and though, in the capacity of Moderator, he had dined with the Queen, when she was here in Ireland. One Presbyterian clergyman does not expect another to be afraid of him. As far as I can see, and to put the matter in a nutshell, the Presbyterians seem to strive to be Christian brethren in what they believe to be the true and practical sense of the words. Their hopefulness is great; deep is their belief in the efficacy of Christ's death on the cross; they bring that hope and faith and charity into every incident and venture of their lives; and the result is good conduct, and that help from God which self-help always brings. Their clergymen are for them only brothers in Christ, set apart to do special work connected with the Church, and remunerated for so doing; having a special knowledge of the Scriptures, and respected for that special knowledge; leading lives of edification and good example, and respected according to the probity of their lives. Profession without practice will not satisfy the Presbyterian. No Presbyterian clergyman who is a bad man would be tolerated. Vice cannot take shelter behind the stock and collar of a man whose life is open to the light of day, and who works no miracles, which, in the eyes of his congregation, can atone for personal lapses from right conduct. Neither drunkenness, nor ill-temper, nor tyranny, nor uncharitableness, nor immorality, would be condoned in a clergyman by any Presbyterian congregation.

The Presbyterian clergyman only bases his claim to respect on his attention to duty, on the edification of his life, and the superior knowledge of Christian matters which he possesses. And the method of his selection is calculated to make him popular with his parishioners. When a vacancy occurs in a Presbyterian parish, a de-

putation of elders formally visits several of the neighbouring churches, and they elicit the general opinion of the laity as to the clergymen in those churches. Or, perhaps, the parish has already made up its mind as to its new minister. The deputation hears the clergymen preaching from their own pulpits. If they are satisfied that any of those clergymen combines all the qualifications they desire in a minister for their parish, they select that clergyman; and, if he consents to be their minister, they give him a "call" to their parish. Ever afterwards they look upon him as their own free choice and loyally support him.

Would it not be a happy state of affairs for us if we were entrusted in our Church with such power as that in the selection of parish priests? Would it not be well for us Catholics if the condition of our Church were such that it would bear the test of an open discussion of its affairs by clerics and laymen every year, such as we see in the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches of Ireland? How brave and self-confident the lay Catholics attending such an Assembly would feel when they left its deliberations! Religion and Christ's simple, heart-stirring teaching would become for them a strengthening force in life, instead of a mystifying and disheartening force.

The more advanced Roman Catholics of Belfast should not be content with the position they occupy in their native city under the rule of their priests. Their importance is steadily decreasing. In 1861 they were 34 per cent., or over one-third of the population of Belfast; in 1871 they were only 32 per cent.; in 1881 they were only 28.8 per cent.; in 1891, 26.3 per cent.; and in 1901 they are only 24 per cent., or considerably under one-fourth of the inhabitants of the city.

CHAPTER V

A LITTLE WHILE IN THE NORTH

"But Derry had a surer guard
Than all that art could lend her:
Her 'prentice hearts the gate who barred,
And sung out 'No surrender!'"
—COLONEL BLACKER.

ONE who is intimately acquainted with the Roman Catholic portion of Ireland cannot fail to be struck by what he sees in the country around Belfast. For instance, in Protestant Antrim, even if one goes no farther than the well-known route from Belfast to Larne, one may realise what all Ireland would be if it were emancipated from the priestly spells. The Northern Counties Railway is essentially a northern institution, being entirely confined to the counties of Antrim and Derry. Although one of the smallest lines in Ireland, it is as well managed as the largest, and pays the highest dividends. Its terminus at Belfast reminds one of an English railway station; well-designed, altogether bright, and built all through to meet the convenience of the public. When you emerge from Belfast, and, as you move along the shore of Belfast Lough, you cannot help being struck by the orderly and prosperous appearance of the country. The rolling-stock of the railway attracts you; long goods trains are moving about, conveying merchandise between the various Antrim and Derry towns. The stations are pretty, and on every platform there is evidence of local life, independence, character, and prosperity. The country houses that come within

view are pleasant to look upon. After a while you can scarcely believe that you are in Ireland. When you have passed by Carrickfergus, and arrive at Whitehead, near the head of Larne Lough, the train runs along by the shore of the lough, and you get a good view of the peninsula, known as Island Magee, across the water, which looks like a mere cockspur on the maps, but which is in reality a fine stretch of land, cultivated with the greatest economy and energy. There is no waste, there is no poverty, on Island Magee. As you get close to Larne you remark that there are no convents, parochial houses, or even church spires to be seen. If you chance to meet a parson, he is not better off than his flock; he is not their master; he is their equal and their friend. The town of Larne, at which you arrive, is a thriving place, containing a population of 7000 people. There is not a tumble-down house to be seen in it; and it is expanding. The roads and footways are so well kept, and the houses so solidly comfortable, that in walking through its streets I found it hard to believe that I was in Ireland. When I arrived at Larne Harbour, which is some distance below the town, and stood on the deck of one of the splendid mail-packet steamers which ply between Larne and the Scotch coast, I looked around for spires, convents, parochial houses, nun-managed hospitals, reformatories, and industrial schools, which we are so accustomed to in the midlands and south and west of Ireland. But the only noticeable object which I could discern amidst the comfort of Larne was the aluminium factory. And near the town there was a magnificent house, which was not an ecclesiastical structure, or a jail, or a union workhouse, but the residence of a Larne gentleman named Chaine; an ordinary layman, who was neither a count of the Holy Roman Empire, nor chamberlain to

his Holiness, nor a knight of St. Gregory, nor a senator of the Royal University, nor a commissioner of national education, nor anything else which either implied a payment of money to Italy, or entitled him to put his hand into the pocket of the nation. And I saw a monument standing at the water-gate of Larne, the entrance to the harbour, built in the form of an Irish round tower, beside which the mail-packets pass on their way to and from Scotland; and I discovered that this monument was not a religious monument, that there was no mystery connected with it, that it was not erected to a cardinal, or a politician, or an orator, or a disturber of the public peace, but that it was a monument put up by Mr. Chaine of Larne, at his own expense, to perpetuate his own memory in his native town, to the advancement of which he had devoted his time, his labours, and his money generously. And I was shown on the hillside overlooking this monument the place where the remains of Mr. Chaine lie, gazing down in spirit upon the harbour of Larne, which was the crowning glory of his life. And then I remembered the residence where his son lives, honoured by his townsmen, both for his own and for his father's sake, and I said to myself, *That is practical patriotism; the spirit of Mr. Chaine explains why Larne is prosperous.* It explains why Antrim is so superior to the Catholic counties in other parts of Ireland. The Larne people—and the same may be said of all the Antrim people—in their various degrees, are all permeated with the spirit which Mr. Chaine displayed during his life. They are anxious for the prosperity of their town and harbour; and, in order to secure that prosperity, they lead industrious, useful, and good lives. The Pope of Rome and Cardinal Ledochowski may devote themselves, if they will, to supernatural business; the Larne people will mind their

natural business, and will not be interfered with. Belief in all the grand facts of Christianity does not prevent the Larne people from being sensible, self-respecting, industrious, and comfortable. The simple creed of Christianity does not compel the Larne people to support a rich, expensive priesthood, and a large male and female clerical army to keep them in subjection, to interfere in every affair of their lives, to retard their progress, misdirect the minds of their children, and rob them of the fruits of their industry. The local man who benefits Larne, who lives, makes money, and dies in the town, and who, after death, places his tomb and monument in the midst of his people, is the precedent which the Larne people have constantly before their eyes to follow. Their ideal is not the example of the prolix orator, who sends his heart to Rome and his body to Ireland; or the achievements of the bombastic bishop, who is singing the glories of his own Roman ecclesiastical colleague and superior from year's end to year's end, for the mystification of the soft Irish.

I never felt more happy in Ireland than I did in Protestant Larne. It was not the beauty of the place, though that is considerable, and the air exceedingly bracing. Beauty does not satisfy me, for I never felt so depressed anywhere in Ireland as I have done in our own Roman Catholic Killarney, with all its incomparable beauties. I felt happy, because in Larne reality and truth are omnipresent, and falsehood and pretence are nowhere obtrusive; and because I saw the natural resources of my country being utilised and enjoyed by a happy, contented, and increasing population. Even in Belfast the pleasure is not so unalloyed, for there one has the spectacle of one's fellow-religionists—the Roman Catholics of that city—in a position of backward subordination, while they foolishly expend tens

of thousands of pounds in enriching their priesthood, and increasing their male and female clerical army. To look upon Island Magee across the water, and to dwell upon its small, well-fenced fields, farms, and farmsteads, is restful to the eye of the Irishman with an asking mind. Here at length one beholds peace in Ireland. Here at length one sees all the goods which God provides for Ireland being used by the people in the way in which God intended them to be used.

How different the emotions are as one stands on the shores of Queenstown Harbour! There all the wealth of natural position and natural advantages which Providence has placed at the disposal of our people are crumbling like Dead Sea fruit in their hands. There is no evidence of the Corkonian's energy but the Queenstown Cathedral; and the greatest man on the shores of Queenstown Harbour is the Catholic Bishop of Cloyne. He alone has money; he alone has power; while the majority of the lay people are depressed, idle, and impoverished.

In Larne the people are happy, contented, and comfortable, although they do not enjoy the luxury of a Roman Catholic bishop to perplex by his interference the working of their minds or the conduct of their affairs.

Antrim is a glorious county. It contains 709,832 acres, of which 576,604 are in tillage and pasture. It is not devoid of waste land, for there are 127,517 acres described as waste, bog and mountain. The population of the county is 461,241, of which 113,383 are Catholics. Besides the greater portion of the city of Belfast, the county contains the important towns of Lisburn, which has a population of 11,500, Ballymena, Carrickfergus, Larne, Ligoniel, and Ballymoney; and seven smaller towns, having a population between 1000 and 2000.

Lawrence.

THE QUEENSTOWN CATHEDRAL OVERLOOKS A DESERTED HARBOUR

"There is no evidence of the Corkonian's energy but the Queenstown Cathedral; and the greatest man on the shores of Queenstown Harbour is the Catholic Bishop of Cloyne" (p. 82).

The prosperity of Antrim is to be entirely ascribed to Protestant energy and Protestant freedom, for the land is not a whit better than the soil of Cork or Wexford. The county is almost entirely free from the priest. There is not a single Catholic religious institution or convent outside the neighbourhood of Belfast except the "industrial" school kept by the Sisters of Mercy at White Abbey, which stands like a blot upon the fair scenery of that district, and the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Mary at Lisburn, which receives a grant from the National Board of Education, and in which it is admitted there are twenty-four nuns.

The county of Down is in every sense of the word as fine a county as Antrim, and it is just as Protestant, containing only 76,535 Catholics out of a total population of 289,535. It contains an important portion of the city of Belfast, and a number of thriving towns, in many of which extensive manufactures are carried on. Newtownards, Banbridge, Downpatrick, Holywood, Bangor, Dromore, Comber; and eight towns containing a population of between 1000 and 2000; besides a number of prosperous villages; are sprinkled over this fine county. Its total acreage is 612,399, of which only 80,056 acres are returned as waste, bog and mountain. The land is in the highest state of cultivation, and the people are industrious and contented. It contains on its western border the town of Newry, which I deal with elsewhere. With the exception of Newry and its immediate neighbourhood, the county of Down is free from religious institutions and convents, save for the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Downpatrick, which receives a grant from the National Board of Education, and the admitted number of whose nuns is twenty.

If one travels southwards into Down from Belfast as far as Newtownards, at the head of Strangford Lough,

or Donaghadee, or Newcastle, one finds a peaceful agricultural country, full of small farms, and tilled with the greatest energy and industry. The Ards Peninsula, somewhat like Island Magee, but on a larger scale, is full of beautiful land, cultivated by small farmers to the highest pitch of excellence. Like Antrim, Down possesses no greater natural advantages than, say, Cork and Limerick, or Wexford and Kilkenny, yet Antrim and Down are prosperous beyond all the other counties in Ireland. They alone, with the exception of the metropolitan county of Dublin, have increased in population. There is an amount of civic and social life in Antrim and Down which is not to be found anywhere else in Ireland. There, notwithstanding the democratic sturdiness of the people, their industry and prosperity, you will find a resident nobility living on the most friendly terms with the people. The Marquis of Londonderry lives quite close to Newtownards. And he is regarded as a fellow-countryman by everybody in the county Down. Whenever he comes there he is welcomed, and nothing that he can do for the prosperity of his neighbours is left undone. The student of Irish sociology may learn from this that even the Irish system of land tenure does not of necessity mean personal enmity and discordance of interests between the tenantry and the lord of the soil.

The Marquis of Dufferin also lived—and died—in the Ards Peninsula, and found the neighbourhood such a pleasant one that he resided there constantly after a long life spent in all the luxury and vivacity of the highest society in all parts of the world.

In Down or Antrim a man finds himself in touch with the heart of the world; he can go to England at a moment's notice, and without trouble; everything he requires is to be had in his immediate vicinity.

In the other and Roman Catholic parts of Ireland there is no such civic or social life; the higher and the lower classes do not look upon each other as neighbours. The priest, in sullen isolation, with his occult powers and mysterious deportment, intensifies the estrangement. He himself belongs to the lower classes, but he disowns his own people, and the higher classes will not have him on his own valuation of himself. He finds himself isolated; he becomes a tyrant, and appears to take an uncharitable delight in setting the different classes of society at cross purposes. If a rich nobleman resides permanently in the rest of Ireland, except, perhaps, in the vicinity of Dublin, life is not made comfortable or interesting for him by his neighbours. There is no vitality in the country to make residence in it agreeable for persons of means. If the Duke of Devonshire's Irish residence, instead of being at Lismore, were on the banks of the Bann, or on the shores of Strangford Lough, or Lough Neagh, we should find him continually resident amongst us. His coming and going would be looked upon as a thing of course. His neighbours would be glad to see him, and the country would be made pleasant for him. Instead of that, we rarely see that great landowner amongst us, and his case is typical of many others.

Blind, indeed, must be the Irishman who will persist in attributing the want of prosperity in Catholic Ireland to the operation of British-made laws, seeing that the laws in operation in Antrim and Down are the same as those in Wexford and Kilkenny, or in Cork and Limerick, or in Mayo and Roscommon. The explanation of northern prosperity is to be found in the character of the people, who are self-helpful and free in body as in mind. In the rest of Ireland the character of the people is moulded by our Roman Catholic

priests, who have supreme control over our youth in the schools, and who by word and example persistently influence the adult population. Our priest is mendicant, he is leisurely, wealthy, and prosperous. Therefore the bulk of the population set idleness before them as the *summum bonum* of life, and they are not ashamed to have recourse to mendicancy at every stage of their existence in various shapes and forms.

In the North, idleness is never looked upon as an ideal condition of things. Mr. Robinson, or Mr. Cleaver, in Belfast, at the present moment, are working as hard as they were forty years ago, despite the fact that the business of Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver is spread all over the United Kingdom and all over the world.

And as for mendicancy, it never enters into the mind of a respectable North of Ireland man to have recourse to it. He works his way, and rests content with what the labour of his brain and hands may win for him.

I have driven almost through the entire of the large central Ulster county of Tyrone, from the borders of Fermanagh to the confines of Derry and Antrim. What a fine county it is, containing 806,658 acres, and a population of 150,468. I have been in its four important towns, Strabane, Omagh, Dungannon, and Cookstown, and in many of its smaller towns and villages. The religion of the 33,479 families who dwell in Tyrone is mixed. The southern and western area of the county contains a large proportion of Roman Catholics, while the northern and eastern sides are mostly inhabited by Protestants, there being in the county about 70,000 members of the Reformed Church, and 80,000 Catholics. Everywhere in Tyrone you will find the members of the Reformed Church better off, more industrious and contented than our people, who, instead of making the most of their opportunities,

expend themselves in glorifying the priesthood and indulging in religious anæsthetics under their direction. Tyrone is fortunate in containing no settlements of male religious orders; but it has three convents of Sisters of Mercy at Cookstown, Dungannon, and Strabane, all drawing grants from the National Board; and a Loreto Convent at Omagh.

The Sisters of Mercy at Strabane have collected together 73 little vagrant girls, for whose support they draw £122 8, 17s. 10d. per annum from the State.

The county of Derry is, happily for itself, exceptionally free from religious orders. It possesses a Roman Catholic bishop and cathedral, and a number of secular priests; a convent of the Sisters of Mercy, the admitted number of professed nuns in which is 38, and which draws a grant from the National Board of Education; and also a convent of the Poor Sisters of Nazareth. Outside the city the only religious institution is the Convent of Mary Immaculate at Magherafelt, and there is no "industrial" school in the county. The population of the county is 144,404, of which 69,089 are males and 75,315 females. I have travelled along the north coast of Londonderry, more than once visited the important and historic city, and have found the people everywhere prosperous. If the 65,296 Derry Roman Catholics are more prosperous than our brethren in the neighbouring county of Donegal, they have not to be grateful for their better circumstances to the preaching of their priests, but rather to the exertions of the Protestant majority amongst whom they live. The city of Derry possesses no natural advantages over the Catholic cities of Waterford, Limerick, or Cork, yet while those places are decreasing in population, civic importance and industry, Londonderry is constantly on the increase. In 1881,

when Waterford stood at 29,181, Derry's population was only 29,162; in 1901 the population of Derry stands at 40,000, while Waterford to-day stands at 26,743! The town is full of industry, and the Foyle is full of life. Derry possesses extensive shirt and collar factories, shipyards, mills, foundries, and various other industries. Its ancient history has not prevented it from keeping abreast of modern life and improvement. Although the Derry people are fond of recalling the brave deeds of their ancestors, they do not allow themselves to dwell stagnantly upon them as we Roman Catholics do in the south and west of Ireland. The citizens of Londonderry are well to the front in all the achievements and glories of the United Kingdom and North Europe. There is work done in Derry which cannot be surpassed in any part of the world. In Derry, as in Antrim and Down, you find our Irish duke living continually on terms of friendship with his neighbours of all classes. The Duke of Abercorn's home is near Strabane, not in England or on the Continent, and his son, the Marquis of Hamilton, represents the city of Derry in Parliament. If one travels by the northern coast eastward from Derry, in the direction of Portrush, you will find an amount of civic and social life, independence and prosperity, amongst the population sufficient to lead a southern Irishman to suppose that he is travelling in Great Britain. The resources of the country are utilised by its bright, healthy, industrious and sensible inhabitants. They do not maintain a superhuman, miracle-working priesthood in their midst to filch from them the true enjoyment of life. The results of their industry are not nullified for them by the preaching and practice of a great sacerdotal organisation. The town of Coleraine, also in county Derry, is a peaceable and

prosperous town, and it has an increasing population of 6845. The Bann, on which Coleraine stands, like the people who reside by its banks, is one of those placid rivers which it does one good to gaze upon, and which seems quite out of its place in Ireland. Standing by its slow, deep waters one feels inclined to believe it is the Trent or Derwent. There are no rivers in Ireland upon which an Irishman can look with such pleasure as the Bann, Foyle, and Lagan, whether at Portadown, Coleraine, Strabane, Derry, Lisburn, or Belfast. And there are no better people in Ireland than those who inhabit the country through which those rivers flow.

If the traveller in Ulster moves westward from the city of Derry he finds himself quickly in a Catholic country, and when he has entered it, he bids good-bye to civic life, brightness, and worldly progress. The county of Donegal, which is at the west side of Lough Foyle, is almost entirely Catholic, except where it adjoins Derry. Out of its population of 173,625, 135,000 are Catholics; and this large county, having an area of 1,197,154 acres, of which 700,000 acres are arable, does not contain a single town which has a population over 2500. It is here that Bishop O'Donnell, the treasurer of the Irish Parliamentary party, has reared aloft his costly and magnificent cathedral at Letterkenny, which is the only achievement in the shape of work which our poor people in Donegal can put to their credit. No towns, no industry, no hope, no civic life! They spend their lives brooding upon St. Eunan, and staring in hypnotised wonder at the marvellous goings on of Bishop O'Donnell. Whether at Rome, or at the Killybegs Industrial School, or the County Asylum Board, or in his cathedral which their pence erected for him at Letterkenny, the bishop is the

great lawgiver and dictator. Poor Catholics of Donegal from Lough Swilly to Malin Beg, you possess your powerful, and, in many respects, your omnipotent priesthood, to whom you surrender your minds—and you have your reward! The shade of St. Patrick on his island-purgatory in Lough Derg, whither you repair in pilgrimage, or the shade of Columbkille at Gartan, is not more out of touch with European civilisation than are you. If you were inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, under the rule of the Spanish friars, you could not be more out of the world. The people of Derry, close beside you, are in daily and intimate connection with the doings of the world, in whose work and business they bear a manly part, while your history is written in episcopal letters like the following:—

"LETTERKENNY, *4th April* 1902.

"DEAR MR. WEBB,—I have much pleasure in transmitting to you for the Parliamentary Fund the two cheques enclosed with this letter. Rev. John Gavigan, P.P., Carrigart, sends £13, 7s. 6d. from the parish of Meevagh, and Rev. John M'Cafferty, C.C., Brockagh, £15 from the parish of Glenfin. Those generous sums, coming from the outposts of East and West Donegal, are made up of the contributions of *a hard-working, spirited people, with their priests at their head.*—I am, dear Mr. Webb, very truly yours,

"✠ PATRICK O'DONNELL."[1]

Let such a testimonial amply repay you for your self-imposed condition. Let the 348 landholders and 2035 non-landholders amongst you who annually migrate to seek work in Great Britain rest content with knowing that he considers you "hard-working and spirited, with your priests at your head." Yes, they are *at* your heads,

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, April 10, 1902.

and *on* your heads, and *on* your chests, and *on* your backs, and *on* your minds. They are on top of you, and you carry them, oh, so patiently, in the hope that they will pray you out of hell and into heaven. What of *O'Donnell Aboo?* At the sound of what *tocsin* does the Clan Connaill rally to-day? Like sheep you gather to be eaten or milked at the clanging of the chimes in Letterkenny Cathedral. Who would sing thus of you now?—

> "Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,
> Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale,
> Fleetly the steed by Lough Swilly is bounding
> To join the thick squadrons in Saimear's green vale."[1]

No pen could write anything so heartening about *you!* The Marine "Industrial" School at Killybegs, drawing £1882 per annum for its one hundred little boys; or the asylum at Letterkenny; or the new cathedral, over all of which your Bishop O'Donnell is omnipotent, are the highest watermarks of your civic life. The "hackbut and battlebrand" were preferable to such ignoble death in life.

There are, as accurately as I can gather, three dioceses—Raphoe, Derry, and Clogher—in the county of Donegal. And they contain, within the county, 97 priests, one establishment of monks, and nine convents of nuns of the various orders of St. Louis, Loreto, and the Sisters of Mercy, the number of whose inmates is not given.

There remains one other Catholic county in Ulster, about which I shall only say a brief word, for it obtrudes itself very little on public notice. The county of Cavan is a long, pear-shaped county lying at the bottom of Ulster, and belonging as much to Leinster as to Ulster. It is full of lakes, over 20,000 acres of its surface being

[1] "Donegal War-song," by Michael J. M'Cann.

under water. Its people are shrewd, but they are merely marking time, except when they leave the land and water that is their home. Cavan has a population of 97,541, of which 79,026 are Catholics. It constitutes the diocese of Kilmore, except for a small portion of Fermanagh and Leitrim, and it possesses a bishop and 40 parish priests; 57 curates; a diocesan, priest-managed college; an "industrial" school for girls, managed by the Poor Clares, in which there are 79 inmates, at a cost of £1334 a year to the State; two convents of Poor Clares at Cavan and Ballyjamesduff; two convents of Mercy at Belturbet and Cootehill; and St. Mary's Hospital, a nun-managed institution, at Cavan. At the last census the population of Cavan showed, after Monaghan, the highest rate of decrease in Ireland, namely, 12.8 per cent. on the preceding decade, when it stood at 111,917. The priests in Cavan are the great personages; and wherever that is the case, the laity always show a marked tendency to leave the locality, as they are leaving Cavan. Some very shrewd, steady Cavan men, both Protestant and Catholic, are to be found in good positions in Dublin.

The clerical organisation maintained by the Catholic minority of Ulster for the protection of their faith and morals, consists of the cardinal, who is the Archbishop of Armagh, and the six bishops of Dromore, Down and Connor, Kilmore, Derry, Clogher, and Raphoe. In these seven dioceses and within the borders of Ulster there are 678 secular priests. In addition there are ten settlements of various kinds of Christian Brothers; one establishment of Redemptorists, one of Passionists, one of Vincentians, and one of Dominicans, all priests, their numbers not being given.

There are, besides, the following convents of nuns: 1 Presentation, 27 Mercy, 2 Loreto, 3 Poor Clares, 2

Sacred Heart, 1 Holy Cross, 1 Charity, 2 Nazareth, 2 Dominicans, 1 Bon Secours, 1 Good Shepherd, 8 St. Louis, and 1 Mary Immaculate; total, 52 convents of nuns within the borders of Ulster. The number of their inmates is at present undiscoverable, but, professed and unprofessed, they must be a thousand souls.

There are 8 priest-owned diocesan seminaries, and 10 reformatories and "industrial" schools managed by priests and nuns.[1]

If this army of 2000 clerics simply did Christian work and got decent remuneration in return, large as the force may be, there would be nothing to find fault with. But they are all engaged in the work of extracting large legacies and donations from the laity in the manner which I describe in the seventh chapter, and in perplexing the minds of our youth and adults after the fashion dealt with in the eleventh chapter of this work.

That is why their presence is so objectionable, and why the Protestants of Ulster, being without such an incubus, outstrip us in the handicap of life.

[1] *Catholic Directory*, 1902.

CHAPTER VI

SACRILEGES AND BURGLARIES OF CATHOLIC CHURCHES

Before going into the province of Connaught, let us consider the series of larcenies from Catholic churches which took place in Ireland during the year 1901, and which attracted universal but subdued attention. Many of the crimes were not reported by the newspapers, or the reports of them were held back and made little of, out of sympathy with the priests. But when those crimes became more and more frequent, and most of the criminals remained undiscovered, the clerical newspapers—that is to say, all the newspapers in Catholic Ireland—were forced to take notice of them. It was first suggested that the perpetrators must have been English tramps, as no Irishman, it was alleged, could be guilty of such infamous misconduct, and for a time the clerical newspapers drew what consolation was available from that supposition. I do not pretend to have noted all, or even half, of these ominous incidents, for I made no special effort to collect the reports of them. The first which attracted my notice occurred at the Tomgraney Chapel in the county of Clare; and the following description of the crime committed in that church is taken from the evidence of Sergeant M'Hugh. He thus describes the state of the church on his arrival:—

"A chest of drawers containing the sacred vestments had been pulled out, and the vestments tossed, as if

rifled. The chest on the book-stand was broken open; the altar was broken about the tabernacle, and the marble ornamentation of the tabernacle was broken, and bricks used in the setting of the safe and the tabernacle were picked out and smashed. The door of safe was also battered, and a large stone, evidently used to force the safe, was on the altar, with a broken tongs and fire-shovel. The crucifix on the altar was injured, and the flower vases and cruets broken. The mass-book was disarranged, and some of the leaves covered with excrement. The linen of the altar had a hole burned, and was profusely covered with excrement. The candlesticks were also thrown down." [1]

Two tramps, Irishmen, were arrested for the crime; and, on circumstantial evidence, were returned for trial to the assizes by the magistrates, who then, on the suggestion of the chairman, Colonel O'Callaghan-Westropp —a member of the Church of Ireland—passed a resolution to the effect that they "had heard with horror of the abominable acts of sacrilege and desecration, and conveyed their deep and respectful sympathy to the Lord Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. M'Redmond, and to Father Macnamara, P.P." The accused men were tried at the next ensuing assizes in July 1901, and were sentenced respectively to ten years' and seven years' penal servitude by Chief-Justice O'Brien.

But the heavy punishment acted as no deterrent, for since that date I remember to have noticed the following crimes of a somewhat similar nature. In the town of Wexford two of the Catholic churches were broken into and the contents of the collection-boxes stolen, the particulars being as follow:—

"The Church of the Immaculate Conception, Rowe Street, and the Church of the Assumption, Bride Street, were broken into, and £3 in silver and coppers extracted

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, May 13, 1901.

from the latter. No money was found in Rowe Street Church, to which an entrance was effected by smashing open one of the windows. Bride Street Church was entered by means of a revolving window. Every available policeman in the town and in the suburban police stations have been out on bicycles since an early hour this morning, but up to the present no arrest has been effected."[1]

Some days afterwards, in the same county, the Catholic churches in New Ross and Rosbercon were broken into and robbed. We are told that

"at six in the morning in the Augustinian Church, Rev. Brother Kinsella found the sacristy door forced, and a sum of seventeen shillings in coppers abstracted. Investigation showed that the thief entered the church barefooted, and having failed to start open a poor-box fitted into one of the walls, he took himself to the sacristy and enriched himself with the amount stated. The sacred vessels were locked up in a strong safe which proved too much for him, and after tossing some of the altar linen he decamped, presumably by the way he came. The perpetrator then crossed the river, and effected an entrance into Rosbercon Catholic Church, where he broke open the Catholic Truth Society box, and lifted the contents. He also attempted entry into the sacristy here, but failed. Up to the time of writing the police had not made any arrest."

Nothing, so far as I know, has since been heard of these Wexford robberies.

A little while after the Tomgraney sacrilege in county Clare, the new church of St. Mary of the Rosary at Nenagh in the county Tipperary was broken into and robbed. We are told that

"on Sunday morning when the church was opened it was discovered that a most disgraceful outrage had been committed; some miscreant had broken the stained-glass windows of the sacristy, and by the aid

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, December 21, 1901.

of a spade and other instruments succeeded in forcing a way in. The private drawers of the sacristy were broken open, and the key of the safe abstracted. The burglars entered the church and broke open the general collection-boxes, and the St. Vincent de Paul subscription-boxes, and abstracted the contents."[1]

I cannot help contrasting the energy with which the Tipperary priests denounced the robbers in this case—where they themselves were the losers of a few pounds—with their callousness after the burning of Bridget Cleary of Ballyvadlea, and the concealment of the murdered woman's body. We learn, for instance, that

"at all the masses yesterday the officiating priests referred in condemnatory terms to the abominable and sacrilegious outrage on the House of the Lord. Rev. Father Glynn, C.C., said it would be hard to believe that such a crime could be committed by any one born on Irish soil; but, whoever was the perpetrator, he advised every member of the congregation to keep his eyes and ears open, so that the police might be assisted in bringing such an abominable scoundrel to justice."

All over the south of Ireland during 1901 this wave of Catholic church robberies swept. At length police guards were stationed at night in the vicinity of the churches. At Youghal, Queenstown, and at Killeagh in the county of Cork, the churches were broken into and robbed. We learn that at Youghal,

"owing to the robbery at Queenstown the authorities placed a special patrol to watch the parish church. The patrol remained until 12 o'clock, and again from 1 A.M. till 4.30. Nevertheless, when the parish clerk opened the vestry-room this morning at 6 A.M. he found that an entrance had been effected by forcing open one of the windows. The burglar had opened all the locked presses, and, finding the key of the safe in one, opened

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, May 13, 1901.

that also, subsequently throwing the key on the floor where it was found afterwards. The chalices, which were in the safe, were, however, apparently not interfered with. Having rifled the contents of the various presses, the burglar made his way into a room of the vestry, and rifled the presses there. The poor-boxes attached to the pillars in the aisle of the church were also broken open. As far as has been ascertained up to the present, the only thing taken was some altar wine from the vestry-room. The police have been scouring the country roads all the forenoon, and have arrested three tramps on suspicion."[1]

I have not heard that the culprits in these three cases have been brought to justice.

At Mitchelstown, Mallow, and Kanturk, also in the county of Cork, the churches were broken into during the year. In the cases of Mitchelstown and Kanturk, the criminal was brought to justice, and he turned out to be, not a Saxon or a foreigner, but a poor Irishman of herculean prowess and "immense proportions," named Maurice Sheehan, a native of Newtownshandrum, a village in the locality of the crime. He was caught in the act by the police patrol in charge of Kanturk Church on January 31, 1902; and pleaded guilty, after arrest, to the Mitchelstown robbery also. The police patrol had been fruitlessly on guard at the Kanturk church for several nights, but we are told that

"in the morning at 4 A.M. the thief was caught red-handed while engaged robbing one of the altars. The constables sprang from their hiding-places and closed with the ruffian, who was of immense proportions. A desperate struggle ensued, during which Constable Sullivan's left-hand forefinger was bitten off. Constable Horan then drew his revolver and fired, but the bullet missed the scoundrel, who wrenched the revolver from Constable Horan, and beat that officer almost senseless

[1] *Freeman's Journal.*

with it. Though bleeding and exhausted, the constables gallantly stuck to their man, and eventually overpowered him."

The man was tried at Cork Assizes,[1] and there must have been some extenuating circumstances in his case, for Judge Johnson, an admirable and sensible judge, said, in delivering judgment,

"he knew all about the prisoner's case, and he took into account a good deal more than appeared on the face of the depositions. The prisoner had no parents, and every man's hand would be against him for that crime if he were to go out, and, even if he were to give him a long term of imprisonment, what he had done would not be forgotten by the time his sentence had expired, and the only chance—in fact, he might say the only kindness—he could do him was to punish him with penal servitude. If he conducted himself with propriety while he was undergoing the term that would be imposed on him, he would get out a little earlier, and would come out with a little money that might give him a start in life. He thought that imprisonment, which he usually looked upon as a better sentence than penal servitude, would not be appropriate in this case. He had pleaded guilty to breaking into the Catholic church at Mitchelstown, the Catholic church at Kanturk, and with assaulting and wounding the two constables."

Sheehan was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and his was the only case, so far as I know, in which the crime was clearly brought home to the perpetrator. If we are to draw a general deduction from this Kanturk case, we must conclude that these crimes were committed by poor Catholics in the vicinity of the various churches. I should be inclined to say that if the robberies were the acts of an organised roving gang of burglars, the police would have very little difficulty

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, March 21, 1902.

in bringing the conspirators to justice. Sheehan, it would appear, was in league with nobody else.

The church robbery at Mallow took place about the same time as that at Kanturk, and its perpetrator has not been discovered. We learn that the Mallow church was *twice* broken into, which would clearly point to the crime as being committed by a person or persons resident in the locality. The robbery is thus described:—

"A sacrilegious attempt to rob Mallow Catholic church took place yesterday morning. The church was entered by the rear windows, which were forced, and the shrines and collection-boxes were broken. However, owing to the forethought of the clerk, the boxes had been cleared of their contents late the previous evening, and the church-breakers gained nothing by their sacrilegious conduct. This is the second of such attempts made on the church. The police had been on patrol near the gate until the hour of 3 A.M., and it was subsequently the deed was done."

Discussing the Youghal robbery from the bench, the stipendiary magistrate, Mr. Horne, described it as

"an outrage not only on every man, woman, and child in the town, on every clergyman of all denominations, but worse than all, an outrage on the Almighty Himself. They were satisfied that no Youghal man was implicated in it, as the majority of the people had bent their knees in that church. His brother magistrates desired him to call for the assistance of every one in Youghal to discover the miscreant who had committed the outrage."

I do not think the very poor Catholics would be so horrified by the crime as Mr. Horne thinks; and while I have no intention of contradicting him about the Youghal case, I cannot help thinking that the criminals in most of these cases, reported and unreported, were local people. The sordid spirit with which our poor people are imbued, and which gave birth to such a melancholy

Roche, Dublin.

FAMILIAR FIGURES AT A CHAPEL CORNER

"True to the history of the priesthood in every Catholic land, they are heartless beyond measure to the poor" (p. 106).

series of crimes as we are now considering, is, in my opinion, but a natural outcome of sacerdotal avarice. When the destined day arrives, if things be not changed for the better in Catholic Ireland, by a fair division of power in all secular church matters between the priests and the laity, the priests and *their* churches will get short shrift and scant commiseration from the awakened poor. Archbishop Hughes's words will not need to be reiterated in Ireland then.

The Catholic churches at Emly, in county Tipperary, and Hospital, in county Limerick, were also broken into and robbed. We are told that

"in the Church of St. Ailbe, at Emly, the windows were smashed in, but before any depredations could be committed the thieves were disturbed by the police about midnight as they were returning from patrol. After this the parties proceeded to the church at Hospital, three miles farther on, and ransacked it, but the information to hand does not say with what amount of success. The church at Emly was besmeared with blood."[1]

A man was charged before the magistrates with the offence some days afterwards, and he was described as "a native of Galway"; but nothing has since been heard of the crime, so far as I know.

Those robberies were not confined to any single district of Ireland, but took place almost in every county; and the simultaneity with which they took place in far distant localities dispels the theory that they were the acts of "a professional band of church robbers touring the country." On the morning of Wednesday, December 4, 1901, the Catholic cathedral at Newry "was burglariously broken into and the contents of six almsboxes carried off."[2] On the same night the Catholic

[1] *Freeman's Journal.* [2] *Irish Times*, December 5, 1901.

church at Omagh in county Tyrone, a long distance off, was broken into and the collection-boxes plundered. It was stated that "the boxes had been cleared out by the priests" before leaving the church, and that, therefore, the thieves got no booty.

We may expect to find that the boxes will be invariably emptied each evening in all the Catholic churches henceforth, and that the wave of robberies will subside. But the feeling which urged poor Irish Catholics to commit these crimes cannot be as readily put away as the pence in the collection-boxes. The widespread spirit, of which those desperate acts are but the index, will still abide in our midst, and it would be a foolish man, be he statesman, priest, or lay citizen, who should omit to take heed of such ominous occurrences.

The Dundalk Church was also broken into about this time; but the criminal remained undiscovered, as at Newry and Omagh. At Lisburn also we are told that

"St. Patrick's Chapel was visited by thieves, who effected an entrance to the sacristy, and proceeded to ransack the place, bursting open a press, from which they took coppers to the amount of about 2s. 10d. The contents of a cash-box—the amount is not known—were also abstracted, the box apparently having been opened with a skeleton key. Burnt matches and a piece of candle were found on the floor. The visitors made good their escape before daylight, and up to the present their whereabouts has not been discovered."

At Downpatrick we are told the St. Patrick's Memorial Church was broken into—

"The police were shortly apprised of the fact, and District Inspector O'Shee, with Head-Constable Murphy and Sergeants M'Cann and Bullin, were soon on the scene, when it was discovered that a hole had been made in one of the stained-glass windows sufficient to admit a man. The poor-boxes were broken and empty,

but what they contained is not known. In the vestry there was evidence that an attempt had been made to open the safe, and the floor was dotted here and there with wax, showing that one of the candles had been lighted."[1]

Nor has Dublin and its vicinity escaped. We learn, to our amazement, that

"last night some evil-disposed persons succeeded in securing an entrance into St. Michael's Church, Kingstown, through the sanctuary porch, and having entered the church, rifled the donation-boxes of their contents, the amount of which is not known. The ruffians forced their way into the vestry, where they broke open the boxes they found there, and also two drawers belonging to two of the clergymen attached to the church. In one of these drawers they found a sum of about 30s. made up in cartridges, after securing which they retreated from the church."[2]

We are also told that on the same night

"an attempt was made to enter the Church of St. Patrick, Monkstown, through the vestry, which had been entered by placing an old door against the back wall of the church and raising the window of the vestry, but the door leading from the vestry to the church proved too strong for the ruffians, who were obliged to leave without having secured any booty."

And it was only about a fortnight after these occurrences, we were informed that

"a sacrilegious burglary was committed in Bray during the early hours of morning at the Catholic Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, of which the Right Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, is parish priest. The thief made his way over the altar rails to the sacristy. The sacristy door was locked, with the key still in the lock on the inside; but this difficulty appears

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, Dec. 17, 1901. [2] *Evening Telegraph*, Nov. 30, 1901.

to have been overcome by smashing the glass of a small round window in the door. By this way the key was reached and turned. In the sacristy the thief forced a safe, and secured £1, 5s. in cash. Another safe, with a secret lock, was also opened, but it only contained the church records. The various donation-boxes in the body of the church were then broken open, but here the burglar must have been disappointed, as it is the practice to clear them every night. Having thus done the round of the church, the thief appears to have let himself out of the door next the window he entered by means of a key taken from the sacristy. In one important matter the burglary differs from the general character of these sacrileges, which have been so frequent of late. The thief is believed to have carried off a missing pyx. Hitherto in these cases money only has been taken, and so the police hope the present digression, if true, may form the basis of a clue."[1]

The pyx, or sacred vessel carried off, has not, so far as I am aware, led to the discovery of the thief; although an arrest was made and a special court held on a Sunday,[2] before which the prisoner was arraigned.

These crimes still continue to be committed, despite the public attention which has been aroused. At Limerick, one of Bishop O'Dwyer's churches was broken into. We are told—

"some time during Saturday night, St. Mary's Catholic Church was broken into by a thief, who effected an entrance by a back window, and abstracted a small sum, probably two shillings, from a collection-box. No further damage was done. The police are making inquiries, but no arrest has yet been made."[3]

And a few days later, one of Cardinal Logue's churches was broken into and—the collection-boxes

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, Dec. 19, 1901. [2] *Independent*, Jan. 6, 1902.
[3] *Freeman's Journal*, March 25, 1902.

being, doubtless, empty—several articles of altar property were taken. We are informed that

"the Vestry of Moy Catholic Church was sacrilegiously broken into last night, and a number of altar requisites stolen. It appears that the ruffians effected an entrance by means of a window in the sacristy. The police are investigating the affair, but up to the present no one has been apprehended."[1]

But a church robbery more remarkable than any that I have dealt with, has yet to be recorded:—

"Owing to some money being missing for some time past from the donation-box attached to the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, in the Kilquade parish church, co. Wicklow, the matter was placed in the hands of the Newtownmountkennedy police, who placed a watch on the building. The result of this has been that, on Sunday morning last, Constable Bowles and another policeman ambushed themselves on the gallery of the sacred building. But it was not until after mass, at about 10 o'clock, that their efforts were rewarded with success. From their place of concealment they held a commanding view of the donation-box, into which they had previously deposited some marked coins. When the people had cleared out and quietness prevailed, a man entered the sacred edifice and proceeded to the donation-box at the shrine of the Blessed Virgin. Having opened it, he began to transfer the contents into his pockets, and when he seemed to be well into his work the police disclosed themselves and had the delinquent quickly under arrest. The person arrested is one of the collectors at the chapel doors, and in whom a good deal of confidence was reposed, and owing to the position he occupied, his arrest has caused a considerable sensation in the locality. When searched, amongst other moneys found on the prisoner was one of the marked coins which had been placed in the box. He has been remanded, pending the holding of a special court."[2]

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, March 29, 1902. [2] Ibid., April 15, 1902.

What a disgraceful and savage state of things this reveals! While mass proceeds, and the sacred mystery is being performed, two policemen are "ambushed in the gallery." The *Host* is elevated, the *Sanctus* rings, breasts are struck at the *Agnus Dei*, the *Eucharist* is distributed, *Corpus Domini Nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam æternam, Amen.* But the lynx eyes and sharp ears of the two policemen are on the cash-box, watching for the expected thief. The officiating priest can have had little thought for anything but the thief. And the thief himself, respected and trusted, takes part in it all and bides his own time.

May not one doubt whether men really believe in the Mass when such traps can be laid and crimes projected during its solemn celebration? I imagine that were I a priest, I should let a thief empty my donation-boxes at will, rather than be a party to such a tragic satire as that which was enacted at Kilquade on Sunday, April 13, 1902.

No thoughtful person can consider such a series of occurrences beneath notice. If there were a famine in the land it would perhaps afford an explanation; but there has been no distress whatever in Ireland in 1901–2. It has, hitherto, been the boast of the priests that the poor Irish would starve rather than do any act derogatory to "the faith" and their "holy mother the Church." In the famine of 1847 they did not do these things. I am inclined to think that in 1847 the priests were in closer touch with the poor Catholic people. Since then they have grown rich; and, true to the history of the priesthood in every Catholic land, they are heartless beyond measure to the poor. These occurrences ought to show our statesmen that sacerdotalism cannot hold the bad passions of an unenlightened people effectually in leash, and that the

money spent on endowing priests is money spent in sowing the seeds of future revolution. If this outburst should serve as a lesson and a warning to those who are entrusted with the government of Ireland, that a rich priesthood is not all that is required to make our people good or happy, then in its own way, reprehensible as it may have been, it will not have occurred in vain, and out of the beginnings of evil, much good will have come for Catholic Ireland. If, however, a time must come in Ireland when the poor Catholic laity will forcibly assert their right to moral and mental freedom, then the Irish priests will find as few friends amongst the poor, as their continental brethren have discovered. Poor, Catholic Ireland, though it be the last land in Europe to rise up against the stifling sway of sacerdotalism in secular affairs, may yet grapple even more thoroughly with the priests and their supernatural pretensions in secular affairs than the Roman Catholics of the Continent.

Let us now, in a new chapter, endeavour to form some estimate of the vast sums of money which come into the hands of the priests; and, when we have done so, let us contrast the wealth of the clerics with the poverty of the great bulk of the laity. We may then understand better the feeling of passionate desperation which animated the perpetrators of the foregoing crimes.

CHAPTER VII

ONE WAY TO MAKE MILLIONS

"I have need of all the resources of my subjects; but the holy father is continually inventing new exactions, which transfer the money of my kingdom into the coffers of the popedom. Most assuredly the Roman Government is only a net to catch money."—King Francis of France, Du Bellay's *Memoires*.

It is not necessary, but I think it advisable, to state that I approach the consideration of the testaments commented upon in this chapter solely from the point of view of public policy; and that I impute nothing in the nature of *mala fides*, or undue influence, to any of the beneficiaries under those wills. Unfortunately for Ireland, they are not secret or peculiar wills; they are ordinary, average testamentary dispositions, and matters of public notoriety, which the law, actuated by a desire for the well-being of the community, orders to be published for the information of the public, every member of which is held to be concerned in these bequests for what are commonly called "charitable purposes."

I have given the legal notices in the original words, save for the pruning down of solicitorial redundancy in terms; because no summary could so well disclose the working of the minds of the testators, many of whom were ladies, at that solemn period of human life when death is unmistakably in view—a time which is destined to arrive for us all. On that account the chapter may be tedious reading, and for the information

of those who hesitate to enter upon its perusal, let me assure them that it may be safely skipped.

Readers of Irish Roman Catholic newspapers engrossed in the increasingly pointless speeches of our orators, the mysterious deliverances of our priests, and the melancholy-humorous proceedings of our local boards, do not, perhaps, peruse the advertisement columns with the attention they deserve. Yet the advertisements are the *worth*, and the news is but the *leather and prunella* of our papers, from more than one point of view. The following, for instance, is a form of legal notice which meets the eye with increasing frequency:—

"NOTICE OF CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

"In the goods of Ellen Larkin, formerly of Carrigeen Street, Wexford, and late of Rockfield House, Wexford, in the county of Wexford, widow, deceased. Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the Statute 30 & 31 Vic. cap. 54, that the above-named Ellen Larkin, who died on the 9th November 1900, by her will, dated 21st April 1897, after giving certain directions and making certain pecuniary bequests, as therein mentioned, devised and bequeathed *all the residue of her property*, real and personal, to the Right Rev. Abraham Brownrigg, Roman Catholic bishop of Ossory, and the Rev. John Lennon, of the House of Missions, Enniscorthy, the executors and trustees therein named, upon trust, to apply the same in and upon *having Masses celebrated for the repose of her soul* and the souls of her deceased relatives, and in and upon such charitable purposes, in Ireland exclusively, as they, or the survivor of them, should think fit. And probate of the said will was, on the 18th day of March 1901, granted forth of the Waterford District Registry, King's Bench Division (Probate) of the High Court of Justice in Ireland, to the said Rev. John Lennon, one of the executors and

trustees named in said will. Dated this 10th day of August 1901.

"To the Commissioners of Charitable Donations and Bequests, and to all others whom it may concern."[1]

Here is a widow, evidently retired from business, who devises *all the residue* of her property, real and personal, to the Roman Catholic bishop of Ossory and a regular priest, upon trust, to apply the same in having masses said for the repose of her own soul and the souls of her relatives, and upon such charitable purposes "as they should think fit." The bishop and his co-trustee are this lady's residuary legatees, and take the position of her heirs; and the property, real and personal, is made over absolutely to them. Owing to a recent decision in our Irish courts, bequests for masses are now valid, if the will stipulate that the masses are to be celebrated in public; the idea underlying the decision being that the celebration of mass in public is an act for the public benefit. I do not pretend to follow the philosophy of that argument. There are masses enough and to spare for the public in Ireland, and their celebration pays the priests well without these special obituary masses. I cannot regard a sum of money given to an ecclesiastic "for the celebration of mass" as anything but a *douceur* to that ecclesiastic. To hold that such a gift confers a benefit on the community—when the public is already sufficiently served and there is no scarcity of masses—would be, for me, to hold what is contrary to truth and common sense, and to hold what nobody believes. It is a matter that intimately concerns us all; because the transference of such large sums of money—such millions of money—to the priests is a grave injury to the body-politic, and constitutes, as I think, the head and front of the Irish difficulty. Let our priest-sup-

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, August 15, 1901.

ported politicians perorate as they will, let those comfortable Catholic lay folk who have risen to place and power under priests' patronage, dissemble as they may, my words will yet be found to be true.

Few people, even in Ireland, realise what vast amounts are handed over to the priests for masses—

"The Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, begs to acknowledge the receipt from Miss B. O'Grady, 4 Pembroke Road, Dublin, of £1660 (one thousand six hundred and sixty pounds) for masses for the repose of the souls of her late sister, Mary O'Grady (of Limerick), of her parents and relatives, and herself, and also charitable purposes in Limerick and Patrick's Well."[1]

Who amongst us will maintain that in a country with a decreasing population and suffering from want of capital, such a sum of money is not wasted upon such an object? I do not believe that God approves of it; and were I a priest in Ireland to-day, I should consider myself unfit to live, were I to accept money for such a purpose from any one. The Irish clerical pressman[2] may gloze the practice over in giving religious advice to his correspondents—

"Constant Reader of the *Irish Catholic*.—Through want of knowing better you speak of 'paying for masses.' The phrase is a very improper one. The honorarium given to the priest is for his sustenance, and not the price of that which is above and beyond all price. *Send whatever honorarium you can reasonably afford.*"

Is an honorarium of one thousand six hundred and sixty pounds given to a priest "for his sustenance"?

Are the following masses "paid for"?—

"The will of Mr. James Francis Kenna, Addison Terrace, Glasnevin, who died on the 13th February

[1] *Evening Telegraph*, April 13, 1901. [2] *Irish Catholic*.

1901, bequeathed for masses for the repose of his soul £100 to the Lord Abbot of Mount Melleray; £100 to the Lord Abbot of Mount St. Joseph's, Roscrea; and £100 to the Rector of the Jesuit Community, Dublin; £100 to the Rector of the Jesuit Community, Liverpool; and £100 to the Rector of the Passionist Community, Mount Argus, Dublin."[1]

What is each of those sums of £100 but a comfortable hand-over for each of these communities? Which of us, seeing our languishing trade, could not point out how the £500 might be spent with some practical advantage to Ireland?

I do not profess to give an exhaustive collection of those advertisements in this chapter. I merely give a few samples taken haphazard from one or two papers, during a few brief months at the end of 1901 and the beginning of 1902; and the testators are all people of limited means, belonging to the middle class, except one poor labouring man. The few rich Catholics whom we have in Ireland, or our Irish Catholic gentry, do not leave so much money in this way. I do not select extreme cases to illustrate my arguments; and some of my Irish readers may feel inclined to say, "Oh, I know far worse cases than that myself!" So do I; but I only deal with matters of public comment. Here is the will of a man of apparently limited means—

"Patrick Doyle, by his will, bequeathed to Father Mooney, Catholic curate, Ringsend, Dublin, £125 for masses for the repose of testator's soul; to Father Purcell, Catholic curate, Sandymount, £125 for masses for the repose of testator's soul, both sums to be paid at the rate of £1 per month to each of said legatees; and testator charged said legacies on all his property. Testator directed that, in case of the death of either of said legatees before such sums should have been paid,

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, July 24 1901.

the residues unpaid be bequeathed to the senior curate of the respective churches; and testator directed *that the masses should be celebrated in Ireland, and in a church open to the public at the time of their celebration;* and testator directed, that should the said legacies for any reason fail, then he bequeathed the same to the said respective legatees for their own use absolutely, but payable as aforesaid."[1]

Every hitch is guarded against, every possible breakdown of the legacy anticipated and provided for. £250 was a large sum to get for masses from such a will; and the way in which it was left—£1 a month for 125 months: ten years and five months—is only explicable on the assumption that the deceased expected to be in purgatory for a period which that allowance would cover. Alas, poor Ireland! Such money will go out of remunerative circulation and out of trade, and must be a drain on the resources of the representatives before it is paid off, no matter how gradually it be paid, or how comfortable they may be. It helps to reveal why our religion is the real cause of our backwardness, and why it seems as hard for an Irish Catholic to succeed in life under the dispensation prevailing in Ireland as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

Next let us take the case of a widow residing in a poor street in Dublin, who gives *one-third* of her entire assets to a pro-cathedral curate, to pay him for saying masses for the repose of her soul—

"Mary Delahunt, Upper Gloucester Street, Dublin, widow, by her will, dated 8th July 1901, bequeathed to the Rev. Fr. Farrell, C.C., pro-cathedral, Marlborough Street, Dublin, one-third of her entire assets, after payment of her debts and funeral and testamentary

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, June 1901.

expenses, for masses, to be celebrated in a public church in Ireland, for the repose of her soul. Dated this 23rd day of August 1901."[1]

Oh, with what fear and doubt she must have been approaching the bourne! Is that the spirit from which a successful, strong-minded nation can be built up?

In the following will, a "gentleman," living in the same locality, leaves *all* his property, on the happening of a specific event—the death of a child before reaching the age of twenty-one—to Archbishop Walsh and his executors, one of whom was a curate at the pro-cathedral in Marlborough Street, for charitable purposes in their absolute discretion, which would be tantamount to a free gift.

"John Doyle, Lower Gloucester Street, Dublin, gentleman, deceased, by his will devised all his property to his executors, and to the Roman Catholic archbishop of Dublin, at the death of Thomas Doyle, named in the said will, *in case he should die before attaining the age of twenty-one years*, upon trust for such charitable purposes in Ireland as they in their absolute discretion should think proper; and bequeathed to Father Bowden, pro-cathedral, Marlborough Street, £20 for masses, to be offered up in public in Ireland, for the repose of his soul. Dated this 13th day of August 1901."

The following will made by a Miss Kelly, of Newbridge, co. Kildare, is also worthy of notice. Monsignor Tynan, of Newbridge, the principal legatee, is one of the executors—

"Rosanna Kelly, who died on the 4th day of July 1901, by her will left the following charitable bequests: £300 to the Very Reverend Monsignor Tynan, P.P., for Newbridge Parish Church; to the Prior of Dominican College, Newbridge, £100 for masses, to be

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, August 24, 1901.

said in public in the church attached to said college, for the repose of testatrix's soul and the souls of her parents; Reverend Mother, Newbridge Convent, £50, to be divided amongst the poor of Newbridge; Father Byrne, P.P., Carlow-Graigue, £30 for masses, to be said in public in his chapel at Carlow-Graigue, for the souls of testatrix, her parents, and of her relatives; Reverend John Kelly, C.C., Newbridge, and Rev. John Murray, C.C., Newbridge, £30 each, for masses, to be said in public in Newbridge Parish Chapel, for a like purpose. Dated 21st day of August 1901."[1]

£540 seems a large sum to be left for masses and sundry religious purposes by this maiden lady in Newbridge. What a comfortable nest-egg that amount would make for a steady young man, either shopkeeper, or farmer, or trader of any description, to start with in life, or to help on a local industry, if such existed. What blessings in such hands it might bring upon Newbridge. But, devoted to religious uses and in religious hands, it can work nothing but degeneracy and future trouble for Ireland; it can only intensify the lamentable existing condition of things.

In March 1902 the following cases came before the Master of the Rolls in Dublin. John O'Neill, of Navan, had died some time previously, leaving property value for £13,000. He bequeathed £500 to the Lourdes Institution; £500 to Mount Melleray, the Cistercian Monastery; £200 to All Hallows College, Dublin, for priests intended for the foreign mission, of which we have an illustration in this book; and £150 to Mount Argus, the Passionists' place of abode in Dublin. There was also a bequest of £100 to the Roman Catholic archbishop for the time being, "in trust to be distributed to the most needy and deserving free orphanages in Dublin, subject to the patronage of the Blessed

[1] *General Advertiser.*

Virgin and St. Joseph," provided that masses were said for the testator's soul. And he also bequeathed £50 each to the churches of St. Francis, St. Peter, St. Augustine, St. Dominick and St. James, Drogheda, on similar conditions. What a vast sum this £1450 is for a Navan trader to spend on masses! The testator in his will added, "I make these four bequests to the above-named religious institutions on the sole condition of participating in the masses, suffrages, and devotions daily offered." But there is even worse to follow. He left all the rest of his property to the Bishop of Meath, "as my residuary legatee, and the balance of assets is to be sent to the Pope, to be given by him to the most urgent missions engaged in the propagation of the Faith in any part of the world, on condition that his Holiness will specially enjoin on the missions to remember in their masses, devotions, and suffrages the soul of the testator." The Bishop of Meath refused to appear in this case, which came before the Master of the Rolls for his decision, Bishop Gaffney's position being only that of a trustee for the Pope! The Master of the Rolls held that all the bequests were valid, and directed the amount in the executors' hands "to be brought into Court and subject to the rulings he had already made, declared the bishop, trustee for his Holiness the Pope, entitled to the residue of the estate."[1] Truly the Pope has reason to remember Navan; but, amongst his millions, John O'Neill's eleven or twelve thousand pounds will not make much show. What might not that money have done, in good hands, in Navan! But, alas, there is a scarcity of good hands and good brains in Roman Catholic Ireland; for bad as may be the loss of the actual money to this country, it is not the worst of our national loss accruing from

[1] *Irish Times*, March 4, 1902.

this state of things. It is the "mind diseased" which makes such things possible, that is Ireland's greatest loss, not the actual loss of the coin. I do not censure those clerics most for the actual taking of the money; I blame them most of all for so enervating the minds of our people that they dare in their ignorance, when at death's door, to buy off the Almighty Himself through the priest, as they have been buying the priest from the cradle to the grave. How can a land thrive when the mind of the nation is in such a condition?

In 1884 Ellen Delahunty died at Fethard, in the co. Tipperary, "possessed of about £2000 in consols, invested in the joint name of herself and of her sister Margaret, and monies on deposit receipt to the extent of £400, also in their joint names." Ellen bequeathed all her property to Margaret for life, and after Margaret's death she gave legacies to various charitable purposes: £100 to five Fethard priests for masses; £300 to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; £25 to Archdeacon Kinnane for his chapel; £25 to Father Landy for his chapel; £50 to Archdeacon Kinnane for the poor; and made one Ellen Smith her residuary legatee. Probate was taken out in 1896, and the notice of these charitable bequests appeared on 26th April 1902.[1] The bequest of £300 to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith brought the matter into the Rolls Court. It was there stated that in June 1888, Margaret "drew out of the National Bank in Clonmel the sum of £300, and on the same day sent a bank draft for that amount to Archbishop Walsh of Dublin. A receipt was received, signed by a Father Doyle." In July 1894, when Margaret died, "the Society for the Propagation of the Faith refused to recognise Father Doyle's receipt as a good discharge of the legacy given."

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, April 26, 1902.

And the case thus came into Court. I am quite convinced that there was an adequate explanation. The report imputes nothing to any one. I only regret if all the £2400 went to religious people, and I can only think how much good the money might have done if given to some healthy, energetic young person or persons in a healthy land, where wits were bright and brains were busy. Is it not hard for Ireland to prosper? Let frenzy-feigning orators dilate on platform and in parliament about everything and anything under heaven but this one thing; I believe that it is here in these facts we must seek out the abiding cause of Ireland's ills. Poor Irish Party, "thou art careful and art troubled about many things. But one thing is necessary." And that one thing thou wilt not do.

"James C. Kelly, Parkgate Street, Dublin, gentleman, deceased, by his will, made the following charitable bequests: Rev. John Nolan, C.C., Arran Quay, Dublin, for masses, £50; and after the payment of certain pecuniary bequests therein mentioned testator bequeathed the residue of his property to be for the benefit of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, Arran Quay, for the benefit of the poor of the parish. The testator died on the 4th November 1901, and probate was granted to the said Rev. John Nolan, the executor. Dated 8th February 1902."[1]

Mr. Kelly, with his little residue, standing at the end of things known and looking forward into the dark, gives £50 to Father Nolan to pray him out of purgatory, a few other little gifts and whatever be left to the St. Vincent de Paul's Society of the parish in which he died. What else was there for him to do with it? What mundane thing was left for him to take an interest in?

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 12, 1902.

Let us now consider a large amount of money left by a Kerry lady under her will, every penny of which gets into the hands of religious people.

"Mary Hamilton, late of Tarbert, county Kerry, spinster, deceased, died on the 5th of March 1901, and bequeathed to the Roman Catholic bishop of Kerry £100 for Peter's Pence; £150 for the propagation of the Faith; £150 for Saint Brendan's Seminary, Killarney; £300 for the Mercy and Presentation Convents Schools; £250 for Orphanages and Magdalen Asylums under the care of nuns; to the Superior of the Redemptorists at Mount St. Alphonsus in Limerick, £50 for masses; to the Superior of the Jesuits in Limerick, £20 for masses; to the Rev. Daniel Foley, parish priest, £20 for masses; to the Superior of the Redemptorists at Dundalk, £20 for masses; to the Superior of the Dominicans, Tralee, £20 for masses; to the Superior of the Passionists at Mount Argus, £20 for masses; to the Roman Catholic bishop of Limerick, £100 for Saint Joseph's Orphanage, Limerick; £100 for the Magdalen Asylum, Limerick; £150 to the poor orphan children at the Presentation and Mercy Convent Schools; £150 for the Orphanage under the care of nuns other than nuns of the Presentation and Mercy Schools; to the Treasurer of St. John's Hospital in Limerick, £100 for the hospital; to the Archbishop of Dublin, £200 for All Hallows at Drumcondra; £100 for the Hospice for the Dying at Harold's Cross under the Sisters of Charity. Dated this 22nd day of April 1901."[1]

In this case £2900 is devised to unproductive uses. If the objects of the dying lady's munificence were only unproductive it would not be as baneful a matter as it really is. But the result of the work of those religious people, intentionally or unintentionally, is the strangling of the mental and physical vitality of our country; and every pound given to them is not a pound given to a neutral, but to the real enemy of

[1] *Cork Examiner.*

Ireland. It would be far better for Ireland if those dying Irish people gave their money to respectable, industrious Englishmen and Scotchmen whom they had never seen, than to leave it thus, for then some benefit to our native land might flow from their generosity at some time or other.

The following important will of a Clonmel lady is worthy of our attention:—

"Mrs. Margaret Bourke, late of Clonmel, county Tipperary, widow, deceased, who died 19th October 1900, by her will bequeathed the following charitable bequests, subject to a life estate thereby bequeathed: To the trustees of Miss Keily's fund for the relief of deserving poor women in Clonmel, £4000; for the same charity her shares in the Waterford, Dungarvan, and Lismore Railway Company; Rev. Thos. M'Donnell, of SS. Peter and Paul's Chapel, for reducing the debt on the church, £300; to the reduction of the debt on the Church of St. Francis, Clonmel, £200; Rev. John Everard, C.C., one of her executors, SS. Peter and Paul's, £300, to be by him vested in such manner as he shall think fit, and the dividends or interest accruing annually to be divided in equal shares among the priests of said parish, and to be applied in publicly celebrating masses for her intentions; Rev. Thomas M'Donnell, for the public celebration of masses for the good of her soul, £20; priests attached to the Church of St. Francis, for a like purpose, £50; curates of SS. Peter and Paul's, for the public celebration of masses for her intentions, £10 each; Rev. John Everard, C.C., SS. Peter and Paul's, Clonmel, for the public celebration of masses for her intention, £20; Treasurer, St. Vincent de Paul's Society, Clonmel, £200; Superioress of the Sisters of Charity, Clonmel, £100; same for the sick poor, £100; same, for the maintenance and education of twelve orphans professing the Roman Catholic religion to be admitted to the Orphanage of St. Michael's, Clonmel, £600; same, for the support of

one orphan, in perpetuity her property in the Poor Law Union of Frankford, King's County; Superior of the Christian Brothers, Clonmel, £200; Treasurer, St. Mary's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, £100; Treasurer of the Diocesan Benevolent Fund for the support of invalided Roman Catholic priests of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore, £300; parish priest of St. Nicholas, Carrick-on-Suir, for the poor visited by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, her fee-simple property in Main Street, Carrick-on-Suir, occupied by Miss Lyons at the yearly rent of £17; same, for the same purpose, £100; Superioress of the Convent of Mercy, Carrick-on-Suir, £100; same, for the benefit of the Orphanage, £300; Superior of the Christian Brothers, Carrick-on-Suir, £100; Superioress of the Presentation Convent, Carrick-on-Suir, £100; Superioress, Little Sisters of the Poor, Waterford, £200; to the Superioress, Good Shepherd Convent, Waterford, £500; Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, Dublin, £500; Superioress, Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, Dublin, £500; Superioress, High Park, Drumcondra, £500; Superioress, St. Mary's Asylum for Female Blind, Merrion, £400; Superior, Male Asylum for the Blind, Drumcondra, £200; Superioress, St. Joseph's Asylum, Portland Row, Dublin, £200; Treasurer, Clothing Society for the Poor of Clonmel, £25; Treasurer of the Maternity Charity, Clonmel, £25; Treasurer, Altar Society. SS. Peter and Paul's Parish, Clonmel, £10. The said Margaret Bourke *bequeathed the residue to her executors to apply to any Roman Catholic charities in Clonmel they should deem fit.* Dated this 19th day of June 1901."[1]

Here we find Mrs. Bourke, of Clonmel, leaving £10,760 in cash, besides shares and other property; and, except Miss Keily's fund for the relief of poor women, of which I know nothing, which takes £4000 and shares, all this large amount of property goes to priests, monks, and nuns; and, in addition, the whole residue of her estate

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, June 24, 1901.

goes "in charity," which means, owing to the clerical monopoly in charities, that it will go the same road. Is it any wonder that the country should be poor and discontented? I know of many towns and districts in Ireland where capital and stimulus to industry are sadly needed; but in none of them are they more wanted than in Clonmel and Carrick-on-Suir. In 1871 the population of Clonmel was 10,112; in 1881 the figure had fallen to 9325, and in 1891 to 8480; and in 1901 it has fallen still lower. And Carrick-on-Suir stands thus: 1871, population, 7792; 1881, 6583; 1891, 5608; 1901, less still. Oh, if this money, instead of going to enrich the flourishing mendicant's trade in Ireland, only went to some reproductive purposes which would infuse heart and courage into our young people! But the priests are masters of the situation. They alone can walk in when death is nigh and dictate terms to our broken-spirited people. They alone have energy; they alone have power. And the result is that the Clonmels and Carricks of Ireland go dwindling down, but the priest goes mounting up. How often have I compared the priest to the unjust steward of Ireland, who grows fatter and fatter, while the real owners of the property, the Irish people, grow fewer and weaker and poorer year by year!

But let us continue. Here is a maiden lady who died in Dublin.

"Mary Shortt, Stamer Street, Dublin, spinster, deceased, by her will appointed the Rev. James Baxter, Clondalkin, parish priest, and Rev. James Hickey, St. Kevin's, Dublin, Roman Catholic curate, executors, and bequeathed £25 each to the clergymen attached to the Roman Catholic Church of St. Kevin's, Dublin, being Canon Connolly, parish priest; Father Hickey, Father Grimes, and Father Stafford; to the Rev.

Lawrence.

ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE, DUBLIN

"£200 for All Hallows at Drumcondra, &c." (pp. 115, 119).

It is for priests intended for the foreign mission, and is managed by the Vincentian priests.

Lawrence.

ST. PATRICK'S TRAINING COLLEGE, DUBLIN

This is the Catholic Training College for male National Teachers in Dublin, which is managed by the Vincentian priests and subsidised by the State.

"To the Superior of St. Vincent's, Philsborough, &c., £200" (p. 134).

Edward Holland, of the Carmelite Priory, Clarendon Street, Dublin, £25; to the Prior of the Carmelite Community, Whitefriar Street, £25; and £20 to said Rev. James Baxter, for masses to be offered up publicly in Ireland for the repose of the souls of the deceased and her deceased relatives, *and to be offered as soon as possible.* And testator bequeathed the residue of her property as follows: One-fifth thereof to Mrs. Daniel, whose name in religion is Mother Frances, of the Presentation Order, Terenure, upon trust, to be applied by her for the education of Irish Catholic priests under the charge of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, Mungret College, Limerick; one other fifth to the Superioress of the Sisters of the Assumption, Aungier Street, Dublin; one other fifth to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, St. Kevin's, Dublin; one other fifth to the Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross; and the remaining one-fifth to the Superioress of the Sisters of the Holy Faith, Strand Street, Dublin. Dated this 30th day of May 1901."[1]

To be offered as soon as possible! It reminds one of those advertisements which say that "all orders are executed with punctuality and dispatch." Thus all this lady's property, be it little or much, goes into the war-chest of the priests' and nuns' army of Ireland, to inflate their pride and strengthen their position. Oh, how many needy, struggling, respectable people are at their poor wits' end trying to keep body and soul together within earshot of where Miss Shortt died! But she could not hear their sighs or see their struggles!

This is the will of a Carrickmacross cattle-dealer, and is a curiosity in its way—

"Michael Martin, Carrickmacross, cattle-dealer, deceased, by his will bequeathed, amongst others, the following legacies: To erect a tombstone over his grave the sum of £100; to the Rev. P. O'Neill, C.C.,

[1] *Independent*, June 3, 1901.

£10, for masses in Carrickmacross Catholic church for the repose of his soul; to the Rev. Andrew Maguire, C.C., £10, for masses to be celebrated in public in Carrickmacross Catholic church for the repose of his soul; to the Superioress for the time being of the Convent of the Bon Secours Order, Falls Road, Belfast, £10."

Remarkable appraisement of *post-mortem* things: £100 for a tombstone by which to be remembered in his native place; £20 to be expedited in the next world by masses, and £10 to the nuns!

Here is a curious little will of a Dublin gentleman:—

"John Lucius Carey, deceased, late of 137 Frattina, Rome, gentleman, by his will, possessed of an absolute estate in fee of a field on Dalkey Hill, county Dublin, Ireland, let on lease at a rent of £35 per annum, made the bequest following: I give and devise my said field on Dalkey Hill, and all my estate therein, to his Grace the Catholic archbishop of Dublin, and to the Superioress of St. Michael's Hospital, Kingstown, in trust, to apply the rent and profits for all time for the benefit of the patients who shall come from the parish of Dalkey to be treated in said hospital. Dated this 30th day of September 1901."

The following is the will of a county Dublin farmer who orders his representatives to pay £12 a year for five years for masses for his soul, and £10 per annum for improving the parish church:—

"John Brennan, Lucan, farmer, by his will bequeathed to Father Donegan, C.C., of Lucan, or other curate of Lucan for the time being, the sum of £60 for masses to be said in public for the repose of his soul by yearly payments extending over five years; to the parish priest, Lucan, the sum of £50, to be expended on improving or ornamenting the church, payable by yearly instalments extending over five years. Dated this 28th day of June 1901."

Here is a will of which it would be hard indeed to express approval :—

"John Dunn, Ballinakill, Queen's County, and late of Dublin, deceased, by his will, dated October 10, 1901, bequeathed, amongst others, the following legacies to have masses celebrated for the repose of his soul: Rev. John Connolly, parish priest of Ballinakill, £10; Rev. William Murphy, of Ballinakill, £10; Rev. Michael Scully, parish priest of St. Nicholas, Francis Street, Dublin, £10; parish priest and parochial clergy of St. Audoen's, High Street, Dublin, £10; parish priest and parochial clergy of Saints Michael and John's, Dublin, £10; parish priest and parochial clergy, St. Kevin's, Dublin, £10; Rev. P. J. Clery, Merchant's Quay, Dublin, £10; Superior of the Capuchin Friars, Kilkenny, £10; parish priest of St. Audoen's, High Street, £10, towards the improvements being carried out in said church; parish priest of St. Kevin's, towards the improvements being carried out in said church, £10; Little Sisters of the Assumption, Camden Street, Dublin, £100; St. Bridget's Orphanage, Eccles Street, Dublin, £100; St. Clare's Orphanage, Harold's Cross, £100; Orphanage at Lakelands, £100; St. Vincent de Paul Female Orphanage, North William Street, Dublin, £100; the St. Vincent de Paul Male Orphanage, Glasnevin, £100; St. Joseph's Female Orphanage, Mountjoy Street, £100; Sacred Heart Home, Drumcondra, £200; Father Scully, Francis Street, in trust for St. Brigid's Schools, £200; St. Joseph's Asylum, Portland Row, £100; St. Monica's Widows' House, Belvidere Place, £100; St. Joseph's Night Refuge, Brickfield Lane, Dublin, £100; Home for Penitents, Sisters of Charity, Donnybrook, £100; High Park Convent, Drumcondra, £100; Magdalen Asylum, Lower Gloucester Street, Dublin, £100; Merrion Asylum for the Blind, £100; Cabra Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, £100; Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, £100; St. Vincent de Paul Society, St. Kevin's, £100; and appointed the Rev. James Hickey, Roman Catholic clergyman, and Michael O'Brien his executors."[1]

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 12, 1902.

£2200 is such a large sum for a man from Ballinakill in the Queen's County, come evidently to end his days in Dublin, to leave to religious bodies. How much good might not that money have done in the district of Ballinakill! How much might it not do in Dublin! As we proceed with the small collection of miscalled charitable wills which I give in this chapter we shall wonder what the clerical army does with all its money; but we must postpone the consideration of that question until the end of the chapter.

This is the will of a Bray mariner:—

"James Mulligan, late of Bray, mariner, deceased, who died in May 1901, and bequeathed the following charitable legacies: £100 to the Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross; £100 to the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital; £100 to St. Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's Green, Dublin. And the said testator appointed Hugh Mulligan, the Rev. C. Cuddihy of Enniskerry, P.P., and the Rev. Richard F. Colohan of Bray, C.C., executors of his will."

Thus this mariner appoints two priests as executors, and leaves £300 to the nuns, and, so far as this advertisement reveals, nothing for masses. But, then, it must be borne in mind that, even if we went over the files of the Commissioners of Charitable Donations and Bequests, since the inception of that office, and gave a total of the amount received in legacies by the Irish priests and nuns, it would give the reader no adequate idea of the entire sum of money received by them in that period. For a great deal of money—I do not say it is so in this particular case—is given in the form of gifts *inter vivos*, and that is free from all comment, publicity, and duty. The habit of thus *giving* money, near death, is on the increase, and priests influence the tes-

tators, where they can safely do so, to give rather than to bequeath.

The next will is that of an unmarried lady, and the total amount under it given to priests and nuns is considerable:—

"Elizabeth O'Hara, Clontarf, spinster, deceased, died on the 9th December 1901, by her will bequeathed the following charitable legacies, viz.: (1) That in the event of the death of the two ladies in said will particularly mentioned, under the age of twenty-one years, a legacy of £1000 thereby bequeathed by the testatrix to them should go to the Superioress of the Vincentian Orphanage, North William Street, Dublin. (2) Superioress of the Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, £50. (3) Superioress of the Little Sisters of the Poor, £50. (4) Superioress, Children's Hospital, Temple Street, Dublin, £50. (5) Superioress of St. Mary's Asylum for the Blind, Merrion, £50. (6) Executors, to expend among the Poor in the City of Dublin as they in their discretion might select, £100. (7) Rev. Charles Malone, C.C., Rathgar; to the Rev. Canon Fricker, P.P., Rathmines; and to the curate of the parish where she might reside at the time of her decease, the sum of £10 each, on condition that they celebrate masses in the parish church or chapel in their district dedicated to the use of the public, for the repose of her soul, £30. Dated this 31st day of January 1902."

£1000 conditionally on the death of two little girls before reaching the age of twenty-one; and £230 absolutely. The additional bequest of £100 to her executors is, of course, unimpeachable; they are both lay people; indeed, such an act of charity, and covering so moderate an amount, is one of the ways in which a dying person most naturally tries to do a little kindness before saying good-bye to the world.

And under the will of the following lady also what a large amount of money finds its way to the nuns:—

"Ellen Murphy, deceased, Ballybrack, by her will bequeathed the following charitable legacies: Superioress of St. Mary, Stanhope Street, £50; Superioress of St. Vincent's Hospital, £50; Superioress of the Blind Asylum, Merrion, £50; Superioress of St. Joseph's Hospital for Children, £50; Superioress of the Magdalen Asylum, Donnybrook, £50; Superioress of St. Joseph's Orphanage, Mountjoy Street, £50; Treasurer of St. Vincent de Paul's Society, £50; Superioress of St. Clare's Orphanage, Harold's Cross, £50; Superioress of St. Joseph's Asylum, Portland Row, £50; Treasurer of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Donnybrook, £50; Superioress of St. Joseph's Night Refuge, £50; Superioress of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Cabra, £50; Treasurer of the Room-keepers' Society, £50; Superior of the Christian Brothers' School, Westland Row, £50; Superioress of the Dominican Convent, Eccles Street, £50; Superioress of St. Mary's Penitent Retreat, Lower Gloucester Street, £50. Dated this 4th day of July 1901."

Out of the £800 thus disposed of in "charity," the nuns take £600, the Christian Brothers get £50; and three general charities under representative management, namely, the Incurable Hospital, the Room-keepers' Society, and the Vincent de Paul Society, get £150. I see no objection to giving moderate sums like this to representative charities in which the management is vested in elective committees, and in which accounts are duly presented.

The next will is also that of an unmarried lady, who hands over £50 to an unnamed priest for masses:—

"Kate Roche, St. Mary's Road, Dublin, spinster, deceased, who died on 17th January 1902, by her will bequeathed the sum of £50 for masses for the repose of her soul. Dated this 25th day of February 1902."[1]

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, March 12, 1902.

Of all forms of charity I consider—and despite the disclosures in this chapter, I think it is the general sense of the community—that a bare bequest of money for masses is the most objectionable.

Let us next examine the will of another county Dublin farmer:—

"John Reilly, Santry, farmer, who died 21st December 1901, by his will bequeathed Rev. Bernard Reynolds, C.C., Fairview, £50 for masses for the repose of his soul and the souls of the deceased relatives; Rev. Joseph Caffrey, C.C., Fairview, £50 for the like purpose; Rev. Patrick Brennan, C.C., Fairview, £50, for the like purpose; Blind Institution, Drumcondra, £50; Superioress, Little Sisters of the Poor, £50; Superioress, Hospice for the Dying, £50; Superior, St. Vincent de Paul's Male Orphanage, £50; parish priest of Ballymun Chapel, for the maintenance of same, £100; Superior of Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, £100; Superior of All Hallows College, Drumcondra, £100; Superioress of North William Street Female Orphanage, £50; Superioress of St. Bridget's Female Orphanage, Eccles Street, £50; Society of St. Vincent de Paul, for the relief of the poor, £50. And he directed that in the event of any of the foregoing charitable legacies failing from any cause whatever, the same should go to and belong to the superiors or superioresses, as the case may be, absolutely, of such institutions. And probate was on the 3rd February 1902 granted to John Duff and the Reverend Bernard Reynolds, C.C., the executors. Dated this 4th day of March 1902." [1]

The total amount for masses here is £150; for the parish chapel, £100; for priests' colleges, £200; nuns take £250; Christian Brothers, £50; and the representative charity of St. Vincent de Paul, £50.

The following is the will of a Dublin shopkeeper:—

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, March 12, 1902.

"John M'Call, Patrick Street, Dublin, deceased, by his will bequeathed the following legacies: Very Rev. M. D. Scally, P.P., St. Nicholas of Myra, Francis Street, Dublin, £50; Rev. Robert J. Staples, C.C., St. Nicholas of Myra, £50; each of the other Roman Catholic curates attached to the said church, £5, to have masses celebrated in public in Ireland for the repose of his soul; Roomkeepers' Society, £25; Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, Francis Street, £25; St. Brigid's Schools, Coombe, £25; Rev. Joseph Whelan, missionary priest at Tremadoc, North Wales, £25. Dated this 11th day of February 1902."[1]

Here we find £110 or £120 left for masses, £50 to representative charities, £25 to nuns, and £25 to a Welsh priest, who is, doubtless, an Irishman.

Here is the will of a Dublin widow, in which she leaves £100 for masses and £500 to the various orders of Dublin nuns:—

"Maria Read, Tallaght, county Dublin, widow, deceased, who died on the 22nd day of February 1902, by her will made the following charitable bequests, viz.: parish priest of the Church of the Three Patrons, Rathgar, £25; parish priest of St. Mary's, Tallaght, £25; Calced Carmelites, Aungier Street, £25; Passionist Fathers, Mount Argus, £25—all said bequests being for masses for the repose of the souls of testatrix and of her late husband, Nicholas Read, and his and her parents and relatives, said bequests to be free of duty; Saint Joseph's Night Refuge, Brickfield Lane, Dublin, £50; Sisters of Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, Dublin, £100; Sacred Heart Home, Drumcondra, £50; Fir House Convent, county Dublin, £50; St. Vincent's Hospital, Dublin, £50; Jervis Street Hospital, £50; St. Mary's Penitent Retreat, Lower Gloucester Street, Dublin, £100; the Boys' Home, Drumcondra, £50. Dated this 8th day of April 1902."

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 19, 1902.

Next let us consider the will of a county Wicklow farmer:—

"Bernard Byrne, late of Ballymurrin, Kilbride, county Wicklow, farmer, deceased, died 28th December 1901, bequeathed to the Rev. William Dunphy, parish priest of Barndarrig, £250 towards improvements to be effected on the parish chapel at Barndarrig; and to Rev. William Dunphy the further sum of £250 towards improvements to be effected on the chapel at Kilbride. The deceased bequeathed the following legacies for the purpose of having masses celebrated in public in Ireland for the repose of his soul and the souls of his relatives: Rev. William Dunphy, P.P., £100; Rev. Peter J. Monahan, Roman Catholic curate of Kilbride, £100; Rev. James Dunphy, P.P., Arklow, £100; Rev. John Byrne, Roman Catholic curate, Saggart, county Dublin, £100; Rev. James Flavin, Roman Catholic curate of Harold's Cross, Dublin, £50; and to the Rev. Patrick Galvin, Roman Catholic curate, Westland Row, Dublin, £50. Testator also bequeathed to his trustees, Mary Byrne, of Ballymurrin, Rev. William Dunphy, Rev. Peter J. Monahan, and William Byrne, of Coolbeg, county Wicklow, £100, to be distributed by them amongst the poor of Barndarrig. Probate was granted to Rev. William Dunphy, Rev. Peter J. Monahan, and William Byrne, three of the executors. Dated this 5th day of March 1902."[1]

£500 given away for masses by this county Wicklow farmer; and £100 given to four trustees, two of whom are priests, for distribution amongst the poor of his native parish! And, in addition, £500 handed over to the parish priest for the improvement of his church. Is it not appalling to find such sums of money devoted by such people to such purposes in a country where the want of capital to invest in business and promote industries is so continually deplored; a country in which

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, March 7, 1902.

a light railway, however sadly needed, cannot be built by local capital without begging from the Treasury? Wealth is accumulating in the hands of the priests; and men are decaying; and ill fares our native land.

Here is a particularly objectionable form of will. It is hard to decide whether the testatrix or the priests can carry off the palm for ignorance and sordidness—

"Anne Long, Rathmines, widow, deceased, by her will made the following charitable and religious bequests: Rev. John Leybourn, Aungier Street, Dublin, to offer 120 masses for the repose of her soul, and the souls of her deceased parents and relatives, £30; Rev. Peter Ward, same address, to offer 40 masses for same purpose, £10; Canon Gorman, Exchange Street, Dublin, and Canon Fricker, Rathmines, to offer 20 masses for the repose of her soul and the soul of her daughter, Mary Jane Long, £5 each; Father Guardian, Church Street, to offer 20 masses for the repose of her soul and the souls of her parents and relatives, £5; Rev. Charles O'Connor, Saint Monica's Priory, Dorsetshire, to offer 20 masses for her husband's soul, £5. Testatrix ordered that all the foregoing masses should be celebrated in public in Ireland. Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, £5; Magdalen Asylum, Gloucester Street, £10; Roomkeepers' Society, £10; St. Vincent's Orphanage, Glasnevin, £10; Children's Hospital, Temple Street, £5; Maternity Hospital, Holles Street, £5; St. Brigid's Orphanage, Eccles Street, £5; Saint Clare's Orphanage, Harold's Cross, £5; Magdalen Asylum, High Park, Drumcondra, £5; Night Asylum, Brickfield Lane, £5. *Testatrix bequeathed the residue of her estate and effects, real and personal, to her executor, to dispose of in charity as he should think fit.* The said testatrix died at Saint Patrick's Home, South Circular Road, Dublin, on the 21st December 1901, and probate of her will was granted to *her executor, the Rev. John Leybourn*, of 56 Aungier Street, Dublin. Dated this 24th day of January 1902."[1]

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 11, 1902.

£30 for 120 masses, or five shillings a mass; £10 for 40 masses; £5 for 20 masses! Oh, you priests, how long could you continue to exist in your present fatness, if the minds of the people were truly enlightened? And a Carmelite priest is appointed sole executor and residuary legatee to this poor lady! I know of no description of will more objectionable, from a national point of view, than that will.

"In the will of Mrs. Bridget M'Donnell, Newry, who died on the 31st March 1901, the following bequests are made: Bishop M'Givern, of Dromore, £20; Rev. James Carlin, £10—in each case for masses for repose of the souls of testatrix and her brother, Thomas James Coleman; Prior of the Friars Preachers of Newry, £20 for masses for same purpose; Lord Abbot of Mount Melleray, £50 for masses for the repose of the soul of testatrix's brother, Thomas James Coleman, and to the Lord Abbot a further sum of £50 for masses for the repose of the soul of testatrix; and to the Lord Abbot, the further sum of £100 for masses for the repose of the souls of testatrix's husband, Peter M'Donnell; testatrix's father, Bernard Coleman; testatrix's mother, sisters, and brothers; all said masses to be said in public in Ireland; Superior of the Christian Brothers, Newry, £100; Superioress, Convent of Mercy, Newry, £20; Abbess, Convent of Saint Claire, Newry, £20; free of legacy duty (if any such duty should be payable)."

Here we find this Catholic Newry lady giving £200 away from her native town to the Abbot of Mount Melleray for various masses; and £50 in addition for masses to the local clergymen, which gives us an index of the spirit pervading Catholic Newry. In all she gives £400 to religious folk, which might have been well placed elsewhere for the benefit of Newry and of the country.

Here is a will made by a Meath farmer, in which he

gives the vast sum of £600 for masses for his own soul and those of his relatives; £100 for new altar-rails; and gives *all the residue* of his property to the Navan Sisters of Mercy!

"The following charitable legacies have been bequeathed in the will of the late Mr. John Cosgrave, Enfield, co. Meath, farmer: the parish priest of Kill and Jordanstown, for masses for the repose of his soul and the souls of his parents and his brother Patrick, £600; for erecting new altar-rails in Jordanstown Chapel, £100; for an office, month's mind, and twelve months' mind, for the repose of his soul, £50; the masses to be celebrated for said sum of £600 in a public church or public churches in Ireland, and open to the public at the time of celebration; and he put it as an obligation on the parish priest to give £100 thereof to the Rev. Peter Coffey, then of Maynooth College, to celebrate masses, and in a public church in Ireland as aforesaid. Testator bequeathed the residue of his estate, after payment of debts, legacies, funeral and testamentary expenses, to the Superioress of the Convent of Mercy, Navan."

Here is a brief report of a suit in which the will of a deceased Dublin pawnbroker, whose assets seem to have been only sworn at £7499, is in question—

"The action was brought by the Rev. Tobias Walsh, P.P., Freshford, co. Kilkenny, against Gaynor and others, to have the trusts of the will of Jane O'Carroll carried out, and for a declaration as to the validity of certain charitable bequests affecting real estate. The deceased had three pawn-offices, and these businesses formed the chief assets. She left to the parish priest of Tullamore, £200; to the Superioress of the Hospice, Harold's Cross, the Superior of Mount Melleray, the Superior of Mount St. Joseph's, Roscrea, to the Franciscan Friary, Kilkenny, to the priest of St. Patrick's, Kilkenny, to the Superior of St. Vincent's, Phibsborough, and of the Vincentian Monastery, Sunday's Well, and of the Star of the Sea,

Roche, Dublin.

CISTERCIAN MONASTERY, MOUNT MELLERAY

"£100 to the Lord Abbot of Mount Melleray" (p. 112). "£500 to Mount Melleray" (p. 115). "To the Lord Abbot of Mount Melleray £50, to the Lord Abbot a further sum of £50, and to the Lord Abbot a further sum of £100 for masses" (p. 133).

Sandymount, the Franciscan Order, Church Street, Dublin, and to the Jesuit Order, Gardiner Street, *each £200 for masses for the repose of the souls of herself and of her husband.* She also bequeathed to Rev. Father Walsh £100 for his parish, and £100 for masses. She left £200 to the Bishop of Ossory, the Dean of Ossory, and the administrator of St. Mary's, Kilkenny, for a week's masses in each year. She left £200 to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Kilkenny, and the Stanhope Street Orphanage, Dublin, and to the Almshouse, Kilkenny, the Sisters of the Poor, Kilmainham, and to their branch in Waterford; and £500 to the Mercy Convent in Castlerea. *She revoked this bequest, changing it to £100. She subsequently reduced most of the £200 legacies to £150, and the others to £100. By other codicils she reduced the legacies still further.* Her assets were sworn at £7499. The Master of the Rolls granted the decree to have the trusts carried out, and an inquiry as to debts, legacies, and the personal estate."

It is evident that this lady was positively revelling before her death in making a selection between the vast number and variety of religious bodies to whom she might leave her £7000. That was what the lady's mind was busy about—as if it should avail her anything!

The case of Bishop Healy *v.* The Attorney-General is interesting as showing the generosity of the Irish Catholic gentleman of forty or fifty years ago. Dominick Joseph Brown, of Killimer Castle, co. Galway, made his will in 1845, and bequeathed his real estates in Galway and Mayo, and his freehold and leasehold property successively to his sisters, and if they died unmarried and without issue, he bequeathed his estate to the Catholic bishop *in esse* of the diocese of Clonfert, to the parish priest *in esse* of Clonfert parish, to the

prior *in esse* of the convent at Esker, and two others in trust. He directed that one-third of the annual income be yearly and equally dispensed, thus:—

"One-half of one-third to be given share and share alike to the parish priest of Killimer-Daly, and to the convent of Esker for the celebration of the adorable sacrifice of the mass for the eternal repose of the souls of my parents, sisters, and relatives, and mine own, and a solemn high mass to be offered up annually on the anniversary of my death, both in the parish chapel of Killimer and in the chapel of the convent of Esker; the other half of said third I desire to be dispensed in alms for the relief of the distressed poor of the parish, and all those who from comfort have been reduced to affliction and penury. The second third of such income I desire to be applied to the support of the free school of Esker Convent, thereby enabling the school to acquire and possess a more extended capability of bestowing a more literary, scientific, and industrial system of education on the pupils. The last third of my income I give to my trustees to found an asylum for men of genteel parentage, who were at one time in the enjoyment of a respectable position of society, but whom the reversities of life reduced to a fallen state of poverty or destitution; and it is my will that my residence of Killimer Castle shall be converted into said asylum, and that the produce and profits of the demesne lands of Killimer and Lenamore be solely applied to the maintenance of the said establishment."

He gave certain legacies to relatives, and appointed his sister Margaret his residuary legatee, and, if she died unmarried, then his sister Frances. He died in 1878, his sister Margaret dying before him. Frances survived him, but she was of unsound mind, and died in 1899. Neither sister ever married. The rents of the lands now subject to the trusts amount to

£362, 18s. 10d.,[1] it is stated, and our bishop is anxious to know what claim he has on the estate. How different the sentiments of that will are from the sordid, huckstering wills we have been considering. How refreshing it is to contemplate old Mr. Brown's way of looking at things compared with the views of these other terrified testators. One-sixth of his property left in a generous way for masses for all his friends, and for himself last of all; and five-sixths left in considerate charities to his poor and reduced neighbours, giving up his house and lands for the purpose. Truly we are not improving in Catholic Ireland.

Even in England we find our Catholics pursuing the same policy in disposing of their property, as our poor people at home:—

"Clara Burke, deceased, by her will bequeathed £50 to Rev. W. J. Hogan, for the Roman Catholic schools of Crayford; £50 to Rev. W. J. Hogan, to be distributed by him, according to his discretion, amongst the poor of Crayford; £50 to the parish priest of St. Michael and John's parish, Dublin, to be distributed amongst the poor of said parish; £50 for the celebration of masses in public in Ireland, for the intentions in said will expressed; £100 to the National Maternity Hospital, Holles Street, Dublin. Dated this 21st day of December 1901."

The Dublin Chancery Courts are full of such cases as the following:—

"In the Chancery Division, yesterday, before the Master of the Rolls, the case of Rogers *v.* Duffy was in the list. It appeared that in this matter a bequest for masses of £200 to be invested, and £3 a year paid thereout to the parish priest and curate of Kilsallan, in the county Louth, was contained in the will of Catherine Magrath, deceased."

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 14, 1902.

"His lordship was applied to for directions as to what should be done in relation to two several sums of £852, 4s. 5d. Bank of Ireland stock, and £702, 16s. consols. These sums were both standing in the books of the Bank of Ireland in the name of the lunatic who was the surviving trustee of five gentlemen. The late Bishop Leahy of Dromore died in 1890, and the dividends until his death had been paid to him, and none has been paid since 1895, when the estate came under the control of the Court. The dividends thus received were applied by him to saying masses for repose of the souls of Charles Rooney and Bridget M'Cann, who are long since dead."[1]

The proceedings in the law courts of any country are, more or less, a reflection of the business of the country; and, from this point of view, the proceedings in our Irish courts clearly show that religion, or priestcraft, as some people call it, is one of the great businesses, if, indeed, it is not the greatest business, left to us in Roman Catholic Ireland.

"Counsel applied in reference to the sum of £1000 payable out of an estate to Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, and Mr. Martin Walsh, for the purposes in the will mentioned. The ground, including land, was value for about £4000, and the matter had been three years since referred to Chambers, and he asked for interest on the legacy."[2]

"To-day in King's Bench before the Lord Chief Baron and a jury, the case of Riordan *v.* O'Riordan and another was set down for hearing. This was an action in which Mrs. Bridget Riordan, widow of the deceased, was the plaintiff, and the defendants were the Rev. Eugene O'Riordan, P.P., Ballindangan, brother, and the Rev. John O'Riordan, C.C., Cloyne, nephew, of the deceased, Patrick John Riordan, butter merchant, who died on 17th November 1900. The Rev. Eugene O'Riordan, P.P.,

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, March 25, 1902.
[2] Ibid., March 24, 1902.

was the only surviving brother of the testator. Two other brothers were dead, *leaving issue.* The Rev. John O'Riordan was the son of one of the deceased brothers. *There were four children of one brother and one of the other brother.* The testator had three sisters, two of them married, and one unmarried. *The two married ladies had families.* The unmarried sister was advanced in life. Immediately before his death, and before making the will, the testator provided £500 for the unmarried sister. He had more than £12,000 to dispose of. He secured £180 a year for life to his wife, with reversion to Rev. Eugene O'Riordan on her death. He had already arranged to give her a thousand pounds. *The rest of the assets were left to the defendant, the Rev. Eugene O'Riordan,* with the exception of £100 left to the Rev. John O'Riordan. The jury found in favour of the will."[1]

There was no deficiency of lay next-of-kin in this case; and we may rely upon it that it is so also in many, if not in most, of those similar cases which are occurring by the thousand every year in Ireland. Whither will such a course of procedure lead us? Alas, our destination is but too manifest! Other countries have travelled the same road before us.

The following is the will of a Dublin widow who leaves no less than £700 in charity, defining nuns as the recipients of the bulk of it, leaving some to the discretion of her executrix, and leaving the residue of her property to charity also:—

"Mary Harper, Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin, widow, deceased, by her will directed her executrix to pay the sum of £200 for religious, pious, or charitable purposes in Ireland in her uncontrolled discretion. And also bequeathed: Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, £100; Little Sisters of the Poor, £100. And testatrix bequeathed the residue of all such property

[1] *Evening Telegraph*, February 14, 1902.

of which she should die seized to be applied for such Roman Catholic charities for the relief of the poor and the afflicted in the archdiocese of Dublin as her executrix should in her uncontrolled discretion think fit. Testatrix bequeathed Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, £100; Saint Vincent's Hospital, £100; Poor Clares, Harold's Cross, £100; Superior of Saint Joseph's, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, £100. Dated this 21st day of March 1902."

Here is the will of a Galway lady, two sisters and a cousin of whom were nuns, and who manifestly reposed unbounded confidence in the Discalced Carmelites:—

"Kate Blake, Clare Street, spinster, deceased, by her will bequeathed the following charitable bequests: Rev. Michael Ryan, Clarendon Street, Dublin, Roman Catholic clergyman (in the event of the failure of the trusts in said will declared in reference to the said sum) to be applied by him for such pious and charitable purposes in Ireland, *as he should in his uncontrolled discretion think fit*, £200. Rev. Michael Ryan, for masses for the repose of the soul of deceased and the souls of her deceased relatives, to be celebrated in Clarendon Street Roman Catholic Church, £20. For having the holy sacrifice of the mass celebrated at the Carmelite Church at Wells, in Somerset, £10. For having the holy sacrifice of the mass celebrated in the chapel attached to the convent of the Female Order of Saint Dominick, in Galway, £20. To testatrix's sisters, Mary Blake and Anne Blake, both of the Dominican Convent, Galway, £100. To testatrix's cousin, Georgina MacDermott, of the Convent of Mercy, Galway, £25. Rev. Patrick Lally, Presentation Church, Galway, for masses in said church for the repose of testatrix's soul, £25. Dated this 20th day of March 1902."

It is a very rare occurrence to hear of a priest leaving any money publicly by will to anybody nowadays. They

are all supposed to be possessed of barely enough to pay their funeral expenses. Here is an exception:—

"Rev. James Walsh, late of Kilquade, Wicklow, parish priest, died on the 24th of November 1901, by his will bequeathed the following charitable legacies: (1) Rev. Laurence O'Byrne, for masses for his intention, each mass to be celebrated in a Roman Catholic church open to the public at the time of its celebration, £20. (2) To the secretary of the Dublin Diocesan Clerical Fund, £100. (3) To his executors, for providing a new bell for the church at Kilquade, £60. (4) Superioress of the Dominican Sisters, Wicklow, £50. (5) To his executors for erecting Stations of the Cross in the church at Newtownmountkennedy, £30. (6) Abbot of Mount Melleray, for the celebration of three high masses for his intentions, to be celebrated in a church in Ireland open to the public at the time of celebration, £15. (7) The residue of his property to his Grace the Most Reverend William Joseph Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, for such charitable purposes in Ireland *as he may think fit*. Dated this 12th February 1902."

The archbishop takes "the residue," but it is an unusual thing nowadays to hear of a priest disposing publicly of even £275. Their arrangements are reduced to such a system that they never leave anything ostensibly. The Kilquade church is the one which comes into the burglary chapter in an earlier part of this work; and Father Walsh's will reaches a high-water mark of public generosity in a priest. Yet how trifling are his bequests for masses as compared with the lay-folk: only £15 to Mount Melleray and £20 to a fellow-priest. I should be inclined to say this priest was a "decent" man, judging him solely by his will. It is a good sign of him to give £90 for the improvement of his own chapel; such an occurrence is not common.

Let me give one other priest's will, in which the deceased clergyman has an insurance on his life to dispose of, and devotes it to church building. He also, marvellous to relate, has a farm, and has a vested interest in his ground and house:—

"The Rev. Andrew Quinn, P.P., Riverstown, county Sligo, Roman Catholic clergyman, deceased, who died on 30th May 1901, by his will, dated 20th July 1900, left to the Most Rev. Dr. Clancy, bishop of the diocese, and the successor of the deceased, the proceeds of the policy of insurance for £600 on the life of said Rev. Andrew Quinn—£300 thereof to be lodged for the fund to erect the new church at Riverstown, and £300, the other portion, to be divided in equal shares between Riverstown and Souey Chapel to repair and put in order these two churches. Testator also bequeathed the farm attached to the residence, together with the glebe ground, house, and appurtenant buildings, to his successor."

Here is the case of an unmarried lady dying at St. Vincent's Hospital, who drives a hard bargain for her masses: six for a pound, three shillings and fourpence per mass; who asks a nun to expend £5 in selecting a priest of the nun's fancy to say masses for the deceased, like a client asking a broker to invest his money. She leaves no less than £400 to the Sisters of Charity who own the hospital; no less than £350 to other nuns; and £100 to a Carmelite priest:—

"Lissey Cogan, late of St. Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's Green, Dublin, spinster, deceased, who died 21st January 1902, bequeathed to her executors £100, to be distributed by them as soon as possible after her death to have masses said for the repose of her soul; and testatrix further *directed that at least six masses should be said for each £1 sterling:* (1) Roman Catholic church, Whitefriar Street, £25; (2) Roman Catholic church, Clarendon Street, £10;

(3) to the Vincentian Church, Phibsboro', £10; (4) Roman Catholic church, Upper Gardiner Street, £5; (5) Roman Catholic church, Mount Argus, Harold's Cross, £5; (6) parish priest of Blessington, £20, one half of the masses to be said in St. Mary's Church, and the other in St. Bridget's Church, both in that parish; (7) parish priest of St. Kevin's, Dublin, £10; (8) *Superioress of St. Vincent's Hospital, to get masses said,* £5; (9) parish priest of Rathmines, £5; (10) Church of the Oblate Fathers, Inchicore, £5; Superioress of St. Vincent's Hospital, for the hospital, £200; Superioress of St. Teresa's Monastery, Harold's Cross, £50; Female Orphanage, North William Street, Dublin, £5; St. Joseph's Asylum for Aged Females, Portland Row, Dublin, £50; Superioress of the Community, No. 64 Lower Mount Street, Dublin, the sum of £25; Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, £50; Superioress for the Community of St. Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's Green, £200; Blind Asylum, Merrion, £50; Children's Hospital, Upper Temple Street, £50; Superior of the Carmelites, Whitefriar Street, for whatever charitable purpose he might think fit in Ireland, £100. Testatrix bequeathed her furniture to the Superioress of St. Vincent's Hospital. Dated this 27th day of March 1902."[1]

They back every horse in the field, male and female, Passionist and Poor Clare, in the hope that one of them is bound to win. Such seems, without irreverence, to be the frame of mind in which those terrified testators and testatrices contemplate approaching death.

Not the least remarkable will in our catalogue is this testament made by a labouring man dying in the Union Workhouse :—

"Laurence Fanalan, late of North William Street, Dublin, labourer, deceased, who died at the Infirmary, North Dublin Union, on the 19th October 1901, by his will, dated the 8th day of March 1901, bequeathed to

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, March 27, 1902.

(Sister) Agnes Barraud, Superioress of the St. Vincent de Paul Female Orphanage, North William Street, the money he had on deposit with the National Bank, Limited, and all other property of every kind of which he was possessed. Dated 14th day of March 1902."

It is unfortunately nothing new to find men and women, having money on deposit receipt, betaking themselves to the unions in Ireland. There is such a spirit of timidity and mendicancy abroad, that people fly into the workhouse for safety when they could well work outside. This poor man was in the infirmary, and he came under the care of the nuns, and, as we see, whatever he had in the National Bank speedily found its way into the North William Street treasury.

Let us now see how a rich Catholic disposes of his money, a man whose wealth runs into close on six figures. The following letter appeared in all the Dublin papers early in 1902, from the solicitors to the testator :—

"Referring to the paragraph which appeared in a recent issue of your paper, stating that probate of Mr. Oweson Thomas Allingham's will has been granted to his sister, Miss Jane Allingham, of Seafield, Dollymount, Mr. Allingham, in bequeathing to his sister £50,000 to be applied by her in such religious and charitable purposes in Ireland as she should select, requested her—but so as not to be binding her—to have regard to a memorandum of testamentary wishes of equal date with his will. Miss Allingham (although not bound to do so) has very generously decided to apply all her brother's property in accordance with his wishes as expressed in this memorandum. By this document a large number of gifts, amounting to about £33,000, are left to various relatives and friends of the testator. The only bequests, however, in which the public are concerned are those by which the hospitals and charities of Dublin will be benefited, and we have

much pleasure in appending a list of these charities, with the amounts which each will receive, viz.: Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, £2000; Jervis Street Hospital, £2000; St. Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's Green, £2000; Our Lady's Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, £2000; the National Lying-in Hospital, Holles Street, £2000; Sisters of Charity, Upper Gardiner Street, £2000; St. Mary's Asylum and Reformatory, High Park, Drumcondra, £2000; St. Joseph's Night Refuge for Homeless Women and Children, Brickfield Lane, £1000; St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage, Glasnevin, £1000; St. Brigid's Orphanage, 46 Eccles Street, £1000; Sacred Heart Home, Drumcondra, £600; Mendicity Institution, Usher's Quay, Dublin, £1000; the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers' Society, £1000; the poor of Clontarf, to be administered by the Venerable Archdeacon O'Neill, P.P., £300; the poor of St. Michan's Parish, to be administered by the Very Rev. Canon Conlon, P.P., £100. The pecuniary legacies and charitable bequests amount to about £53,000, and will leave a residue of about £37,000, out of which Mr. Allingham expressed a wish that a substantial sum should be allocated towards acquiring a site for—or, if such a site has already been acquired, towards the erection of—a National Roman Catholic cathedral in this city; and that another substantial sum should be applied to promote any approved scheme having for its object the better housing of the destitute poor of Dublin."

Under this will the property went to the sister, accompanied by a direction, or wish, upon which she acted, and the vast sum of £14,000 was given to various orders of nuns in Dublin; £4600 to representative charities, namely, the Mendicity Institution, the Holles Street Maternity Hospital, the Roomkeepers' Society, and the Sacred Heart Home; £1000 to the Christian Brothers; and £400 to two parish priests to give in charity. And, in addition, a large amount is to go for

building, or acquiring a site for, a new cathedral; since St. Patrick's cannot be obtained without Home Rule.

Mary Coleman, Kingstown, widow, died on the 1st of March 1902, and bequeathed the following sums for masses: £5 to the Franciscans, £10 to the Augustinians, £10 to the Carmelites, £5 to Father Halley, "and the residue of her property of whatsoever nature or description to the Rev. James A. Brannan for masses for the repose of her soul, to be said in a place of public worship in Ireland," and appointed Father Brannan her sole executor.[1] Kate Malone, widow, of Enniscorthy, died on the 3rd of February 1902, and bequeathed £100 to the Rev. John Dunne, administrator of Enniscorthy, "for masses for the repose of her soul and her husband and all their deceased friends"; £200 to the Rev. John Lennon, House of Missions, Enniscorthy, for masses for the same intentions; and £500 to Bishop Browne of Ferns "for the maintenance and education of a young man, or men, for the priesthood in the diocese of Ferns."[2] Mary Fitzgerald, widow, Fermoy, died on the 9th of April 1902, and appointed the Rev. Maurice O'Callaghan, Fermoy, her sole executor. She left £50 to various convents and the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and £70 equally divided between seven different priests for masses, and "left the residue of her property of every description" to Father O'Callaghan for the intended improvements to the Roman Catholic Church at Fermoy."[3]

It is dreadful to contemplate such waste of money; not in any particular case, but in all the little collection of cases occurring in a small portion of Ireland during the brief time under our consideration. If those people had only spent their thousands,

[1] *Irish Times*, May 3, 1902. [2] *Freeman's Journal*, May 8, 1902.
[3] Ibid., May 9, 1902.

or some of their thousands, during their lives, in promoting healthy industries in Ireland, there would soon be no orphans to go into our flourishing orphanages, nor patients for the vast array of our city hospitals, nor pauperised people to require alms. All this charitable debauchery, I cannot think of a better term, of which I have given the merest sample, demoralises society. It does not diminish the number of the poor, or of the orphans, or of those who have "wounds without cause." It increases them. The appetite grows with what it feeds upon. Patriots wax indignant with a landlord for harshly insisting on the terms of his bargain, as if he were a Jew exacting the last farthing of his bond, and they call it "devil's work." But, oh, what signifies the wrong done to Ireland by the harshness of a creditor compared with the evil wrought by the maudlin generosity and Deity-bribing of those dying Irish Catholics? Whatever lapses those and thousands of other similar testators may have been guilty of during their lives, it is by their miscalled charity on their deathbeds that they commit the greatest wrong of all to Ireland.

The "dead hand"—that is, the power of regulating the disposal of one's property after death—is an institution for which we, in Catholic Ireland, have little reason to be grateful to the law. Let a rich man be as beneficent as he will during his life, no one can question his right, though we may criticise his methods. But beneficence coming into operation after the death of the benefactor, particularly where it only springs into being when death is in view, is rarely to be commended. Mr. Carnegie sets rich men an example of what to do; and he is only following in the footsteps of another great benefactor of his kind.

It is narrated by Dr. Smiles, in his "Life of George Moore," that when Archbishop Magee heard from the

eminent Cumberlandshire philanthropist's own lips, the amount of money which George Moore was in the habit of *putting aside each year* for philanthropic purposes, the archbishop declared that it was the largest premium on insurance against fire which he had ever heard of. That was a churchman's jest, and has raised many a thoughtless smile. But we may rest assured that George Moore never had any such craven fear of hell, nor did his philanthropy spring from so base a source. The sum which Moore is said to have set aside yearly was, perhaps, a large one for Moore's day. It was not a personal insurance against fire, but a personally supervised charitable expenditure for the betterment of Moore's less happy fellow-creatures.

However large it may have been, its amount was but as a drop in the ocean compared with the colossal sum which the poor Irish Catholics expend yearly during life; and, above all, on their deathbeds, upon the endowment of their priests, monks, and nuns, and on the adornment of their churches. George Moore's philanthropic expenditure was the overflow of his well-earned wealth. But the millions of our Irish church-money, priest-money, monk-money, nun-money, and pope-money are extracted from a lean peasantry, whose withers are almost wrung, and who are wincing like galled jades under the overpowering weight of their priestly riders; while they race, under whip and spur, for a goal beyond which they hope their spirits will find rest, when the poor worn bodies which now encase them are crumbling into dust.

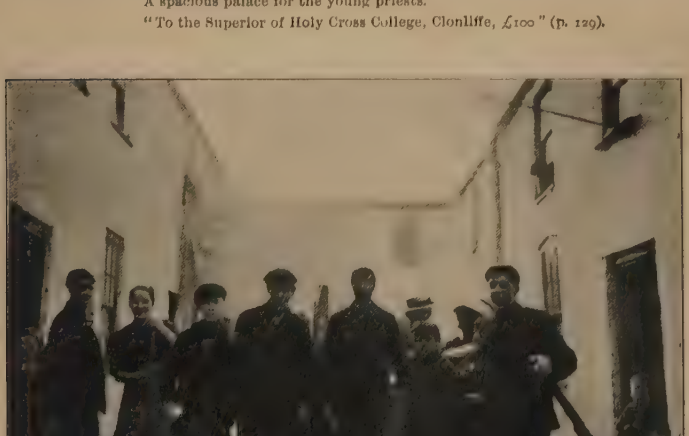
And, unlike George Moore's money, those Irish millions are literally and verily subscribed and collected as an insurance against fire—fire eternal and fire sempiternal. And, were Magee alive to-day, and were he to turn his thoughts westward from Bishopthorpe to

Lawrence.

CLONLIFFE COLLEGE, DUBLIN

A spacious palace for the young priests.

"To the Superior of Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, £100" (p. 129).



A DUBLIN CUL DE SAC

A congested purlieu for the young people.

"The dull routine of their lives, from which all Christian study and inquiry are excluded, &c." (p. 325).

No legacies find their way into this retreat.

his native land, he might truly exclaim as he beheld the golden column of priest-money rearing its shameless, yellow crest higher and higher amongst the ruined huts of the disappearing Irish peasantry: *Since the world began, this is the biggest insurance against fire ever paid by a nation in proportion to its means!*

"It would appear that the Pope's purse is not only in a healthy, but in a very progressive condition," writes our leading clerical newspaper. "In 1870 the Holy See had an income of £500,000 a year from its foreign investments, while Peter's Pence brought in about £280,000. When Leo XIII. came to the Vatican he took into personal consideration the financial arrangements which had prevailed under his predecessor, and placed his funds in Italian investments, with the result that he will have left the Church treasure in such a position that it *could at any moment play a considerable part as a financial power in the Italian money market.*"[1]

The Pope's example is being followed by his subordinates in Ireland, who can at any moment play an effective part in the Irish money market; and not alone in the Irish market, but on the money market in England as well; investing their money here and there, wherever it will work an oracle for them; moulding or softening public opinion in their favour; and commanding that respect which money nowadays, no matter how procured, seems able to win for its possessor. No man, it has been said, can serve God and Mammon. *Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.*

But, alas! who heeds the Son of Man to-day? Our priests are so engrossed in the service of Mammon that they cannot spare time for the service of God.

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, April 1, 1902.

CHAPTER VIII

IN CONNAUGHT

"Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,
By the blessed sun! 'tis royally I'd sing thy praise, Mayo!"
—LAVELLE (Irish), translated by GEORGE FOX.

THERE is a special pride taken in the Gaelic revival in the West of Ireland, especially in the county of Mayo—or, as it is pronounced by the inhabitants, the county of M-yeo—of which Ballaghadereen, a prosperous little town in the east of the county, is one of the capitals. Let us spend an hour there in company with "a large and fashionable audience in the Town Hall."[1] The members of the local branch of the Gaelic League are to produce this evening Dr. Douglas Hyde's Irish trifle, entitled the "Twisting of the Rope"—the literary mouse of which the Gaelic Revival Mountain has so far delivered itself after agonising labour. Hundreds of columns in leaded type have been printed about this "Cassadh an t-Soogawn" (I hope I spell it correctly), both in the Dublin and provincial Irish Press, and even in English newspapers. The poor mouse itself is not worth talking about, but as the mountain which produced it threatens to stand between our people and the sunlight of knowledge and progress, let us examine the mountain. Bishop Lyster of Achonry, whose palace and cathedral are at Ballaghadereen, is in the chair. The Gaelic League has been "only eight months in existence in Ballaghadereen," but it "has been remarkably successful, thanks to the energy and patriotic zeal of the Very Rev.

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 3, 1901.

J. Daly and Rev. M. Dogherty, who have spared neither time nor trouble in the interests of the language revival here, and chiefly to whose work, with that of some kind influential friends, the success of the entertainment is to be mainly attributed." We are told that "the Sgoruidheacht was certainly a treat not often enjoyed in a provincial town." Mrs. John Dillon, wife of Mr. John Dillon, M.P., attended, and "played most of the accompaniments." Bishop Lyster "on coming forward received quite an ovation." He tells us "this Gaelic movement is going ahead. . . . It is easy enough to pull down—any bosthoon can pull down—but it is genius and energy can build up. A few men can in one hour fell the giant oak of the forest, which has taken a century to raise. One man with the sweep of a scythe can in the twinkling of an eye cut down one hundred blades of grass, which has taken months to grow. Therefore I say the great perfection of this movement is that it is constructive. . . . I think we are in the right way now. In the beginning the people were shaking their heads and winking their eyes, but that is past. The energy of the men at its head, especially of the man, has set the ship going steadily, and it is now *forging through the waves onward to the goal.*" What is more: "this movement is organised and watched over, guided and directed by a number of most unselfish men." A marvellous announcement! "*There is one lady connected with them*, and they have laboured night and day to make it a success. They have done yeoman service (even the lady), and their labours have been of a gigantic character."

Far be it from me to belittle any genuine literary effort, but if the bishop thus describes the "Soogawn" which they were engaged in twisting that evening—and which is a mere squib of the briefest and most unremarkable character—then I can only bow before

the episcopal hyperbole. The mountain to-night is represented by Bishop Lyster, and he mentions five names who can all share the glory of the mouse which has been produced. "I allude," says Bishop Lyster, "to Dr. Hyde, Mr. Edward Martyn, Lady Gregory, Mr. Yeates, and Mr. George Moore. One fact strikes me, and that is, all those five people are residents and natives of Connaught." It appears that this galaxy of talent, thus paraded before the Ballaghadereen people, all come from Mayo or the neighbouring counties. "These Connaught people," says Bishop Lyster, "have been the means of building up this great movement, and lifting up our national literature and national character." Not proven, Bishop Lyster. The Congested Districts School of Poetry is no more fitted to lift up national literature and character, than the congested districts are to lift up the nation. Both require a lift themselves, neither of them can give a lift.

"The Foxford Nuns have taught the little children to say their prayers and answer their catechism in Irish," continues Bishop Lyster, "and when a child over there not the height of my knee puts a question in Irish to me, I have to look a bit stupid. A little girl from Ballaghadereen, whom we know as Winnie, and who is now in Kiltimagh, will answer to no other name than Oonagh!" Bishop Lyster then goes on to contradict several of Dr. Hyde's statements in important local particulars, and alleges that somebody must have been telling Dr. Hyde a "lie with a thick skin." From what I have gleaned of the "Soogawn," the moral of it would seem to be that the best liar was the smartest man in ancient Ireland. But the bishop then doubles back on his own line, and overwhelms the author of the "Soogawn" with such laudation as must have made its recipient feel ridiculous. It shows how little importance

is to be attached to episcopal flattery in Connaught: "In expressing our thanks to the ladies, and above all to Dr. Hyde, I may say that Ireland owes him a debt of gratitude. By-and-by the people will look back on him and treasure his name as a memory, as even now in America they look back on Washington." And then Bishop Lyster winds up his speech—"Now in conclusion I say to the members of our own branch, *Ballaghadereen, Faugh-a-Ballagh!*"

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., it appears, has a country residence near Ballaghadereen, and an interest in the wine and spirit and general business of Monica Duff and Co., of that town. He is also a Mayo man, and Mrs. Monica Duff was his aunt. The business of Monica Duff & Co. is a thriving one; perhaps one of the best businesses in the West of Ireland—hence the presence of Mrs. John Dillon on the stage. Duff is one of the old Mayo names—

> "'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl of Irrul still,
> And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the hill."[1]

There are six bishops in this province of Connaught, with its poor population of 622,667 Catholics; that is to say, as many bishops as there are in wealthy Belgium with its population of 6,500,000. Therefore we need not be surprised at finding another bishop, in the same locality, lending his aid to this Connaught Gaelic revival. Bishop Clancy of Elphin—whom readers of FIVE YEARS IN IRELAND will remember—is presiding over "the annual closing of the exercises" of the pupils of the Ursuline Convent, Sligo; and it is the Sabbath day.[2] "There was one portion of the entertainment," says Bishop Clancy, "which struck me as having a peculiar interest for us at the present time. I refer to the com-

[1] Translation by Fox of an Irish poem by Lavelle, seventeenth century.

[2] *Freeman's Journal*, June 27, 1901.

positions in our grand old Irish tongue. Now, the most competent judges, the professors of some of the most prominent universities and colleges in Europe, inform us that so different is the genius of the Celtic family of languages from that of the Slavonic and Teutonic, that there can be no more useful exercise than the tracing of analogies, contrasts, and similitudes between them." A very useful exercise, no doubt, and a not unremunerative one for the "competent judges" and "professors"; but of what practical use can it be to girls educated at the Ursuline Convent, Sligo, except to mystify them, and to absorb time which might be well spent in learning something useful? Those of them who will not become nuns themselves, will have little time in after life for "tracing analogies, contrasts, and similitudes." And those of them—and they are many, I regret to say—who will become nuns, will be differently employed under Bishop Clancy's command, when they have taken the black veil. "And apart," continues Bishop Clancy, "from these advantages—which may be common to many languages—there is a peculiar appropriateness in possessing a knowledge of the Irish language in Ireland." Yes; if we were able to live in Ireland; and if we were working with a will and doing well. But not when we are flying for life and freedom to lands where Irish is not spoken. "If the Irish language were to become extinct," he goes on, "English modes of thought and English forms of expression, English fashions and tastes in politics, in industrial life, and *possibly, after a time, in religion*, would come into vogue. . . . And such a prospect becomes truly alarming in the face of the enormous exodus of our people by emigration." Would to Heaven that "English tastes and fashions in industrial life" came into vogue in Connaught: instead of trying to prevent such a happy

consummation, an earnest man in Bishop Clancy's position would try to hasten it.

The religion is the main point—the religion by the profession of which the clerical class prosper so exceedingly in Catholic Ireland. It is the religion and its professors who are to benefit by the revival of the Irish language. When one reflects that the majority of the labouring population of this six-bishop region annually migrate to England to earn there the money to support their families (and their bishops), one can only be amazed at the contrariness exhibited by the clerical leaders of peasant thought in Connaught in endeavouring to discourage the use of English by the people at home. So secure is Bishop Clancy in his reliance upon the docile obedience of his hearers, that he has no hesitation in openly propounding the degenerate theory that the noblest ideal which they can place before themselves is the livelong prospect of remaining stuck in the mud in the bogs of Connaught, chattering to each other in a language which the world has outgrown and forgotten, and shutting out every avenue by which enlightenment might enter their minds from either of the two great English-speaking countries which are their nearest neighbours on the east and on the west. The Connaught people—especially the inhabitants of Mayo—are shrewd, notwithstanding their neglected intellectual condition and their superstitious modes of thought. But their shrewdness is little better than that of the fox, which with all its tricks and makeshifts leads reynard only to his "earth" underground. The Mayo people *simply exist*, and that under the most adverse circumstances, despite their cunning. Their youth fly, as the result of their shrewdness, from the stifling, priest-laden atmosphere of Connaught to the freedom of America and Great Britain. And, owing to their

shrewdness, those of them who stay at home make a pretence of being merry like roysterers at an Irish wake. They have a command of English, and they can imitate the humour of the London music-halls with an ability worthy of a better cause. A perusal of the local papers during an evening spent recently before a turf-fire in the hotel at Westport supplied ample proof of this. A Mayo poet sings a Christmas carol entitled, "A Reflection. Very Sad and Lugubrious. Slow music—handkerchiefs ready for wiping away tears":—

"We're seated around by the fire—
Our thoughts are on ages ago;
We think on the days that are buried,
We dwell on the frost and the snow;
Ere our waistcoats were getting too narrow;
When spectacles weren't required;
When we'd run forty miles since the morning,
At bedtime we wouldn't be tired;
Ere the humps decorated our shoulders,
Or our knee-hinges rusty became,
And that painful, that pedal protub'rance,
Made fellows most powerfully lame.
And we ask if the 'kicks' in the 'old dogs'
Are cancelled for ever and aye.
We wait not for definite answer,
We jump to our feet and we say,
'Not by long chalks, old chap! Yes, of course; the same again! Here's to your health, and may you and every reader of the *Connaught Telegraph* have a right happy Christmas and a long succession of them! Hip, hip, hurrah!!!"[1]

In the same paper a Ballyhaunis poet taunts some local person with his reluctance to go to the front, and he makes the delinquent say:—

"No; I'd rather make a sortie
On a little drop of malt,
With an order from the Border
For a vast supply of malt—
Or, Guinness even."

[1] *Connaught Telegraph*, December 28, 1901.

And again, complaining of the falling away in Christmas festivities, and the wetness of winter in Mayo, which is indeed extraordinary, the poet says:—

"We read of artistic branching by frost on the window pane,
And weatherproof ghosts who travelled when sensible men were in bed;
And the twit-twit-twitter of Robins exploring for picks of grain,
Or invading domestic circles to beg for a crumb of bread.
But we never see these things—
The Christmas frost and snow,
Like antiquated Uncle Jeff,
Are gone where the good niggers go;
But raining, raining, raining,
As if there were nought but rain.
The old time Yule is buried,
'Twill never arise again.

Except annually in the Xmas magazines; 'twill turn up with the regularity of an M.G.W. express train. Still these considerations do not prevent us from wishing all readers A Happy Christmas."

Notwithstanding the rain, we find that the "Castlebar Commercial Quadrille Party" will presently hold its annual dance in the Town Hall. Next our attention is claimed by a poem on the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, copied from an American paper; a priestly story about the Divine Bambino; a history of the Angelus; and other pious matter.

The Roscommon Guardians are assembled in meeting, Mr. T. A. P. Mapother, D.L., in the chair. Mr. M'Greavy, a member of Bishop Clancy's flock, exclaims:—

"I observe the envelopes used this week in sending notices to the guardians had the letters 'O.H.M.S.' printed on the outside, and, seeing that these letters are emblematic of our subjugation to a base and barbarous race, let it be put down on the minutes that the clerk be ordered to cease ordering any more of these envelopes with any such degrading letters

printed or written thereon; and for the future, that envelopes with some national emblem or lettering, such as 'On The People's Service,' be substituted.

"The Chairman said they could not abolish any ancient practice without notice.

"Mr. M'Greavy—I know Conservatives do not like to bring this change, but we are Progressives.

"The Chairman—If you mean to insinuate I am a Conservative you are mistaken. I am not.

"Mr. M'Greavy said he was glad to see the Chairman backing the Republicans. He thought such a practice should be abolished, as it was emblematic of their subjugation."

I can imagine what a meeting of that kind would be like at which all the members spoke Irish, when no outside criticism could be brought to bear upon its proceedings. It so happens that I passed by the town of Roscommon recently in the train. The only overt evidence of trade to be seen at the railway station was a collection of Guinness's porter barrels; but there was nothing exceptional in that. The only manifestation of life or habitation, or of the existence of Progressives in the vicinity, was an enormous pile of ecclesiastical buildings, some of them just built, others in process of erection—convents, presbyteries, churches, all brand new—built of the finest cut stone, and representing an immense outlay of money on the part of the Progressives. It would be more appropriate if Mr. M'Greavy had the letters "O.H.M.C." printed on the envelopes of the Roscommon Poor Law Board. They stand for the words, "Our Holy Mother the Church," and would be more germane to the contents of the Union missives than "O.H.M.S."; for his Majesty's service, or the people's service, must have little, if any, concern with the doings of the Roscommon Guardians.

The motto of the *Connaught Telegraph* is, "Be just,

and fear not." Would that any newspaper in Catholic Ireland, catering for Catholic support, were in a position to act up to that motto! The leading article in the issue of the *Connaught Telegraph* under consideration is pathetic:—

"The close of each succeeding year brings a bright gleam from the beacon-light that shone forth on that red-letter day in the history of the world, and high above the din of strife and the tumult of a warring world is felt the Christianising influence of the 'good tidings of great joy' that vibrated through the darkness of a pagan world nineteen centuries ago, and still, as the years roll by, brings 'peace on earth to men of good will.' Time and space seem annihilated; those separated by length of time and space grasp the hands of friendship and brighten the paternal home; loving Christmas greetings and friendship's tokens are wafted to and fro. And none more true than the warm prayerful Celtic greeting from humble Irish homesteads, wafted across wild wastes of waters to their exiled kith and kin, and from those Irish exiles the greetings laden with gifts emblematic of the bonds that bind them to their natives homes and motherland."

The sentiments do credit to the writer's heart. When would he ever succeed in writing so well in Irish? And are not the gifts which come to Mayo from the exiles generally bank drafts—and as such "emblematic of the bonds that bind the exiles to Ireland"—and would it suit to have those documents written in Irish?

Would that the spirit of Him, whose birth brought "peace on earth to men of good will," found some worthy expression in the acts and lives of the priests and people of Mayo! But, saturated as they are with the preaching and teaching of their six bishops and innumerable priests—whose lives are a standing contradiction of every principle laid down by the Son of Man, the Prince

of Meekness—there is, I fear, little to hope for the poor Mayo people, except to wish that Bishop Clancy's prophetic fears may be realised, namely, that they may disappear from Ireland and take up their abode in lands where they can exercise their minds, develop their faculties, and lead lives fit for God-created, God-redeemed human beings.

The population of Mayo has decreased from 246,030 in 1871 to 199,166 in 1901. Ninety-eight per cent. of its inhabitants are Roman Catholic; 33.1 per cent. are illiterate, and 6 per cent. "able to read only." The *admitted* number of priests, monks, and nuns in the county is 323; teachers under clerical control, 661; total sacerdotal establishment, without counting subsidiaries, 984. The services of the national and local governments combined only amount to 850 persons; and that figure includes civil service officers and clerks, as well as municipal, parish, union, district, and county officials, male and female, and the large force of 515 police. While there are 179 nuns, there are only 9 midwives to attend to the 27,897 married women in Mayo;[1] and though there are 35,856 girls between the ages of 5 and 20, only 72 are returned as receiving "superior" education.

In the adjacent county of Sligo, over which Bishop Clancy rules, there were 140 priests, monks, and nuns in 1881, when the population was 107,479. In 1901, when the population had fallen to 84,083, the number of priests, monks, and nuns had risen to 214. That is to say, while the people have decreased by 23,396, or about 22 per cent., in twenty years, the Roman Catholic religious establishment has been augmented by over 50 per cent.[1] But the full clerical organisation in Sligo will be dealt with in a later chapter.

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1901.

CHAPTER IX

IN CONNAUGHT (*continued*)

As so much has been claimed for Mayo by Bishop Lyster, I shall give some impressions of that region of Ireland in a few words. I have recently visited that county, and amongst many other places the "disturbed districts," as they are called, between Ballaghadereen, Castlerea, and Boyle. I never saw in the whole course of my life—which has been all spent in Ireland—such a number of idle, well-dressed, hopeless, mysterious-looking people as the peasants of those districts. Most of them migrate to England for six months of the year and work as extra hands for the English farmers. They are by no means badly off; but their homes are neglected for the all-sufficient reason that the occupants do not regard them as their homes. The tillage of their plots of land is neglected because of the owners' prolonged absence from home. Irishman that I am to the finger-tips, it was with difficulty at first that I could bring myself to regard the black-haired denizens of this region as my fellow-countrymen. I inquired about them from various authorities in the district, and I found everything which appearances had led me to believe about them confirmed by the expressions of opinion I got from those resident men and women, mostly Roman Catholics, to whom I spoke.

"They are the idlest people in the world," said one man.

"If you notice their trousers," said a second man, "you will see them scorched brown from sitting over

the fire! They do no work from November to March; then they rush out and scratch up the surface of the fields, just as hens would, and put in their little crops, and then they go off to England."

"There is no poverty amongst them," said a third man to me. "One of the boys or girls out of any of those wretched houses will have a year's rent on their back, as they walk into Frenchpark or Castlerea."

A fourth man said that "they were not Irishmen at all, inasmuch as they spend half their lives in England!"

I saw an abundance of pigs and cattle; and the roads were crowded with people—idle people, people in their Sunday clothes, though it was a week-day. The elderly women were well clad and comfortably wrapped up in shawls or cloaks. Though it was not raining, they carried open umbrellas, apparently for the sake of show, or perhaps they were actuated by feelings of excessive modesty and used them to screen their countenances from the passing stranger! The boys and girls were dressed just as English boys and girls are clad, only I should say rather better dressed, certainly more showily dressed, than people of their class would be in England or Scotland on the Sabbath day. English-made caps, bright-coloured neckerchiefs, or starched collars—for which and hard hats the Irishmen of the lower class everywhere have a great weakness—ready-made clothes purchased in the towns or brought from England: such was the dress of the young men I met on the road. As for the girls, I can only state my general impression that they appeared to be very much overdressed.

"They are altered girls in Irrul now; 'tis proud they're grown and high,
With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I pass their buckles by."[1]

[1] Lavelle's Irish poem before quoted.

Arrayed in showy hats and other finery, with town-made coats and skirts, and parasols and gloves, they picked their steps along the muddy roads. I saw no barefooted or ragged people at all, though I took the byroads through the "congested districts," so called. I saw houses which I can only describe as vermin-abodes. I saw little farmyards surrounding those dwellings, which were in a condition of filth, untidiness, and neglect. And it was out of these vermin-abodes and the purlieus that surrounded them that the well-dressed people on the roads emerged before my eyes. The poor denizens of our Dublin slums are dirty, ragged, hopeless; and we are not surprised when we visit their dwelling-places to find a corresponding degree of uncleanliness and discomfort. But it amazed me to behold young, healthy, fresh-faced, well-clad, and externally clean people living in such squalor in the open country. The wide sky of heaven bending over them looks down upon a tract of country which, for lack of dignity, absence of all attraction, either natural or artificial, is in my experience unsurpassed. There is dignity in a moor; there is beauty in a bog. There is glory in a well-inhabited, well-tilled agricultural country, though it may possess no scenic attractions. What a glorious sight for an Irishman's eyes, for instance, are the small, well-kept farms of treeless Island Magee! But, oh, how different it is here in this part of Connaught! One beholds large tracts of Mayo and Roscommon, which, though as thickly populated, and by an agricultural population, as the country districts in Antrim or Down, yet constitute one of the most forbidding sights which an Irishman or a lover of nature could well gaze upon. No trees, no outlines even in the horizon; no effective demarcation of property; no evidences of the master's eye about the farmstead or in the

field. You feel the fact borne in upon you, that the dense population of this region only grudgingly do as much work as will suffice to keep them in food, clothes, and such gratifications as they are capable of relishing.

Civil processes for the recovery of arrears of rent had been served on the tenants of some of the estates through which I passed. The amounts in most of the cases were ridiculously small; and no man of spirit or of right training, in possession of full bodily health, should suffer his life to be spoiled and brought to a dead stop for the sake of the paltry amounts in question. In a country where the supply of labour is so much below the demand, as it is in rural Ireland at present, there is no excuse for such conduct. There is an explanation of it, however, and it lies in the fact that the example and teaching of their ministers of religion constitute for these sulking peasants the highest ideal of life known to them. For them there is practically no such being as Christ; for them the words *Love your enemies* may as well never have been spoken; for them there is no such thing as serious Christian thought or reflection. There is only mummery and mystery; only unintelligible gibberish about saints and dead ancestors existing in a spirit-world, which is not a whit more useful to them than the meaningless, childish folk-lore which, so far as one can judge, constitutes that Gaelic literature by which they are to be regenerated. There they are, at a standstill, while the world revolves on its course and time steals their youth and strength from them, and hurries them to that bourne at the end of life, at which they shall arrive in no better mental condition than the *Drimin dubh dilis* in the bog—the dear, black, white-backed cow of Ireland—about which so many rhapsodies have been written. They have no heart to advance themselves in life. They have no

Lawrence.

THE DRIMIN DUBH DILIS

"The Drimin Dubh Dilis in the bog—the dear, black, white-backed cow of Ireland—about which so many rhapsodies have been written" (p. 164).

honourable ambition even to increase the number of their cows. Have they not heard of the Woman of the Three Cows?

"O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story—
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory;
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of the Three Cows." [1]

As one looks at them standing aimlessly in their fields or close by their vermin-abodes, one can imagine them addressing the cow close at hand:—

"O Drimin dubh dilis! the landlord has come,
Like a foul blast of death has he swept o'er our home;
He has withered our roof-tree—beneath the cold sky,
Poor, houseless, and homeless, to-night we must lie.

I knelt down three times for to utter a prayer,
But my heart it was seared and the words were not there;
Wild were the thoughts through my dizzy head came,
Like the rushing of wind through a forest of flame." [2]

No; the prayer would not come; for the religion of those poor Mayo peasants is but a mummery. When engaged in it, they are but acting a part like a herd of supers on the boards of a pantomime stage, and when real difficulty comes upon them, their theatrical religion is of no use to them. They fly to such resources as assassination, outrage on man and beast, and viragoism. What sustaining solace have they ever known, save that of rushing into the dark confessional at night, and mumbling out their tale of sins committed within a

[1] Translation of the Irish song, *Go-reidh a bhean na d'tri m-bo*, by James Clarence Mangan.

[2] Edward Walsh, born in Derry 1805, died in Cork 1850; a poor Irish poet and translator.

given period, so far as they can remember them—the bulk of which, and those which they consider the most heinous, not being in reality *sins* at all. Whereas, the most character-damaging deviations from the path of Christian rectitude are often not regarded by them in the light of sins, and, therefore, not confessed. Then they emerge, having received absolution, believing that the debt due to outraged God and injured society, and their demoralised selves, has been all paid off, like a shopkeeper's account. Could any religion be more useless, indeed, more positively baneful for a man or woman at a time of distress, when all the combative faculties of manhood or womanhood should be called forth? What do they know of the strength of the *mens conscia recti*, of the resources which are within call of the heroic Christian wrestling with adversity?

On two estates through which I passed—the Murphy and De Freyne estates, near Fairymount—I saw more armed constabulary men, all Irishmen, on the roads, in the police-huts and permanent police stations, than I ever remember to have seen in a countryside before. I saw two of them with guns, awkwardly slung over their arms, picking their steps over a boggy field in front of a well-kept farmhouse, from which a cleanly-dressed, active little man had just emerged. This man I learned was the bailiff on the Murphy estate, who had incurred odium through having personally served the writs and processes for rent upon the tenants; and he seemed a plucky, industrious little chap. He said he did not want the police protection at all. But the Government, notwithstanding, kept two constables on his premises, and attending on his person day and night.

On the roads I passed a few well-nourished priests, driving fast-stepping horses, yoked to American buggies —the only expeditious locomotion I met in the district.

At Castlerea, the priests' buildings—churches, presbyteries, and convents—are rearing their cut-stone fronts aloft, as they are at Roscommon, forming such a contrast to the surrounding habitations of the laity, and the general squalor of the country, as to challenge criticism. Lord de Freyne, of whom the public have heard so much, is, like myself and the denizens of the squalid country round his demesne, a Roman Catholic. He is the father of a large young family; and he lives within his demesne wall in this unlovable region all the year round. His existence becomes known to the villagers in Frenchpark, whose dwellings crouch beneath the twelve-foot wall and high beeches of his demesne, by the occasional pop of his rifle when he shoots an unwary rabbit in the shrubbery. It would be impossible to see a resident landlord more utterly out of touch with his tenantry. What a spectacle this contrast of the demesne and the vermin-abodes affords to the student of Roman Catholic Christianity, as it operates alike upon the gentle and upon the simple in Ireland!

The priests did not co-operate with the De Freyne tenants in their efforts to get a reduction from the landlord, and a resident in Frenchpark told me that on that account it was proposed to boycott the priests themselves by withholding the annual dues at Christmas. This suggestion, however, was not acted upon; the priests, as usual, temporising and plausibly explaining to the tenants, while by no means breaking with Lord de Freyne, who was one of the peer signatories to the declaration for a Catholic University in February 1897.[1]

Bishop Clancy of Elphin, with prudent vagueness, deals with the position of things on the De Freyne and other estates thus, in his pastoral read on 9th

[1] First Report of Commission on University Education in Ireland, 1901, p. 295.

February 1902: "I refer to the difficulties that generally arise regarding the arrangement of rents, and the infliction of a species of social ostracism on persons whose action is supposed to be adverse to the interests of the popular organisation. Just now, when in certain parishes of this diocese there is the danger of overstepping the boundary line between what is morally lawful and unlawful, I deem it a conscientious duty to quote verbatim" the decisions of "the highest and most competent authority on earth." The combination that he refers to is the well-known plan of campaign, and the Prefect of the Holy Roman Inquisition, Cardinal Monaco, is the "highest authority on earth" to whom he alludes. He quotes Cardinal Monaco's letter for the people of Elphin, and from that epistle, written in the year 1888, I take the following sentence: "Finally it is altogether foreign to natural justice and Christian charity that a new form of persecution and proscription should ruthlessly be put in force against persons who are satisfied with, and are prepared to pay the rent agreed on with their landlord."

It is significant that, within five days of the appearance of Bishop Clancy's pastoral reference to Cardinal Monaco's letter on the plan of campaign, Messrs. John Fitzgibbon, Castlerea; Patrick Webb, Lough Glynn; and Patrick Conroy, Castlerea, were summoned on the following, amongst other charges, by the police:—

"That they did on Sunday, the 12th January 1902, unlawfully assemble together with the object of unlawfully causing injury and damage to Lord de Freyne, and to induce certain persons who held land as tenants to Lord de Freyne, and were legally liable to pay to him certain rents for their holdings, unlawfully to combine together to refuse to pay, and not to pay their rents to Lord de Freyne."

Why did the authorities wait until the 15th February to issue this perfectly reasonable summons for an occurrence which took place on the 12th January? Were they waiting for the assistance of the Prefect of the Inquisition and Bishop Clancy? Why did not Lord de Freyne himself take proceedings against those people, which would have been a perfectly natural course to take? The Sligo Board of Guardians, ignoring Bishop Clancy's pastoral, passed a resolution on the 15th February that they had

"heard with regret, as well as with disgust, that one of the most respected members of the Sligo County Council was this morning brought through the town like a common felon, to be incarcerated for one month for having sympathised with the tenants on the Murphy and De Freyne estates. We condemn such tyranny, and he has in his prison cell our sincere sympathy."

The Mr. John Fitzgibbon, of Castlerea, referred to in the summons, is an industrious and able man of his class. He is an extensive draper and general trader in that town; and I heard nothing but the best accounts of him for his energy and capability, even from those who side with the landlord's party, when I recently paid a visit to that region. I am not concerned in this dispute between Lord de Freyne and his tenantry. I sympathise with Lord de Freyne in his position. I also sympathise with the tenantry in their position. But the interference of Bishop Clancy is so lukewarm, and his way of expressing his opinions on so notorious a transaction is so indirect—casting all the onus of his intervention, as it were, upon his ecclesiastical superior, Cardinal Monaco—that I cannot approve of it. He knows more about the affairs of the De Freyne estate than Cardinal Monaco or his Inquisition from Italy; and it should

have been his duty to inquire firsthand into the condition of affairs, and to give the people sensible, luminous guidance, and practical assistance towards a settlement, if he were capable of it. It was pre-eminently his place to effect a compromise between the Catholic landlord and his Catholic tenants.

Immediately after these proceedings at the Sligo Board of Guardians,

"an important conference of the associated estates was held at Lough Glynn, at which it was stated that on the following Wednesday the sheriff would put up for sale in the court-house, Roscommon, the tenants' interests in forty-two holdings on the De Freyne estate, under execution for non-payment of rent." [1]

Mr. Patrick Webb, vice-chairman of the Roscommon County Council, presided. He said

"De Freyne was to put up those places for sale, but he had to go through all the legal forms the same as an ordinary creditor, and after obtaining the decree for possession the tenants were as safe in their holdings as ever."

I noticed, when in the district, that they never say "Lord de Freyne," but always "De Freyne," when speaking of the landlord. The following resolution was passed:—

"That we, the tenants on the associated estates, are determined to fight the battle against landlordism, in which we are presently engaged, to the bitter end, and that our war cry is 'no surrender.'"

Thus we find that Bishop Clancy's pastoral is productive of no effect whatever, save that of infusing courage into the authorities to take proceedings in the ordinary

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 18, 1902.

course of British law, and of saving appearances for Bishop Clancy.

It cannot be too well noted that the Irish priests are powerless to resist—they have not the moral courage or single-mindedness necessary to resist—any really popular movement, with a definite, lucrative object in view, which the people may take up. But, though that is so, it is the priests' teaching which must be held responsible, in the first instance, for the illegal, unbusinesslike, and unsuccessful methods adopted by our poor Irish people to attain their ends in such matters. A little more industry, a little more hopefulness, would win for those tenants the few paltry pounds in question. And what a much nobler way of gaining the money that would be than to coerce a landlord into bestowing it on them out of his diminished revenue.

Before bidding good-bye to the De Freyne estate, let us follow up the fate of the holdings which were put up for sale at Roscommon. When the sheriff proceeded to put up the holdings for sale in the Roscommon Court-House on Wednesday, 19th February, there was a large attendance of the De Freyne tenants and their friends, including Messrs. William Duffy, M.P., John Fitzgibbon, Patrick Webb, J. Casey, B. Hunt, Thomas Greavy, J. P. Dolman, P. Cribbin, T. Freeman, P. Lavin, and J. Beirne. We are informed that "before the sale commenced they held a private meeting, and decided on the course of action they would pursue."[1] Mr. Woulfe Flanagan, agent to Lord de Freyne, attended with the sub-sheriff. He informed the meeting,

"for the information of all the tenants present there—and he wished to say so in the kindliest and most friendly way, and by no means in the sense of using a threat—that any tenant who suffered his farm to be sold that day would lose his status as a judicial tenant."

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 20, 1902.

Some of the tenants' representatives protested against Mr. Flanagan making a speech, but Mr. Flanagan was allowed to make the further statement

"that Lord de Freyne had authorised him to say that he did not wish to drive matters to extremes, nor to enforce the whole amount of the judgments marked on these writs. He was quite satisfied if the farms were bid for up to the amount of one year's rent and costs. He (Mr. Flanagan) would not bid beyond that, and he was quite willing that the tenants should buy in their farms at that price."

Mr. John Fitzgibbon, whom I have alluded to before, said

"it was well known that he was identified with the cause of the tenants in this struggle; and he did not really think at that moment that Lord de Freyne was exactly to blame. He thought that the whole row originated with the emancipation of the Dillon tenants. The latter felt themselves to-day a new people, a different race from what they were two years ago. The tenants on the De Freyne estates were slaves who were anxious to be free too, and they had made an effort to shake off the chains with which they had been bound for centuries."

The Dillon estate adjoins the De Freyne estate, and, two years ago, the Congested Districts Board purchased the entire estate from Lord Dillon, and sold it to the occupying tenants under the terms of the Purchase Acts. The yearly annuities now payable on the Dillon estate are said to be only two-thirds of the former rents, so advantageously do the Purchase Acts work in practice for the tenants. The De Freyne tenants' combination was well calculated to force Lord de Freyne to sell. Let us now see what Mr. Woulfe Flanagan's offer to accept a year's rent and costs, as a present instalment of the debt in each case, resulted in. The sheriff, Mr. P. Burrowes Shiel, stated

at a later stage of the sale, that "the more money he got the more was it in the interest of the plaintiff and in the interest of the defendants, because, the greater amount unpaid, the larger was the debt outstanding against these unfortunate men." Lord de Freyne would still have the right to proceed for the balance of his judgments unrealised at this sale.

In the case of Patrick Egan the yearly rent was £14, 14s. 6d., and the amount of the debt was £55, 13s. 6d.; that is to say, about four years' rent were in arrear. We are told that Mr. Fitzgibbon, on behalf of the tenant, bid up to £14, and Mr. Flanagan was declared the purchaser at £15. Had Mr. Fitzgibbon bid £16, or whatever one year's rent, plus the costs, amounted to, say £17, Lord de Freyne would take that amount as a present instalment on his judgment of £55, 13s. 6d.

Another case is that of John Fitz-Patrick, whose yearly rent is £7, 10s., and the amount of the debt due to Lord de Freyne £48, 1s. 4d., which would be equal to about six years' arrears. We find this holding was bid up to £6, 11s. by the tenants, and knocked down to Mr. Flanagan at £7. Had the tenant bid up to £8, 10s. or £9 for it, that amount would have been taken as an instalment on the judgment of £48 odd.

In the case of Dominick Connor, the yearly rent was £4, 18s., and the amount of the debt £36, 19s. 9d., equal to about eight years' arrears. This holding was bid up to £4, 15s. by Mr. Duffy, M.P., on behalf of the tenant, but was knocked down to Mr. Flanagan at £5. Had £6, 10s. been bid, that amount would have been taken as an instalment on the eight years' arrears.

Some other typical cases are:—

Owen Madden, yearly rent, £8, 16s.; amount of debt, £50, 5s. 5d.; tenant's bid, £7, 0s. 1d. Holding bought in by the agent for £7, 10s.

John Sharkey, yearly rent, £7, 10s.; amount of debt, £40, 3s. 10d.; tenant's bid, £6. Holding knocked down to Mr. Flanagan at £6, 10s.

Patrick Mahon, yearly rent, £4, 10s.; amount of debt, £47, 0s. 10d.; tenant's bid, £4, 0s. 1d. Holding bought by landlord at £4, 10s.

The sale proved abortive except in one case, that of Thomas M'Grael, rent £3; amount of debt, £8, 18s.; tenant's bid, £5, 1s.; at which he was declared the purchaser.

Those tenants who were thus proceeded against represent the better class of tenant on the De Freyne estate, and the reader may judge from the paltry amounts of the yearly rent in these cases, how infinitesimally small must be the sums in question on the very small holdings of which there are large numbers on this estate.

The moral the British Government may draw from these proceedings on the De Freyne estate is that the priests would not be worth buying. If there was no serious agitation recently, it was because there was no distress or other reason for it, not because the priests prevented it.

The priest's power lies in the direction of pampering the people with his religious anæsthetics, pandering to their idleness and degeneracy, and taking advantage of their failings to extract money from them; in a word, his power lies in debasing their character; and that is why I protest against it. But he has no power, except that of the common informer (and I do not say he would exercise it) to stop agitation, or even to control the people when they become turbulent. When agitation is wanted *it will come*, and then it is better to be friends with the people if it be your duty to govern the country, than to be friends with a class.

CHAPTER X

IN CONNAUGHT—(*continued*)

THE virulence with which the representative men in this province attack the constabulary and Government officials is all the greater because they do not acknowledge the real cause of their own trouble, and allow its authors to escape sleek and smiling—as yet! The Swineford District Council, for instance, denounce the action of the County Court judge of Mayo in having awarded £100 compensation to a constabulary man maliciously injured in the execution of his duty, and describe his statements in delivering judgment as "a judicial blackguardism which is the chief prop of the accursed system of landlordism."[1]

I think it is deplorable that such frothy, intemperate language, and the bad temper of which it is the unerring index, should form the readiest weapon of self-defence known to our Connaught fellow-Catholics. They can maintain on a pinnacle of prosperity their six bishops and their innumerable priests and nuns, and yet they do not seem to be aware that good conduct, patience, and industry can carry a man in triumph, not alone over imagined slights put upon him by a County Court judge, or the infliction of a penalty of £100, but over all the obstacles which human persecution can put in his way. The result of their moral destitution is that the constabulary stationed amongst them, though they are all Irishmen from other parts

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 6, 1902.

of the island, treat them with contempt, and regard themselves as superior beings to the male viragos who compose such resolutions.

Take the following instance as a proof of how little civic independence, how little individual liberty, how little of the dignity of freemen and good citizens these Mayo Irishmen enjoy. The Castlebar Board of Guardians are assembled in meeting.[1] Mr. J. Daly, J.P., is in the chair, and there is a numerous attendance. Mr. Conroy, master of the workhouse, presents a report:—

"On the 16th inst. I met Mr. Conor O'Kelly, M.P., and invited him to come in to see me"—into Mr. Conroy's apartments in the workhouse. "He promised to do so. I was checking the accounts for the month when he arrived. He had some friends with him. Immediately afterwards I was informed that *the workhouse was surrounded by the police, and that some of them were inside the gate.* I asked Sergeant Hanrahan, who appeared to be in charge of the men inside, to remove them, and this he refused to do. Two of the police *went round to the female side* of the house. They refused to leave also, and until the sergeant came round would not give their names. *I would have put all these police out by force if I had had force available, and went so far as to put my hand on some of their shoulders and ordered them out.* I consider it is my duty as master of this institution not to allow any person in without my permission or proper authority, and if men can station themselves on the female side of the house without leave, I can no longer be held accountable for any breach of morality that may occur. I may add that I assured the sergeant that Mr. O'Kelly's visit was of a private nature.

"Chairman—'To my mind when there is a gate there with a lock, the police should not be allowed in.'

"Mr. Conroy—'You have no force here to stop them, when thirty police or more come to the gate.'

[1] *Mayo News*, December 28, 1901.

"Chairman—'*And why didn't you remove them?* When Mr. Conor O'Kelly passed in I would stand at the gate, and close it against them, or *they would walk on my corpse.*'

"The chairman added that he had had some experience of the police conduct on the previous Monday, when Mr. Conor O'Kelly, Mr. Judge of Claremorris, and some others visited his house. It was reported to him that the police were perched on the water-closet at rear of his premises, inhaling the sweet perfumes of that private apartment. They got in through Mrs. O'Brien's, or some other yard adjoining, and were perched on the closet to try and hear what was going on."

Somebody suggested that the police be proceeded against.

"Mr. Mullen—'You might as well let them alone; there is no us in going to law with the devil, and the court in hell.'

"Mr. Conroy—'Suppose I had a few good strong men, and brought them with spades and pitchforks to put the police out, *what would be the consequence?* The conduct of those men was outrageous.'

"The following resolution prepared by the chairman was unanimously adopted—'Resolved—that we condemn and censure the conduct of the police who forced their way into the workhouse despite the efforts of the porter; they further forced their presence into the privacy of the female side of the house. We brand their conduct on the occasion as outrageous, uncalled for, and such as would not be tolerated by the government of any country in the world outside Ireland.'"

Let us suppose—a remote supposition—that Mr. Conroy had his "few good strong men with spades and pitchforks," what then? It would have been far better for everybody concerned than this degenerate viragoism. The police are not the only people who disrespect the authorities of the Castlebar Union Workhouse. Mr. Conroy has another complaint to make: "The matter

raised a big question as to the right of people to enter the workhouse. The other night a tramp came in without a ticket, made a blow at him (master) and smashed his knuckles against the wall."

The chairman said: "The tramp should not have been allowed in."

Mr. Conroy said: "It could not be avoided unless they put a lamp at the gate. The police rushed in so quickly after Mr. O'Kelly and Mr. Kirwan, and the others, that the gate could not be shut against them."

I should like to know whose knuckles it was that the tramp smashed. Even the tramps and vagrants despise those male termagants of Mayo. A lamp at the gate! The lamp of enlightenment requires to be lit all over Connaught. Can any one imagine a lower and more contemptible existence than that which our Mayo fellow-Catholics lead? Let us look into a meeting of their County Council, at which Mr. Daly, J.P., presides.[1] The solicitor informs the Board that a certain contractor is bound to put 600 boxes of stone and gravel on certain roads during the year, and that "at the present moment, three-fourths of the term of the contract not being up, he has put 502 boxes out, according to the measurement of a competent surveyor, while the assistant surveyor says he has only 284 boxes supplied." The "competent surveyor" is evidently an outsider; the assistant-surveyor being the county official for that district. It appears that the contractor does not give satisfaction to the county surveyor, and for the reasons stated by the assistant-surveyor. But it is also evident that the contractor is a *persona grata* with the Council. In order to clinch the matter on behalf of the contractor, one of the members is reported as stating that: "A short

[1] *Mayo News*, December 28, 1901.

time ago he heard the respected parish priest tell the assistant-surveyor that the streets were never in better condition, and that was stated in the presence of a district councillor," and he added that the contractor "was a most industrious man, and when a man of that class came before them and made a complaint that he has not met justice from the deputy county surveyor, his complaint ought to be investigated." The deputy-surveyor said "he was sorry he could not agree with what had been said. If he were to take the measurement given him by every contractor against the measurement of his assistant, he could not get on." But the final argument for the contractor is put in the shape of the following question: "On the last day I was on the street, did not the canon say as I have stated?" Thus we find those councillors appealing to the *obiter dictum* of the parish priest as against the report of the county surveyor, in reference to the condition of the county roads.

The Mr. Conor O'Kelly, M.P., referred to, represents North Mayo in the House of Commons, and is vice-chairman of the Board of Guardians, and had just been sentenced to a term of imprisonment—hence the anxiety of the police not to lose sight of him on the occasion of his visits to the workhouse and elsewhere!

I drove from Westport to Murrisk Abbey at the foot of Croagh Patrick Mountain one day, along the southern shore of island-studded Clew Bay, and passed Mallow Cottage, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William O'Brien. On the way we met a farmer and his family driving into Westport on an outside car. The driver pointed the man out to me with bated breath, and informed me he was "the bishop's brother." The particular bishop who reigns in that district is Archbishop MacEvilly of

Tuam. Owing no doubt to the distance of Westport from Tuam, and to the enormously expensive Catholic cathedral which has been erected at Tuam itself—and which must have exhausted most of the available building money in the diocese—the ecclesiastical architecture of Westport, except for an expensive new convent, is not obtrusive.

But the doings at this new convent at Westport sufficiently indicate the activity of the priests and nuns.

"The interesting and impressive ceremony of the profession of two nuns took place in the beautiful chapel of the Convent of Mercy, Mount St. Mary's, Westport. The two young ladies who made their vows and were professed nuns, thus having the great happiness of consecrating their lives to God, were Miss Margaret Delaney, in religion Sister Mary Ita (daughter of Mr. Michael Delaney, M.C.C., Ballyhaunis), and Miss Minnie Coyne (also of Ballyhaunis), in religion Sister Mary Genevieve. His Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, performed the ceremony, and was assisted by Rev. J. MacDermott, Adm., Tuam, and Rev. M. MacDonald, Adm., Westport. The following clergymen were present at the ceremony: Rev. J. P. Canning, P.P., Ballyhaunis; Rev. J. O'Toole, P.P., Kilmeena; Rev. M. M'Carthy, C.C., Westport; Rev. M. Hannon, C.C., Westport, &c., and other friends of the newly-professed nuns, who, after the ceremony, were entertained at a sumptuous *déjeûner* by the good sisters of the convent."[1]

Money must be provided for the dispensers of this "sumptuous *déjeûner*," and accordingly I find that on the day following this ceremonial,

"at a specially convened meeting of the Westport Rural District Council, Mr. P. J. Kelly, J.P., presiding, Rev. J. O'Toole, P.P., Kilmeena, attended to ask the Council

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, March 6, 1902.

to approve of the resolution he proposed at the County Technical Instruction Committee, that each district or parish should get the money levied on that district. He was interested in Kilmeena and Kilmaclasen, and he proposed that the money raised off these districts *be handed over to Mrs. Mary Columba Carr, the Rev. Mother of Westport Convent of Mercy.* He found he could not establish a technical school at once in his own parish, and that was his reason for proposing *that the money be handed over to Rev. Mother Carr.* He would also ask the Council to support the levy of one penny in the pound for technical education purposes. The Council *unanimously decided to approve of Father O'Toole's resolution,* and to levy the penny in the pound for the purpose of technical and agricultural instruction."

Could any illustration better exemplify the supremacy of the priest in Connaught?

We are informed that at this meeting—

"Mr. John Walsh, U.D.C., said, as far as the technical instruction business was concerned, they were all agreed that it was a good thing; but *as to the agricultural instruction he did not agree to it, and never would* (hear, hear). They had experience of the Congested Districts Board spending money in several districts, and so far it was a downright failure."

If agricultural instruction has proved useless in the hands of lay instructors, in a country inhabited exclusively by farmers, as Mr. Walsh describes, how can he hope that technical instruction *under the management of the nuns of the Convent of Mercy* will bear any fruit in a country where there are no manufactures, and where there is no opportunity for the pupils of putting into practice the theoretical instruction which will be given, even if that theoretical instruction were good of its kind? The technical instruction is as

yet a novelty; but the disillusionment concerning its advantages, under the management of priests and nuns, will arrive in due time.

I inquired whether there was a town-hall in Westport, and I was informed that the archbishop had purchased a vacant house and disposed of it to the commissioners, who formerly had no suitable place of meeting! The town of Westport is situated on the slopes rising up from both banks of the Westport River. It is as badly situated a town as one could well see. The Marquis of Sligo's demesne stands peremptorily between it and the bay. Below this demesne there is an anchorage for vessels, where the Westport River flows into Clew Bay. The locality there is known as the Quay, and it is separated from the town of Westport by the intervening demesne of the Marquis of Sligo. In order to reach the Quay from the town of Westport, one must traverse a road which winds round the demesne to the south, ascending an exceedingly steep hill as it leaves the town, and descending a precipitous decline as it reaches the Quay. There is a splendid level road from Westport to the Quay along the banks of the Westport River, but running through the centre of the Marquis of Sligo's demesne. With a generosity which is of vital importance to the townspeople of Westport, the Marquis of Sligo allows the free use of this private road for all sorts of traffic, vehicular and pedestrian, except on one day of the year, when the demesne gates are closed for the purpose of technically asserting his proprietorial right—and preventing the establishment of a public right of way.

Many of my readers will have heard of Major M'Bride, who was one of the officers of the Irish commando in the Boer war. He was a candidate for the representation of Mayo at the county convention, but was beaten

by Mr. William O'Brien's *protégé*, Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., much to the dissatisfaction of the M'Bride party. His mother lives at the Quay, and is proprietor of the principal shop there, which is managed by his brother, Mr. Patrick M'Bride, who is also chairman of the town commissioners of Westport. Another brother, Mr. Joseph M'Bride, is secretary to the harbour commissioners. They are both exceedingly smart men. In fact it would be hard for one to meet in a casual way two brighter, healthier, more intelligent, or better-looking men. I had a conversation with Mr. Patrick M'Bride, being interested in him on account of the notoriety of his brother at the moment. His shop and various places of business at the Quay do him credit, being scrupulously clean and well managed. In the course of my drive outside the town, I saw some land and cattle, which attracted my attention by reason of the excellence of their condition, and I discovered that they were the property of Mr. Joseph M'Bride, secretary to the harbour commissioners. I ventured to ask Mr. Patrick M'Bride whether his brother, Major M'Bride, now in Paris, was a *mauvais sujet*. His reply, delivered in a tone of unimpassioned aloofness, was: "I do not see how he can be; he was always a teetotaler, and he certainly had done nothing wrong before he left us." Looking at Patrick M'Bride, at Joseph M'Bride, at their shops and stores and lands, I felt forced to the conclusion that Major M'Bride did what he believed to be his duty in joining the Boers on commando when the war broke out. Patrick M'Bride informed me that his brother had been in South Africa for years before the outbreak of war. He also informed me that he had another brother, who was a sheep-farmer in Australia. In a word, the M'Brides are like an oasis of energy in the midst of a desert of human hopelessness. Their

brightly-kept place at the Quay is surrounded by gigantic disused stores, twelve or thirteen storeys high, erected at a time when an important grain business was done in Westport; but which now, in their deserted condition, look like antediluvian monsters, remnant of a bygone age, which the present-day pigmies of Westport are unable to utilise.

It seems the high-water mark of human perversity to find the West of Ireland people railing against England and everything English and British. At Westport station I saw an enormous train, full of splendid cattle, ready to start for Dublin for shipment to England; and when one meets a fat pig on the road, going towards the Quay, and inquires whither it is being driven, the answer is, *to catch the Glasgow boat.* In fact nearly everything which the people of the West can profitably produce finds its market in England. I saw a crowd of Achill Island people, waiting at the Westport station for the Achill train. They were all well dressed—indeed, barefooted, badly-dressed people are no longer to be found in Ireland, outside of Dublin. When western women go barefooted now, they do so for economy, just as Dublin ladies take the penny tram for the purpose of saving their boots; when they go badly clad, they do so to save their good clothes.

I saw a very well-dressed woman of about forty, smoking a nickel-spliced timber pipe. She kept the bowl of the pipe and half the stem covered with her hand, and emitted clouds of smoke from her mouth in the most unconcerned manner. Old crones smoking short, dirty, clay pipes are no novelty; but a well-dressed, youngish woman, with a flash timber pipe, struck me as something unusual.

A driver whom I engaged in the locality told me that his brother was fighting on the British side in

South Africa, and that the accounts he had from him went to show that General Buller was a "rale dacint man, a very good man for the min"; whereas Lord Roberts was a "bloody scamp." I inquired his reasons for an expression of opinion so totally opposite to the public judgment. His answer was that "Buller always told the min for never to put themselves in any danger, but for to come back to himself whinever they met any opposition." But the unfeeling "Roberts always gave perimptory orders for that the min were to go ahead and take the position, no matter how many of them were shot down or wounded in so doing." I ventured to remind him that it was a well-known fact that a master should never take the opinion of the working men in Ireland on the merits of a steward; and that the steward who would be a good man in the opinion of the labourers would be a very bad man for the master, and I explained that in this particular instance the British taxpayers were masters; that Lord Roberts or General Buller, as the case might be, was the steward, and that the soldiers were the working men. He agreed with me, but I feel sure he would have agreed with me with equal readiness if I had said the direct opposite.

One finds the Archbishop of Tuam—whose brother I was thus fortunate enough to have seen—like all the other Catholic bishops of Ireland, giving personal subscriptions of princely amounts for the building of churches in his diocese. The contrast between the vast episcopal subscriptions to churches in Connaught, as well as in the rest of Ireland, and the small individual sums given by the bulk of the laity, supplies a true index to the relative wealth of the clergy and the laity. We find, for instance, that when Canon M'Alpine wants to build his "Star of the Sea" church in this impoverished region, he receives a subscription of £60

from the Archbishop of Tuam; a subscription of £30 from the Rev. J. M'Dermot, C.A., one of the archbishop's administrators in Tuam; and £5 from the Rev. Thomas Brett, C.C., a curate in Clifden, close at hand. While the highest subscriptions received from the laity come from female national teachers, many of whom subscribe £2, 10s. each, if we except one or two anonymous donors of £5.[1]

There are occasional signs of restiveness amongst the poor lay folk in Connaught; a glimmering of a perception that all is not right with them; and that, perhaps, the fault does not entirely lie with the British Government. I find, for instance, one of the little Connaught papers printing the following in an article:—

"There were families so poor in Ireland that they reared the pig or the calf on the floor with themselves; they were so poor that they could not erect a shelter outside their house for these animals, whereas the Government had passed a sanitary law making it a punishable offence to keep them inside." Commenting upon this state of affairs, the newspaper had stated that "the Catholic religion is a miserable religion in some respects. . . . The clergy have kept the Bible from the people, and have been its sole exponents themselves, and expounded only its rewards of poverty." For thus writing, the newspaper informs us that "a Catholic and a Protestant clergyman have both desired us to send on their bills and close their accounts." The action of the subscribers elicited the following explanation: "Of the Catholic religion we said it is 'a miserable religion in *some* respects.' Of course, we meant *politically*, as the context shows. . . . If we could drive the pig from the poor man's bedside in Ireland, we should welcome the frown and even the anathema of every cleric of every persuasion in this land. . . . On religious policy, except where social and political interests are

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 1902.

involved, we should never even remotely reflect; but we are quite prepared to hear schemers and hypocrites tell us that such remarks as we may make are dictated by clerical animus."[1]

Our little newspaper, it is to be remarked, claims its right to discuss religious policy "where social and political interests are involved." But is it not evident to every reader of this chapter that "religious policy" in Connaught, no matter what particular phase of it we contemplate, is inseparably intermixed with "social and political interests"? It is a common assertion, indeed, both of the priests, and of many of the poor people themselves that, "if you took away their religion from them, they would have nothing left"! It is unfortunate that their religion should be all external observance—a thing apart from themselves—instead of being an inalienable portion of their beings, independent of time or place, and based upon conviction! There is, in truth, almost nothing but "religion" in this Connaught pandemonium. And out of that religion the priestly class extract whatever comfort, respect, authority and wealth there is to be had in Catholic Connaught; and out of it the laity only get trouble, mystification, and helplessness.

Let us examine some of the evidences of that mystification in the next chapter, and we shall afterwards return to Connaught.

[1] *The Galway Leader*, August 17, 1901.

CHAPTER XI

MASSES, MENDICANCY, AND MYSTIFICATION

"They shall throughly glean the remnant of Israel as a vine."
—JEREMIAH vi. 9.

WHEN the great reapers, namely, the Pope, the Archbishops, Bishops, Parish Priests, Curates, and the established Regular Orders, male and female, have shorn their crops, "both the barley harvest and the wheat harvest," their hundreds and thousands, in Ireland, the stray gleanings, the pounds, shillings, and pence, are not left for the poor, the stranger, the fatherless and the widow. The smaller priests and nuns then come on the field, and treat the remnant of Ireland as her enemies were wont to treat the daughter of Zion; they "glean her throughly" as a vine; and when they have done with her, there is not an atom left.

The Poor Souls' Friend and St. Joseph's Monitor is one of the gleaners which occupies a unique position amongst the world's Press. I have heard that there are papers published nowadays in the especial interest of every trade, profession, fashion, society, creed, rank, and class of human beings who inhabit the earth. But *The Poor Souls' Friend and St. Joseph's Monitor* claims for itself that it is published on behalf of and "devoted, as its name implies, to the interests of the Holy Souls in Purgatory." It is a monthly magazine, and "has been blessed by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII." The Irish clerics and laity are urgently invited to subscribe to it,

and it seems very cheap for a monthly magazine at 1s. 6d. per annum. Curious to say, it is not brought out in purgatory; or, if it is, it also has a terrestrial office, which is the only address it gives, viz., *Poor Souls' Friend*, Chudleigh, Devon—that great southern county, the home of the Devon worthies. Its advertisement informs the Irish people that—

"It is adapted to spiritual reading, both in the cloister and in every Catholic home. Its tone is bright and healthy, with a life-giving faith. As a literary composition it fairly ranks with our best classical periodicals. In the new series of the magazine will appear passages taken from the Revelations of St. Bridget of Sweden, on the state of the suffering souls in Purgatory, by the learned Benedictine Father Dom Adam Hamilton. These passages beautifully illustrate the doctrine of the Church in reference to the souls of the faithful departed. The Holy Souls appear before us in a new and startling light, imploring our compassionate help in their behalf, by prayers, almsdeeds, and sacrifices."

"Our Lady of Campocavallo" seems the latest continental phase in which the Blessed Virgin is brought before the Irish Catholics. It may interest the late Prime Minister, for Lord Salisbury was complimented recently by Lord Braye, one of the loud-braying herd of English Catholic peers, upon having "bowed his head" in the House of Lords when mentioning the Blessed Virgin's name. It is true that Lord Salisbury disclaimed the tender flattery. He had not been so chivalrous. And he got very angry about it, and told Lord Braye not to bray any more in that key. That bray must have been more effective than a lion's roar upon the Prime Minister, who, till then, seemed in such close touch with the herd. Well, amongst a host of others, the following sums have been received for the shrine at Campocavallo and the Sisters of Mercy, Portlaw:—

"A Poor Orphan Girl, 5d.; One who trusts in Our Lady of Dolours, 1s. for candles; Kate's petition, 3d.; Mrs. Culhane, 1s.; One who believes Our Lady of Dolours will obtain her requests, 9d."

At first one may not understand the use of such a charity in Ireland as The Homeless Child and St. Joseph's Union, New York, until one hears that—

"Certificates of membership and *Messenger* for year can be had from Mr. R. P. Keogh or Miss M. O'Reilly, Dublin. Subscription, 1s.; if by post, 1s. 1d. Spiritual advantage—5122 masses celebrated during year for intentions of members. Postal orders preferred."

With a powerful spiritual machinery, capable of turning out a hundred masses a week for its members, this society, seeing that masses are in such demand, ought to receive large support in Ireland. A hundred pounds to such a society would secure as many masses as a thousand pounds would obtain at home in the ordinary way.

Then there is

"The Mission of St. Peter and the English Martyrs, Leicester, which is without church, school, or presbytery. Mass said in a warehouse. £600 required at once. Please send offering to Rev. F. May, St. Peter's, Noble Street, Leicester."

Mass said in a warehouse! Seeing the flagrant way masses are bought at so many to the pound, why should they not be said in a warehouse? Or, rather, is not the noblest temple converted into a warehouse by such a traffic in masses?

The "Arch-Confraternity of St. Joseph, Protector of the Souls in Purgatory," is described as "a thoroughly Irish work." Its advertisement is surmounted by a large picture of a priest elevating the Host before an

altar, in the centre of which is St. Joseph, holding in his arms the infant Redeemer, and two lay figures kneeling outside the rails in an ecstasy of devotion. Its objects are—

"(1) To honour the glorious patriarch St. Joseph, as protector of the souls in purgatory; (2) to hasten the relief of the suffering souls by masses and other good works; (3) to provide for the priestly education of poor Irish boys for the Foreign Mission, where priests are badly wanted. These boys will be specially devoted to the interests of St. Joseph and of the Holy Souls."

I used to be instructed that St. Joseph was the patron of a happy death. Why then bracket him with those souls who have not gone to heaven? We are told that—

"All associates and friends of the Apostolic students should take the magazine of the arch-confraternity, *St. Joseph's Sheaf*, prepaid, 1s. annually, post free. *N.B.*—Besides many other spiritual privileges, masses, and plenary indulgences, those who annually subscribe £1 (or who join with three others in subscribing 5s. each) to the fund for supporting St. Joseph's Young Priests, have a share in seven additional masses each week (or 365 in the year), which are offered in Ireland for their special intentions. Address Secretary, Eblana Terrace, Kingstown."

Here is the result of one week's gleanings, the subscribers being all apparently ladies:—

"Mrs. Little, New Brighton, Monkstown (annual), £1; Y. A. M. (for the grace of a happy death), £1; Miss M'Donnell, Merrion Square, £1; Rev. Mother M. Benedict, St. Joseph's Convent, Perth, N.S.W., £1; 'Ballymote,' 5s.; A Mother, Doo Castle, county Mayo (quarterly instalments), 5s.; J. Dolan, Ballenalee, 5s.; An Unworthy Client of St. Joseph, Bandon (special intentions), 4s.; A Widow's Offering, £1; per M. Cole

(in thanksgiving), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Lawlor, Grumsmuklen, Hanover (in thanksgiving to St. Joseph for temporal favour), £5; per Sisters of Mercy, St. Michael's Hospital, Cork, Edmund R. Conron, Esq. (annual), £1; Niel A. Galway, Esq. (annual), £1; Mrs. Scully, 24 Victoria Street, Dublin, £1.

There is a new claimant for pecuniary gleanings, who bids fair to give St. Anthony of Padua some trouble, and carry off some of that great gleaner's clients. And that is "The wonder-worker of our days and patron of a good Confession, 'Blessed Gerard Majella,' post free—1 copy, 1½d.; 2 copies, 2½d.; 4 copies, 6d.; 12 copies, 10d. From the Manager, 11 Clonard Gardens, Belfast." The way Blessed Gerard is creeping into notoriety may be judged from the following announcements, in one of which he appears bracketed with the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony, and in the other of which he is credited with an achievement wrought solely by himself. It may be due in part to Belfast energy.

"E. de M. publishes thanks to Our Lady of Good Success, St. Anthony, and Blessed Gerard, for favour regarding confession." "A Scrupulous Soul returns thanks to Blessed Gerard for great peace of mind, after making a Jubilee confession, and asks his protection in the future."

Next we have a large advertisement at the head of which is a bust of our Saviour, and at the foot of which is a square stone with the Heart of Jesus surrounded by a crown of thorns engraved in the middle of it. It is about the "New Church of the Sacred Heart in North-East Kent," for which Francis, Bishop of Southwark, tells the Irish people that £500 is still needed. He says he has "almost gone beyond the bounds of prudence himself in granting substantial aid from diocesan resources" for the building of the church.

THE VISION OF MARGARET MARY

"Those who promote this Devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, never to be blotted out, &c." (p. 193).

"The centre one is a memorial window, and represents the apparition of the Sacred Heart to the blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque" (p. 217).

"The foundation-stone was laid on June 26, 1901," and, on that occasion, the Bishop of Southwark is quoted as having said: "It is evident that the great undertaking has the blessing of God upon it." Then follows a much more important quotation:—

"'Those who promote this Devotion shall have their names written in My Heart, never to be blotted out. I will be their *secure refuge* during life and, *especially, in death.*'—Promises of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary."

Father O'Sullivan adds for himself:—

"Good reader, send your mite and promote this Devotion in North-East Kent, the cradle of English Christianity. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing *co-operation* of all devout clients of the Sacred Heart in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each client is asked to send a small offering—to put a *few bricks* (ten a shilling), in the new church, as a little act of devotion to the Sacred Heart at the dawn of the twentieth century, which is to be the century of the Sacred Heart. Constant prayers and many masses for benefactors."

Nor does this exhaust the inducements to complete the £500 deficiency:—

"The Sisters in religion of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque send a stone from Paray-le-Monial for the new church of the Sacred Heart in North-East Kent, which was taken from the floor of the old infirmary in which the Blessed Margaret Mary for a long time carried out duties of charity by the side of the sick, and in which she herself died."

And for the allurement of weak vessels, who will not lead, but will only follow, Father O'Sullivan thus winds up:—

"Amongst those who have considered it *a privilege* to have a share in the work of raising up this new shrine of the Sacred Heart, and whose generous donations have made it possible to begin the work this first year of the twentieth century are: Lady Russell of Killowen, Lady Southwell, Lady Herbert of Lea, Lady Brompton, Lady Petre, Lady Mathew, Lady Bedingfield, Lady Austin, the Baroness Keatinge, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Bute (*R.I.P.*), the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Brampton (late Mr. Justice Hawkins), Lord Llandaff, Lord Vaux of Harrowden, Lord Southwell, Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, Mr. Justice Mathew, Sir Henry Bedingfield, and many others well known for their zeal in the interests of the ancient faith. *Where these lead in a work for that faith no Catholic need hesitate to follow.*"

I should think not indeed; but, then, why did they not finish the church? Who could hesitate to follow the Duke of Norfolk, the South African Lord Howard of Effingham? It may be a matter of marvel that I should dare to say that I have not an exalted opinion of the intellectual strength of the ex-Postmaster-General, who desires to restore the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. So far as I have an opportunity of judging, no man in England is being exploited for worse ends; and, I venture to say, on behalf of Catholic Ireland, that it is not because a man happens to be hereditary Earl Marshal of England that he is deserving of respect; or that his example should be followed. When Cardinal Vaughan pleases to show the hereditary Earl Marshal's paces, is it not always evident that the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., is ready to be led? That seems his *métier*. But he is not, therefore, fit to command, as Lord Howard nominally did, a Drake, a Hawkins, and a Frobisher, or to defeat a Spanish Armada sailing up channel to crush English Protestantism, and enslave the English realm.

Let us study the Duke of Norfolk at work:—

"Early on Friday morning, 26th July 1901, the remains of St. Edmund, king and martyr, which arrived from Rome on the previous night, were carried from the altar of the Fitzalan Chapel to the domestic chapel of Arundel Castle. During the night gold lamps, supplied by the Duke of Norfolk for great occasions, were used to light the altar in the Fitzalan Chapel. There was no sacred vigil, but nuns remained at prayer in the chapel till nearly midnight. At 8.30 the ceremony of removal was conducted by Cardinal Vaughan. The children of the Catholic school were formed in procession outside the Fitzalan Chapel and led the way through the park. Immediately following them walked acolytes and servers with candles lighting a way for the bier upon which the relics in a small casket were borne by the priests with six torch-bearers on either side. Behind these followed the cardinal in red cap and robe, the Duke of Norfolk, Lady Mary Howard, Archbishop Merry del Val, Archbishop Stonor, Bishop Brindle, D.S.O., the Bishop of Southwark, and the Bishop of Emmaus. In the castle chapel there was a short service. Mass was said by Dr. Bourne, followed by a short discourse on the character of St. Edmund by the cardinal.

"His Eminence commended St. Edmund to the veneration of Catholics, and explained that the Pope, out of his goodwill to England, had sent these sacred relics, which must be dear to all Englishmen, and the Pope had wished that till such time as the new cathedral at Westminster was ready to receive them, they should remain in the custody of the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England."

The Duke of Norfolk seems a modern Roman of "the Pope's set," rather than an Englishman. It was men of his type who paved the way for two great revolutions, in 1649 and 1688; and Englishmen should not like to see such men at the Post Office or in the Cabinet. It appears that a week or two after this demonstration,

it was proved that the relics could not possibly have been those of Edmund the martyr, but were spurious relics!

Our religion is not the only one that cultivates relics, and makes itself foolish over the devotion. It reminds me of the story told about the Prophets' Tombs in Syria:[1]—

"Once upon a time there was a great Sheikh Ali, a holy man, who kept a holy tomb of an ancient prophet. Men with sore eyes came to visit it and were cured. The earth around the tomb was carried off to be used as medicine. Women came and tied old rags on the limbs of the tree as vows to the wonderful prophet. Nobody knew the name of the prophet, but the tomb was called *Kubr en Nebi*, or Tomb of the Prophet."

Does not this correspond precisely to the proceedings at Knock? Even to carrying off the mortar of the walls, and using it as medicine. The Sheikh was becoming a rich man, and he had a faithful servant named Mohammed who grew tired of living in the same place all his life, and asked his master's permission to leave. Sheikh Ali "gave him his blessing, and presented him with a donkey. He went through cities, and towns, and villages, and at last came out on the mountains east of the Jordan in a deserted place. Tired, hungry, and discouraged, poor Mohammed lay down by his donkey on a great pile of stones and fell asleep. In the morning he awoke, and, alas, his donkey was dead!" Mohammed covered the corpse of the donkey with a pile of stones, so that it might not be devoured by the jackals and vultures. And he sat down and wept by the remains.

A wealthy *hajji* or pilgrim happened to pass by on his return from Mecca, and surprised at seeing the man

[1] "Pictured Palestine," by James Neil.

all alone in the wilderness, came up to him and asked why he was crying. The ready-witted Eastern liar replied, "Oh, *hajji*, I have found the tomb of a holy prophet, and I have vowed to be its keeper, but I have no money and I am out of provisions, and I am in great distress, but notwithstanding I will not desert the tomb of the prophet." The wealthy pilgrim gave Mohammed a rich present, and spread the news of the new prophet's tomb wherever he went, and "pilgrims thronged to the spot with rich presents and offerings." After a time Mohammed increased in fame and wealth, and the Prophet's Tomb became one of the great shrines of the land. At length Sheikh Ali heard of the great success of this new Prophet's Tomb. He paid a visit to it, and recognised in its keeper his old servant, Mohammed. Having got Mohammed alone with him, he pressed him to tell him who the prophet was in honour of which the shrine was built, and Mohammed said, "My honoured Sheikh, you remember having given me a donkey? This is the tomb of that donkey." Then Mohammed asked Sheikh Ali to impart to him what was the *sirr* (mystery) of *his* Prophet's Tomb. Sheikh Ali whispered to Mohammed, "And my holy place is the tomb of your donkey's father!" "Mashallah," said Mohammed, "may Allah bless the beard of the holy donkeys!"

The poor Catholics in Ireland are constantly informed that the "brightest intellects" in England are coming over to the St. Anthony and Blessed Gerard devotions every day. It is disappointing to learn that those "bright intellects" are always to be found in the House of Lords—an assembly which does not get credit for brightness—especially so when there are but three Roman Catholic members for all Great Britain in the House of Commons:—

"A legal correspondent writes that Lord Rosebery, in his latest speech on the Royal Declaration Bill, contrived to pay a handsome compliment to a well-known judge: 'It is supposed that men only join the Church of Rome in early life?' he asked. 'There is—I hope I may be pardoned for the allusion—one of the brightest intellects of this House, a Law Lord, who gave in his adhesion to the Church of Rome long after he had passed the ordinary span of years.' Lord Rosebery referred, of course, to Lord Brampton (better known as Sir Henry Hawkins)."[1]

It would be more convincing to me if Sir Henry Hawkins had come over to us when he was a younger man. But if all the rich old gentlemen in England, over seventy years of age, whether they be dukes or judges, chose to become Roman Catholics, it would not atone for the loss inflicted on humanity in Ireland by such practices as I describe, by which the minds of the male and female youth of an intelligent race are dwarfed and warped at the outset of their lives. It is not to deliver such a message that his king and country will ever say to the talented ex-premier and future prime minister:—

"Come, Rosebery, from Dalmeny's shade."

But enough of those rich English noblemen for the present; let us return to the gleaners in Ireland.

Under the multitudinous headings: "Ireland's Consecration to the Sacred Heart," "The Lamp at the Holy Shrines," "Commemorating the Jubilee," "£20, 4s. 1d. Still Needed," "For the Permanent Burning of Ireland's Lamp at the Shrine of Jerusalem," are acknowledged a number of subscriptions, half-sovereigns, five-shilling pieces, half-crowns, and shillings from such persons as, "A Lady (for a special intention)," "M.D. (in thanksgiving)," "A sincere lover of St. Joseph," "S. M. B. (for

[1] *Irish Catholic*, August 10, 1901.

repose of persons departed, *R.I.P.*)," and many others. "All those who are subscribers or joint subscribers to the fund obtain a share in the 365 masses, which are said annually for the benefactors of St. Joseph's young priests. Smaller sums will be also gratefully acknowledged." And that is holy Ireland's infantile manner of participating in the Christian work which is going on in Palestine.

Here is a circular addressed to myself by post, and accompanied by a most revolting picture of the Holy Face, said to be *Vera effigies sacri vultus D. N. Jesu Christi*:—

"*Proposed Sanctuary in honour of the Holy Face and Five Wounds of Jesus.*

"1902.

"DEAR FRIEND,—In honour of the Holy Face and Five Wounds of Jesus help me to erect an altar in Rushden, an outlying district of this Mission of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Wellingborough. The Bishop of Northampton blesses this appeal. Think! There are little Catholic Children growing up in Rushden without Mass, without the Sacraments and without Religious Instructions! Christ says, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me.' May these Holy Words lead you to help me to build a Sanctuary in honour of the Holy Face and Five Wounds of Jesus, and for the Salvation of Souls at Rushden. Blessed Medals and Pictures of the Holy Face can be obtained of me.

"REV. B. MURRAY.

"Sufficient address is Wellingboro', England.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered up for you and all who read this letter."

I suppose the following special prayer which accompanies the circular has reference to the coronation oath which the pious *Freeman* always deals with under the heading of "The King's Blasphemy":—

"I salute Thee, I adore Thee, and I love Thee, O Jesus my Saviour, outraged anew by blasphemers, and I offer Thee, through the heart of Thy blessed Mother, the worship of all the Angels and Saints, as an incense and a perfume of sweet odour, most humbly beseeching Thee, by the virtue of Thy sacred Face, to repair and renew in me and in all men Thy image disfigured by sin.—Amen. *Pater, Ave, Gloria.*"

Here is another postal appeal addressed to me:—

"The Festival of the Glorious St. Joseph, the Catholic Church, Easingwold, Yorks. Seven Novenas of Masses (63 Masses), in honour of the Seven Sorrows and Seven Joys of the Glorious Patriarch, St. Joseph, will begin in the Catholic Church, Easingwold, on 10th March, and end on 18th March. St. Theresa tells us in the sixth chapter of her life, '*that she never asked anything of him* (*St. Joseph*) *either for body or soul that he denied her.*' Here is now our opportunity to storm heaven *through the intercession of St. Joseph. Any intention of a* private *or* public *nature for* spiritual *or* temporal *favours may be included by each individual; and if sent will be placed at the feet of St. Joseph's statue during the Novenas. The names of any particular persons* (*living or dead*) *whom any one may wish specially prayed for, if sent, will also be placed at the feet of his statue.* In return a *small* donation, *no matter how small,* is humbly asked to help this little country school to repair God's house, and other work. All the petitions sent will remain at the feet of St. Joseph's statue."

There are curiosities in religion no less than in literature, and there are *virtuosos* in the matter of masses and indulgences no less than in the world of pictures, books, china, violins, and curios. "Urgent" is an Irish virtuoso, and a zelatrice is a curiosity of religion in Ireland, thus: "*Urgent* would feel obliged if any one would send her the address of a zelatrice for

the Œuvre Expiatoire, as for the last two months she is anxious to have a Gregorian mass offered for the Holy Souls; also the honorarium necessary for getting the Gregorian masses offered." So wrote the editor of *The Irish Catholic* on 20th April 1901, and in the same column, lower down: "Crozier Indulgence (reply to several correspondents).—There is no house of the Canons of the Holy Cross in these countries. We shall endeavour to find out where the nearest house on the Continent is situate, and publish in our next issue." But there was not wanting a good Irishwoman, a disciple of this mass-buying cult, down the country, who was able to solve the intricate problem; and, with amiable modesty, the editor leaves it all to Mrs. W. and other correspondents. In the following week's issue of his paper, we find—

"*Œuvre Expiatoire* and Crozier Beads.—We have received the following letter: 'Main Street, Glin, county Limerick. Sir,—I enclose the required address, and shall feel thankful if the person who receives it shall mention from whom they got it when writing. Also I enclose the address where the Crozier Beads can be procured. The Canons of the Holy Cross are established at the under-mentioned address, but the beads can be got through the medium of the London address, also enclosed.—I remain, yours truly,

"'Mrs. E. M. W.'"

I should never have imagined that we lacked, in Ireland, the Œuvre Expiatoire, Canons of the Holy Cross and Crozier Beads; but an Irish lady is able to give every detail of information required about their whereabouts, and a public address of a zelatrice is also added: "A correspondent has also kindly written to inform us that Miss MacD., Adelaide Road, Dublin, is a zelatrice for the Œuvre Expiatoire." I had no idea

there was a zelatrice in the neighbourhood! "Another correspondent informs us that the Crozier Beads can be had from the Rector, Presbytery, St. David's, 24 Charles Street, Cardiff." Then comes the gist of the matter: "If Urgent sends stamped addressed envelope to us we will forward letter received from a Nottingham correspondent, giving all particulars as to Gregorian masses, &c." Why could not this difficult and recondite work be done in Ireland, and the "honorarium" kept at home? The advantage of having these "crozier beads" appears to be that you can get the indulgence attached to saying the rosary without saying the rosary at all. They are, therefore, but one additional incentive to Irish Catholics to shirk duty and to scamp work; and these new-fangled beads will do their share in worm-eating our integrity and corrupting our national character. The indulgences attached to crozier beads are:—

"(1) The Papal Indulgences, ten in number, may be acquired for oneself or applied to the souls in purgatory. (2) The Bridgetine Indulgences, ten in number. (3) The Dominican Indulgences, four in number. (4) The Crozier Indulgences, or an indulgence of 500 days for every Pater and Ave said on the beads. *To gain this indulgence it is not necessary to say any entire Rosary, nor even a decade of it.* An indulgence of 500 days is gained by the recital of Our Father or Hail Mary.

"Of all the indulgences attached to the Rosary, this indulgence of 500 days is certainly one of the richest and the easiest to gain, *because it is not necessary either to meditate on the Divine mysteries of the Rosary, nor to recite all the Rosary, not even an entire decade.* A single Hail Mary said amid occupations, on no matter which bead of these Rosaries, will gain this indulgence of 500 days. The impossibility which one often finds of reciting the entire Rosary, and thus gaining the indulgence of the Rosary, or of Saint Bridget, should

make this indulgence of the Crozier Fathers *particularly dear to all the faithful who are desirous of gaining a great number of indulgences,* and of thus assisting the souls in purgatory."

I cannot conceive a greater abuse of religion, a baser kind of familiarity with God, than all this discloses as existing and thriving amongst us. What a frame of mind our Irish Catholic womenfolk are getting into? Take "Marie," for instance: "Marie wants to know if there is any Society or Archconfraternity of St. Michael Archangel, and where established, as she wants to join." As if there were not confraternities enough and to spare. How morbid the religious appetite grows!

We now come to the master-gleaner, or rather to him whose name is the shibboleth of the largest crowd of gleaners from the lean pockets of the credulous Irish Catholic laity, namely, Saint Anthony of Padua. If you miss anything in your house, the untidy servant who, probably, has mislaid it, will tell your wife to "pray to St. Anthony for it, and he'll be sure to tell you where it is." St. Anthony is used as a cover for all sorts of begging appeals. Cardinal Logue and Archbishop Walsh do not need to pray to St. Anthony when they want to find money; such business as that is left to the smaller fry with whom we are now dealing. Yet, curious to say, St. Anthony's followers do not seem able to find nearly as many shillings as the hierarchy can discover pounds! Let us take the gentlest of the St. Anthony appeals, piped in a very dulcet insinuating key, from that big monastery, which is supported at Crawley in Sussex by the Pope, and which covers acres of merry England's ground, and is as much out of place as an ichthyosaurus would be in a cotton mill.

The Crawley monks tell the Irish Catholics how they stand about the St. Anthony business:—

"The Guild of St. Anthony was founded in 1895 by the Fathers of the English Franciscan Capuchin Province, with the approval of the heads of the province and the blessing of the Lord Bishop of Southwark and of his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan. Since then it has been solemnly considered at Rome by the Supreme Rulers of the Order, and not only approved, but so assimilated to the whole Order of St. Francis, that all members of the Guild become actual sharers in the prayers, masses, mortifications, and good works of all Capuchin Friars Minor throughout the world. In 1896 the Holy See, by documents, the originals of which are in Crawley Monastery, granted divers plenary and partial indulgences to all members, as may be seen on the cards of membership. Mass is said every Tuesday at St. Anthony's Shrine exclusively for members of the Guild. A special mass is said once a month for promoters, and prayers are said daily by the community for all who send petitions to the shrine."

I call that particular appeal mild; it adds, "Offerings sent for bread are given to the *real* poor." They probably find it hard now in Sussex to get "real poor" —that class which, we were told, was so numerous *before* the suppression of the monasteries in England; and in whose interests, we were told, the monasteries ought to have been maintained; but who happily seem to have disappeared from England along with the monasteries. I wish the monasteries and the poor would disappear from Ireland; for there is no more necessity, unhappily, for talking of "real poor" in Ireland than of "real ice" in Spitzbergen.

"Guild medals in aluminium at 3d. and in silver at 2s. each, and the 'Manual of St. Anthony,' revised, and with the addition of Epistles and Gospels, 350 pages. A perfect Prayer Book, cloth, 1s.; leatherette, red edges, 2s. net; postage 3d., can be had on application to the

Guild centre at Crawley. *Any cheques and money orders sent should be made payable to the* V. Rev. Anselm Kenealy, The Monastery, Crawley, Sussex."

They could not wind up without cheques. This Crawley Monastery is one of the Pope's ways of demonstrating that he has not yet relinquished his hold upon England. How would English workmen and workwomen like to have a thousand of such institutions dotted over the face of their country, dominating it, taking precedence of all industry, living in idleness upon the sweat of the people's brows, diverting the thoughts of the youth from upright work and cheerful self-helpfulness to the gloominess and despair of hell and purgatory, making cowards of the English race? That is what we have to bear in Catholic Ireland to-day, *pace* the Duke of Norfolk.

Next comes a St. Anthony appeal, at the head of which is a picture: *Pope Leo XIII. blesses and indulgences the Association of St. Anthony of Padua.* The Crawley monks called their society the "Guild"; while we now have the Nottingham priests begging for the "Association" of St. Anthony. They tell the Irish Catholics that they have got "St. Anthony's Altar Shrine at Nottingham," and that "A Novena of Masses in honour of Our Lady of the Angels and of St. Anthony of Padua, the great miracle-worker, will begin on 25th July and end on 2nd August. Those who wish to join should send their written petitions, to be placed at the shrine, at once to the Rev. Director-General, Father Ignatius Beale, T.O.S.F., St. Anthony's House, Nottingham, England." Those written petitions will naturally put the owners of the shrine in possession of much valuable information. The object of the Association is "to maintain and increase devotion to St. Anthony at his Altar Shrine at Nottingham," and "the full name

and address of every associate must be sent to the Director-General for enlistment in the register (say whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)." Those names and addresses, in conjunction with the petition, should prove very useful. *St. Anthony's Brief*, *St. Anthony's Manual*, and *St. Anthony's Journal*, are published by this Nottingham community, and the proprietors can afford a whole column advertisement in a special position.

Next we find the announcement "St. Anthony appeals to the Poor." The Crawley monks said that *their* St. Anthony appeals *for* the poor. This London St. Anthony does the reverse: "To the generous Irish, St. Anthony is making an appeal for help for a poor mission in England, with £2000 debt. May he touch their hearts, especially the hearts of the Tertiaries, to answer the appeal, and send an offering to the Rev. Wm. Thompson, St. Anthony of Padua, Anerley, S.E." One should be inclined to suppose from this that it would be rather hard to get at the tertiaries, in the opinion of the Rev. Mr. Thompson; but I venture to say, notwithstanding, that more nuggets will be found in the tertiary strata of Father Thompson's claim than in the primary or secondary.

So far for the gleaners themselves; let us now analyse the gleanings for a few moments:—

"The Sisters of Mercy, Gort, co. Galway, gratefully acknowledge the following donations for St. Anthony's bread: Lover of St. Anthony, 6d.; Maggie, 6d.; M. R., 1s. (intentions prayed for); B. M., 6d. in thanksgiving; L. A. M., 3d. (requests complied with); Mary, 2s. 6d.; M. G., 1s. in thanksgiving; Ale, 2s. in thanksgiving; M. W., Rothesay, 2s. (intentions prayed for). The prayers of the poor, the children, and sisters are daily offered for kind donors." *Ale* seems a curious pseu-

donym to adopt. "The Sisters of Mercy, Kinvara, co. Galway, gratefully acknowledge the following donations for St. Anthony's bread: An Unhappy Client of St. Anthony, 1s.; M. K., Ashton-on-Tyne, 6d.; Ignatius, 6d.; Sydiate, 3s.; One Who Trusts in St. Anthony, 1s.; K. M., St. Anthony's Client, 2s. 6d. Fervent prayers are daily offered by the sisters, the poor and the children for all who request prayers." "The Rev. Fr. Donovan, Kirtling, Newmarket, England, begs to acknowledge with grateful thanks the receipt of the following offerings for masses: A. H., 7s. 6d.; A Child of Mary, 2s. 6d. May God bless and reward them." "'Dolores' gratefully acknowledges the following donations for an altar in honour of the Sacred Heart in a poor convent: Received per *Irish Catholic*, One Who Trusts in St. Anthony, 6d.; D. M. (Naas), 1s.; Helpless Orphan, 1s." One would suppose that a helpless orphan could find better use for a shilling.

"The Religious of the Sacred Heart, 18 Lower Leeson Street, Dublin," who reside in what used to be the princely town house of Lord Ardilaun, "gratefully acknowledge the following donations for St. Anthony's bread: A Member of the Sodality of the Holy Rosary, 6d.; One in Trouble, 2s.; W. D., 3d.; A Servant, 2s.; Meath (thanksgiving), 6d.; One Who Trusts in the Sacred Heart, 9d.; One in Trouble, 2s.; A Client of St. Anthony (thanksgiving), 3d.; One Who Has Obtained a Reward, 5s.; 'Inistioge' (thanksgiving), 2s.; A Believer in Prayer to St. Anthony, 3d.; M. Bergin, 8d.; A Poor Woman, 2d.; S. M'Donnell, 1s.; J. M., 1s.; W. D., 3d." "The Sisters of Mercy, Lower Baggot Street, Dublin, gratefully acknowledge the following donations for St. Anthony's bread: 3d. from a Westmeath Lass, to obtain a special temporal favour; 2s. from Anonymous, to obtain a favour wanted from St. Anthony; 1s. from Anonymous; 2s. from S. B. in fulfilment of a promise to St. Anthony for requests granted." Poor Westmeath lass! "The Sisters of the Presentation Convent, Mount St. Joseph's, Oranmore, co. Galway, return most grateful thanks for the following donations

towards St. Anthony's bread: per *Irish Catholic*, 1s. M. M., Meath; K., 6d., in thanksgiving for a favour, co. Kerry; M. T. O'C., 1s. 6d., to obtain a much-needed favour through St. Anthony's intercession; A Poor Orphan, 1s., to obtain a much-needed temporal favour, Kilcock; Catherine, 2s. 6d. (mass has been offered for your intentions); 6d. for St. Anthony's bread; Croome, 1s., in thanksgiving for a temporal favour. Special prayers are daily offered by the sisters, school children, and poor for all the intentions requested by kind donors." I pity that poor orphan from Kilcock sending his or her shilling to Oranmore to obtain a much-needed temporal favour! "The Sisters of Mercy, Arklow, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following donations for St. Anthony's bread for the poor: A Client of St. Anthony, Rathdrum, 1s.; A Grateful Client of St. Anthony, Waterford, 5s.; small sums for various intentions, 1s. 6d. Special prayers are offered daily, and a general communion once every month by the community for the intentions of benefactors, also a general communion for deceased benefactors. A lamp is kept burning before a statue of the saint, and the prayers of the poor are secured for the same intention." Note the use of the word "secured." How do they "secure" the prayers of the poor? "The Sisters of Mercy, Portlaw, co. Waterford, return most grateful thanks for the following donations for St. Anthony's bread: Mrs. Ramsey, 1s.; Mary A. (Waterford), 3d.; Mrs. Knight, 5s.; J. Gribbon, 1s.; S. Craig, 1s.; Mooncoin Bakery, bread, 1s.; Miss Kennedy, 2s.; E. C. H., in thanksgiving for favours received, 2s.; Mrs. Smyth, 4d. The holy sacrifice of the mass will be offered on 15th August for all intentions of donors, and a novena in honour of Our Lady's Assumption for the special intentions recommended to the prayers of the sisters."

The Mooncoin Bakery was quite right to send bread. If every other client of St. Anthony did the same, his cult would soon disappear from the advertising columns of the religious press in Ireland.

But why pursue the theme? Miles of such announcements could be compiled, and, insignificant as the individual sums subscribed may appear, the sum total, acknowledged and, above all, unacknowledged, comes to a very large amount of money in the year, extorted from a struggling people under representations which make one blush for one's fellow-religionists, from the Duke of Norfolk and Cardinal Vaughan down to the smallest of the mendicants. Would that they were all scourged out of this, our little emerald temple, Ireland, who thus prey upon the credulity of such poor people as the following:—

"One Who Believes in St. Anthony publishes thanks for requests." "M. M. publishes, according to promise, a very much-needed favour obtained after seeking the intercession of St. Anthony." "A Client of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour publishes, according to her promise, the obtaining of a great temporal favour for a loved brother. Is having mass offered in thanksgiving." "A lover of the Holy Souls writes to suggest that a box for offerings for masses for the souls in purgatory be placed in some conspicuous place at meetings of the Children of Mary." "Unworthy Client (Fethard) publishes, according to promise, thanks to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and St. Anthony for favours obtained." "A lover of Jesus, Mary, and St. Joseph asks readers to pray for certain intentions, and promises to pray for them in return." "A Client of the Sacred Heart asks readers to say one Hail Mary in thanksgiving for a favour received."

What can be the mental calibre of the individuals who address the following appeal to such credulous people as the inserters of the above announcements:—

"Contributions are earnestly solicited, and will be received by the Editor of the *Irish Catholic*, to erect an Altar in honour of the Sacred Heart in a Poor Con-

vent. A novena of Masses will be offered for all who contribute, and their names will be placed in the altar. Novenas in honour of the Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Dolours, St. Joseph, and St. Anthony will also be offered for their intentions. Do not refuse to send even a small offering for love of the Sacred Heart."

I could not have believed that such sordid, persistent, petty money-grubbing existed in the British Isles. One feels appalled by it; and our young people fly across the Atlantic from shame of it.

"The Sisters of Charity, Mount St. Anne's, Milltown, county Dublin, gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following for St. Anthony's bread: One who trusts in St. Anthony, 1s.; M. J. Paisley, 6d.; A Long Sufferer, 1s. 6d.; A Troubled Parent, 1s.; Anon., 6d. The intentions shall receive a share in their prayers. The Sisters place the names of those who thus aid the poor in the intention-box under the Statue of St. Anthony, and they are daily prayed for by the poor and community. Special prayers are offered up every evening in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, in honour of St. Anthony, for those who subscribe."

One could fill ten times as many pages as the works of Shakespeare occupy with such extracts. Those which I have given are not selected, they are all taken from *one* number of *The Irish Catholic*, before alluded to, dated 27th July 1901, chosen haphazard. It is a weekly penny newspaper containing eight pages, as large as *The Standard* or *Daily News*, and published in Dublin in the office where the famous and cultured *Nation* had to be discontinued. And my extracts are only a portion of what that single number contains!

What is Mr. Hooley's opinion of the following? Did it ever occur to him to try St. Anthony with any of his prospectuses? "Promoter returns thanks to St.

Anthony of Padua for temporal favours, and asks readers to join in thanksgiving." St. Anthony is kept up to date; for we are at liberty to infer that he is making a bid even for the support of company promoters? And now a few other extracts from the next following number of the *Irish Catholic*, to show how the trade goes on steadily week by week:—

"A penitent publishes, in fulfilment of promise, thanks to Blessed Gerard for graces received regarding confession." "Delia *publishes, according to promise*, a cure from a very severe disease, after praying to Our Lady of Dolours, St. Anthony, and Blessed Peter Alcantara." "Unworthy Client publishes, according to promise, thanks to Blessed Gerard for temporal favour for a brother." "Client of Holy Family publishes thanks, according to promise, to Blessed Gerard for temporal favour for a brother." "Client of Holy family publishes thanks, according to promise, to Blessed Gerard for help received regarding confession." "Corkonian, according to promise, publishes thanks to our Blessed Lady of Campocavallo, St. Anthony, and St. Philomena for a cure." "One in Great Difficulties wishes to make known having received favours through Blessed Gerard Majella, after making novena, and *promising to publicly acknowledge if granted.* She begs all who read this to say three Hail Marys in his honour." "The Sisters of Charity, Stella Maris, Howth, co. Dublin, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following donations for St. Anthony's bread for the poor: 2s. in honour of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, from A Child of Carmel; 6d. from an Anxious Mother for the conversion of a wild son, One who trusts in St. Anthony; 2s. in honour of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, thanksgiving and asking prayers for the recovery of a Mother, Ballybay, co. Monaghan; 2s., asking the prayers of the Community for a particular intention, co. Limerick; 1s. for a very special intention; 3d. from Katie H.; 6d. from A Child of Mary; 6d. from Mary; 5d. from Hopeful; 5d. from J. L. Stella Maris

is a branch of St. Anthony's Association. Three hundred and sixty-five Masses are offered yearly at the tomb of St. Anthony, Padua, for the members."

We cannot better part company with St. Anthony of Padua, than by quoting an extract from *St. Anthony's Messenger* :—

"Among the glorious virtues of St. Anthony of Padua his virginal purity holds a foremost place. That is the reason why he is usually represented with a lily in his hand; it was this particular virtue, too, which won for him the caresses of the Holy Child. Yet, like every other child of Adam, he had to fight and pray to defend it and preserve it inviolate. His first care was to place it under the protection of the Immaculate Mother Mary. To induce us to adopt this practice of St. Anthony, which, by the way, he himself recommended to others as a means of preserving their purity unsullied, the Holy Father has enriched it by the grant of an indulgence of 100 days, to be gained once a day. This favour was accorded on 20th May 1893. It is important to note that the indulgence is attached to the practice itself of St. Anthony, consequently, in order to gain the indulgence the 'Hail Mary' must be preceded by the invocations which are as follows: (1) *Virgin before the birth, pray for us.* Hail Mary, &c. (2) *Virgin at the moment of the birth,* pray for us! Hail Mary, &c. (3) *Virgin after the birth, pray for us.* Hail Mary, &c."

I do not know how that style of prayer coming from the lips of a man will strike Protestants; but, to me, a Catholic and an ordinary man of the world, and a married man who is the father of children, it sounds revolting, to thus picture a young mother at such a crucial moment of her existence; and, above all, the mother of Christ the Redeemer; and for such a purpose.

I have mentioned company-promoting in connec-

tion with the St. Anthony traffic. It really would not surprise me to hear of a "St. Anthony, Limited," being floated off upon a substantial capital by some enterprising Order, under Papal Indulgence. For I find two whole column advertisements, issued by the Nottingham house before referred to; one column of which is entirely devoted to the announcement: "Promoters wanted for the Association of St. Anthony." And the appeal for "promoters" is based upon a lengthy statement, headed "Papal Approbation and Origin of the Brief of St. Anthony of Padua," and signed "Fr. Louis Laner, Minister-General of the Friars Minor, Rome, Convent of St. Anthony, 9th Feb. 1900."[1]

And let us close this summary, this mere sample of the trade, with a begging appeal from England to Ireland:—

"Help! Help! Help! For the love of God, help us. Our old Mission, established in 1446, has been destroyed two years ago. Help to found a new one. Contributions to the Building Fund thankfully received by Right Rev. A. Riddell, Bishop of Northampton, or Rev. Maurice Carton, Olney, Bucks, England."

Those who have read this chapter will, perhaps, understand what the point of view is, from which the mystified, stay-at-home Irish Catholics regard their fellow-citizens of Great Britain. Is it any wonder that they sneer at the sentiment of Thomson's poem, as the mere raving of a nation which is foredoomed to hell?

"When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves."

[1] *Irish Catholic*, April 20, 1901.

Englishmen may gather from the foregoing facts how little the perplexed Catholic Irish know of such a sentiment as that, coming from a land where the priests would starve but for the support of the faithful Irish.

Lest any of my readers should make the mistake of supposing that I look upon the events thus briefly sketched, as being in the faintest degree humorous, let me assure the reader that such is far from being the case. If ridicule could kill practices so hurtful to our national character, and if I possessed the gift either of humour or sarcasm, I should not hesitate to use that gift with deadly intent; but, beyond the earnest wish to end the disastrous traffic, I have no feeling but one of heartfelt sorrow at its existence.

Those practices constitute the "heritage of the faith" upon which our bishops and priests so flatter us. To my mind such devotions do not bear witness to faith in God, but rather to distrust of God. The Christians of the Reformed Churches believe that the death of Christ purchased salvation for all mankind who accept the gift. They prove their faith by accepting that assurance of salvation. Emboldened by that faith, and with minds at ease, they go forward to grapple courageously and triumphantly with the problems of life. That is faith.

But we have no faith. Our piety is an elaborate series of subterfuges by which we attempt to escape the duty of good conduct in life, and ultimately hope to deceive the Divine Omniscience. That is self-deception, and it leads to failure and ruin.

Roche, Dublin.

A Pastor and his Flock

"It is not the firm of Salvatti, from Venice . . . It is rather some strong, sensible man, &c." (p. 218).

CHAPTER XII

IN CONNAUGHT (*continued*)

LET us return for a little while to Connaught, for it is the most unhappy province in Ireland. The vast proportions of the annual migration of harvesters to England may be gathered from Sir Ralph Cusack, chairman of the Midland Great Western Railway. Speaking in January 1902, he said:—

"Of harvest men we carried 1994 less than in the corresponding half year, losing £157. I believe that a great number of harvest men that went to England last year remained there and got employment, filling the vacancies made by a number of persons who went to the war. Six hundred Irishmen that went over last year are now employed in the city of Liverpool."

What an alarming prospect for Bishop Clancy; but what a blessed relief to those 600 men to have got out of the Connaught pandemonium for good! Vast numbers of harvest men go to England by steamer from Westport, Sligo, and Galway, in addition to those who travel by train. In 1901, 15,318 people migrated thus from the province of Connaught to Great Britain. But apart from these, the number of emigrants who left Connaught permanently in 1900 was 14,060, the figure having been constantly increasing for six years from 8438, at which it stood in 1894, to 14,060 in 1900. Would that an equal proportion of the bishops, monsignors, canons, priests, and nuns had also disappeared from the province. But while the best of the laity go

on emigrating, the clergy, male and female, continue to increase. In fact Connaught is like a "shrunk shank," for which its clerical hose has grown "a world too wide." But Archbishop MacEvilly and his five colleagues have no idea of retrenchment in the presence of such facts. To quote one proof of this, out of many, we find

"the beautiful memorial church to the late Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly, Bishop of Elphin, after four years of building operations, now rapidly approaching completion." It is cold comfort for the poor families of Connaught, who cannot afford to build an outhouse for their pigs, to learn that "in point of architectural beauty it will be a splendid addition to the many fine church buildings erected throughout Ireland during the past twenty years." A consideration of the heroic labours of Monsignor M'Loughlin will appeal to them: "The undertaking, having regard to the many calls of the people of the diocese, was a heavy responsibility, but the Right Rev. Monsignor M'Loughlin faced it, encouraged by the spirit of his people." The beauty of the new structure must suffice to console the suffering peasantry: "The clerestory window and the window over the organ gallery illustrate pictorially a new litany of the Sacred Heart, approved of by the Holy See. They are marvellously beautiful and finished."[1]

Gaelic revivalists will be cheered by the announcement that the "inscriptions at the foot of each window are in Irish." And the beauty of this new church is thus gloated upon, at a time when their better judgment should have induced its erectors to hide their diminished heads:—

"The window of St. Joseph's Chapel is an excellent piece of work. It represents the death of St. Joseph. The glass is antique, and is known technically as pot metal, bright in colour and elaborately painted. This will be used as the Mortuary Chapel, hence the selection

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, January 31, 1902.

of the subject. Balancing this, on the other side of the chancel, is the Lady Chapel, the subject represented on the window being 'The Espousals,' the high priest in the centre, the Virgin Mary on the right, and St. Joseph with his flowering rod on the left. There are *eleven windows in the chancel, the work of different artists.* The centre one is a memorial window to the late Dr. Harrison, Roscommon, and represents the apparition of the Sacred Heart to the blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque." The vision of the blessed Margaret Mary referred to forms one of the illustrations in this volume. "The windows of the aisle—eight in number—are illustrated with scenes from the life of Our Lord. The rose windows of the transept are of very elaborate tracery, the epistle side representing emblems of the Passion, and the Gospel side the heavenly hierarchy."

It would, in fact, be impossible to find a more up-to-date building than this new and totally unnecessary Catholic church in county Roscommon—a district which already has more than a sufficient supply of such buildings. For instance, how modern it will be in its illumination:—

"The lighting of the church will be by electricity. Provision is made for 50 incandescent lamps in the nave, 24 in the chancel, besides 100 five-candle-power lamps for decorative purposes, and large six-light pendants in the transepts and side chapels. The approach to the church will be lighted by two arc lamps of 1000 candle-power each. Similar lighting is made provision for in the *proposed new presbytery*, within the church grounds." And we can only listen in stupefied wonder to the following and final description of the beauties of this edifice: "The firm of Salvatti, Venice, have orders to supply figures of the Twelve Apostles, life size, in mosaics, to be placed under the arches over the transepts, and the timpana of the four doors are being executed in similar material. This was decided upon not only to beautify the church, but as well *to educate*

the growing generation to a knowledge of the grand art of mosaic. The selection and arrangement of all the subjects were the outcome of *the fertile and cultured mind of the Right Rev. Monsignor M'Loughlin*, who had all the time in view *the elevating and chastening of the people in regard to art.*"

A "decent church," to use Goldsmith's term, should be in keeping with the means of the congregation. What a biting satire, therefore, is this picture of "the fertile and cultured mind of the Right Rev. Monsignor M'Loughlin, who had all the time in view the elevating and chastening of the tastes of the people in regard to art"! As if the poor Catholic peasants of Connaught, who lack the most elementary provisions for a healthy, or even decent, bodily existence—to say nothing of their state of mental starvation — could possibly derive any benefit from the achievements of this Roscommon priest-architect! It is not the firm of Salvatti, from Venice, who are required in Connaught. It is rather some strong, sensible man, who might infuse courage and knowledge into the stupefied inhabitants of the province, and exhibit before them, in their true colours, the unpatriotic, selfish, nay, inhuman conduct of our Connaught brigade of archbishop, bishops, monsignors, vicar-generals, vicar-foranes, archdeacons, canons, rectors of communities, priors, parish priests, curates and doctors of divinity, who prey upon the vitals of the struggling laity of this decaying province.

Were the Redeemer of the world to appear again in the flesh and to visit Roscommon—after a journey through Connaught—and to find this expensive new church erected by Monsignor M'Loughlin in His name, when the bodily and mental condition of the people remains so unhappy, I verily believe that He would scourge the monsignor out of that church into

the Shannon—as He drove the money-changers of old from the temple in Jerusalem! And it is not the swine of Connaught that He would cause to throw themselves over the cliffs of Connemara into the depths of Lough Corrib, but the bulk of the Connaught clerical army, who so audaciously trade upon His name and twist His divine teaching—which is so simple, yet which not only redeems but elevates man to be a very God on earth—into an engine for the destruction and degradation of His poor people. My blood tingles when I dwell upon this church-building and think of the unhappiness of our people, for whom so much good might be done if our priests even remotely imitated Christ's life on earth!

Almost at the same moment there are, at least, a score of expensive new churches being built in Connaught. Indeed there is a constant display, a continuous round of ecclesiastical ceremonial and expenditure always going on, which—viewed in conjunction with the sorry display of municipal mismanagement and incapacity found in the public boards and the termagant-like virulence of the local politicians—constitutes a spectacle, the like of which I believe is not to be witnessed in any civilised country at present. At Castlebar, for instance, we are informed that "our esteemed pastor, the Rev. Patrick Lyons, P.P., announced that the dedication of our magnificent new church would take place on 6th October."[1] We are further informed that

"neither time, pains, nor money has been spared to make the church an ideal one. . . . The magnificence of the high altar, presented by the Most Rev. Dr. Ludden, of Syracuse, U.S.A., himself a Castlebar man, could not be excelled. The handsome bay window, the gift of the most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, representing the fifteen mysteries, to say the least of it, is perfection. The Stations of the Cross are almost life

[1] *Evening Telegraph*, June 7, 1901.

size; they were painted by one of the leading painters in Italy. . . . The people of Castlebar are high in their praise of their worthy and zealous parish priest, who undertook this arduous but noble work three years ago, and which will stand as a monument to his memory when generations have passed away."

If those Connaught new churches were even built of native material, procured, manufactured, and put up in Connaught, one would not feel so indignant with our priests. If the "fertile and cultured" minds of the Connaught monsignors only educated the local artisans and labourers into building a church, though it were not required, one could have respect for them; for if the poor people once learned how to do skilled work of any kind, they might go on to turn the skill thus acquired to more practical purposes afterwards. But we find the monsignors, while they bay as loud as blood-hounds about the duty of supporting Irish manufacture, when they are on the scent of money, invariably going to Italy and other continental countries for the most expensive materials used in beautifying their churches.

And again, at the same moment, near Clifden, the new church of St. James, at Cashel, in the county of Galway, "was solemnly dedicated to the sacred purposes for which it was erected, by the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, the sermon on the occasion being preached by the Most Rev. Dr. M'Cormack, Bishop of Galway. The text he selected was 'How lovely are Thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!'" And he told the poor people of Connemara that "what King David longed for, the Catholic Church now enjoyed. He longed for God's presence in the tabernacle, and now on this altar every time the holy mass was celebrated they had our Lord present truly, really and substantially."[1] Lord

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, August 12, 1901.

Gormanstown was present on the occasion, and the rest of the audience was made up of poor peasants from the Connemara hillsides.

> "O soft-faced hills! O brown-topped hills!
> Brave hills of Connemara!"[1]

What can they conclude from such a statement on such an occasion, but that without this newly-erected church, and without the ministry of the archbishop and bishop and priest, they could not have God in their midst? Oh, it is dreadful to play thus upon the emotions of a poor people, invoking the name of God, and pretending to a familiarity with the Creator, when the result is the aggrandisement of a class and the degradation of a body-politic to the position of cowards and serfs! Give me a heartfelt prayer on the rocky hillside amidst the furze and fern, under the blue vault of God's sky, in preference to the best rehearsed and most intricate archiepiscopal rites, under that painted roof, at which the peasant can only look on in stupefaction!

Sir Thomas Overbury says "the man of noble spirit converts all occurrences into experience, between which experience and his reason there is marriage, and the issue are his actions." The inhabitants of Connaught exemplify how little of "noble spirit" there is amongst them, inasmuch as they never seem to apply their reason to their experience and to mould their actions accordingly. When Mr. P. A. M'Hugh, M.P., proprietor of the principal newspaper in Sligo, and several times mayor of that town, was sentenced in April 1901 to six months' imprisonment in Kilmainham Jail, for "his manly and outspoken protest against the infamous system of jury-packing," it must have been a serious

[1] J. K. Casey, a clever young Mullingar poet, born 1846, died 1870, having been imprisoned as a Fenian.

loss to him—at least, it would have been a serious loss to any ordinary person, living by his own exertions in any ordinary part of the world. I do not express any approval whatever of the imprisonment of Mr. M'Hugh; for I do not believe that any good result ever follows from preventing the free expression of people's thoughts upon any public act with which they are concerned. But let us observe how Mr. M'Hugh acts when he issues from prison.[1] On his release, he is met outside the prison gate at seven o'clock in the morning by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and a large deputation of sympathisers, both from Dublin and Sligo, and he drives off from the prison in the lord mayor's carriage followed by a procession of outside cars. He is presented with numerous addresses at the United Irish League, and he is reported as thus addressing his friends: "The Lord Chief Justice" —one of our Irish Roman Catholic judges—"when sentencing me six months ago, said that he hoped that the sentence would not only be a punishment, but a deterrent. I desire to tell his lordship that for me the sentence was no punishment, and no deterrent. I am better in health than the day I was sentenced, and I am more determined than ever to carry on the fight against jury-packing."

Jury-packing means, as far as I can see, the exercising by the Crown of its right to order a given number of jurors to "stand by," *i.e.* not to take part in the trial, when the Crown is of opinion that such jurors sympathise with the accused, and will not be likely to hold the scales of justice evenly. In Connaught, this alleged practice of the Crown has now been manufactured into a religious grievance exclusively. And the complaint is, that in this over-

[1] *Dublin Evening Telegraph*, October 21, 1901.

bishoped, over-priested, over-nunned province, with its population of 622,667 Catholics as against 26,968 members of the reformed churches of all denominations, the Crown orders Catholic jurors to "stand by," when criminal-political charges against Catholics are being tried. Mr. M'Hugh says, "The winter assizes have been turned into shambles, with Nationalists as victims and packed juries as butchers," . . . and he assures us that "the Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly, late Bishop of Elphin, drafted a protest against the jury-packing. It was signed by his lordship himself, as well as by the Most Rev. Dr. M'Cormack, then Bishop of Achonry, the Most Rev. Dr. Conway, late Bishop of Killala, and all the clergy of Sligo, town and county. . . . They all agree in thinking that jury-packing is an insult to their religion." The Crown, far as it has gone in conferring temporal power on the priests, is not yet prepared to hand over the legal administration of the province to the archbishop, bishops, monsignors, and vicar-generals. The deep interest taken in Mr. M'Hugh by the priests is now evidenced by a letter from the Archbishop of Dublin, which is read at the public luncheon at which Mr. M'Hugh is entertained at the Gresham Hotel. Having apologised for his absence, Archbishop Walsh goes on to say:—

"I am, of course, in the fullest accord with the protest, emphatic as it may be, to which expression will be given on Monday, against the scandal of jury-packing. The protest against this horrid scandal is one that, as far as my memory goes back, has had to be kept up almost incessantly in Ireland. It is, and I fear it must long continue to be, one of our standing protests against the abuses of power in this country. Let me, however, also say that *I have long since lost faith in any mere expression or demonstration of protest* as a means of obtaining the redress of any Irish grievance. In

England, public opinion tells. In Ireland, it counts for little or nothing. I trust that the public men who will meet on Monday may be able, before separating, to sketch out the lines of something that can go before the country as a practically effective step towards putting an end, once for all, to the system of jury-packing in our courts."

It strikes me as absurd to think that sensible, Protestant citizens, gaining their livelihood amidst a hostile population of mis-educated, narrow-minded Catholics, like those poor Connaught Catholics whom we are considering, should—to put it on no higher level—be foolish enough to find an unjust verdict in their capacity as sworn jurymen, trying an accused person, because that person happens to be a member of the dominant Catholic population! We may be sure that common sense alone would urge a Protestant jury, in such a case, if they were to deviate from the strict line of justice at all, to lean to the side of mercy and clemency. Mr. M'Hugh's speech on this occasion, commencing, "My lord and reverend fathers, and gentlemen," shows how saturated with subservience to and dependence upon the priests is the Irish Party of the present day.

"I would say this," unctuously declares Mr. M'Hugh, "that far more important than anything that has transpired in connection with the matters for which I was imprisoned, is the letter from his Grace the Archbishop (loud applause). I believe that letter is the beginning of the end of things (prolonged applause). . . . Stripped of all quibbling and technicalities, the charge against me was that I denounced as packed the jury which found a verdict of guilty in the case of the Crown against Muffeny and Maguire. I repeat that opinion to-day. . . . I hold that in the case of Muffeny and Maguire, a cruel injustice and cowardly crime was perpetrated in the name

of the law. I hold that jury-packing, as it is practised against Irish Nationalists in this country, is an instrument of criminal atrocity, as vile and as dastardly as the cup of the poisoner or the bomb of the anarchist."

Mr. Gladstone deemed it to be "a gift beyond all others" in Lord Palmerston, that he "had a nature incapable of enduring anger or any sentiment of wrath." What would he have said of the Catholic Connaughtman's nature?

Mr. M'Hugh is an able and determined man; and it has always struck me as a singular pity that he, and many others of our able Catholic Irishmen, should be thus wasting their lives indulging in "enduring anger," nursing feelings of revenge, and losing sight of the main point of their existence. I have often felt for Mr. M'Hugh in particular, for he seems to be so continually at war with the authorities. If Mr. M'Hugh and the other many intelligent Catholics in Sligo—which is the least decadent town in Connaught—would devote a little time to the consideration of "religious policy," as it affects their daily lives and prospects, and to the development of their own self-control, will-power, and character, as independent freemen should, in those matters which touch the very well-springs of human life, they should soon have as little difficulty with the Government as their Protestant fellow-countrymen in Londonderry or Antrim. Mr. M'Hugh says that the address of the Crown Counsel, in the particular case in question, to the packed jury (I give Mr. M'Hugh's words) amounted, in effect, to this:—

"Gentlemen of the Jury,—You are twelve good men and true, loyal upholders of the Crown and Constitution; there are no idolaters amongst you. Here are two leaguers from Mayo accused of conspiracy. I ask you as guardians of law and order to do your duty like men, as your fathers did before you at Derry and the Boyne."

And Mr. M'Hugh adds:—

"The Crown got its verdict, and Muffeny and Maguire were imprisoned for six months. . . . I say that the verdict in that case was a false verdict, and that even if it were a true verdict, the attorney-general had for the purpose of securing it, descended to methods, for the practice of which, if there were any justice in the country, he would have been impeached and punished as a traitor to the Constitution. Muffeny and Maguire were tried by *twelve of their religious and political opponents specially selected to convict them.* It was like a trial of pale-face captives by painted savages on the warpath."

Public sympathy is often invoked for oppressed minorities; but rarely indeed have our tears been asked for on behalf of a persecuted majority like those 622,626 pale-faced, Connaught, Catholic captives on their trial before 26,968 painted Protestant Connaught savages on the war-path! The tragedy is as bad, Mr. M'Hugh thinks, as the cup of the poisoner or the bomb of the anarchist! Those are the "analogies, contrasts, and similitudes" upon the "tracing-up" of which Bishop Clancy's flock employ the English language so effectively. As for myself I cannot, no matter how long and how often I try to do so, bring myself to agree with this statement of the case. It may be my stupidity, but I do not believe that our Protestant fellow-Christians, as sworn jurymen, give false verdicts against Catholics who are accused of breaches of the law. There may have been injustice in the past—I do not say there was—but I cannot believe that it exists to-day. Mr. M'Hugh's grievance is that the exclusion of Catholics from the trial of such cases amounts to an imputation that they "would perjure themselves in order that Catholic criminals should escape the punishment of their guilt." He says the imputation "is a dastardly

lie." How, then, can Mr. M'Hugh, as a rational man, reconcile it to his conscience to accuse Protestant jurors of an even worse perjury, namely the perjury of convicting innocent Catholic men to gratify their own religious animosity against them? It is too monstrous a proposition, and I can only believe that it has originated in the "fertile and cultured minds" of the unscrupulous priests, intoxicated with excess of power, who now rule the Irish Party itself as well as the poor peasants of Connaught, and who soon hope to rule, in a State-subsidised university of their own, all the "educated" Catholic young men whose fate it may be to remain in Ireland.

It is the owners of the largest establishment in Connaught who must be held responsible for the condition of the province, which has lost 196,578 of its population since 1871:—

Governmental and Sacerdotal Establishments in Connaught; and Illiterates.[1]	Galway.	Mayo.	Roscommon.	Sligo.	Leitrim.	Connaught.
Illiterates, 1901	Per Cent. 33.1	Per Cent. 33.1	Per Cent. 21.5	Per Cent. 23.9	Per Cent. 20.6	Per Cent. 26.4
Imperial and Local Government Establishments combined, including Civil Service and Police, 1901	1070	850	448	383	332	3083
Priests' Establishment admitted, including Teachers, but not subsidiary religious, 1901	1324	984	548	524	387	3767
Do., including subsidiaries, 1901	1700	1200	710	705	510	4825
Priests and Nuns only, 1871	433	206	106	121	64	930
Do. Do. 1901	629	323	193	214	123	1482

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1871 and 1901.

CHAPTER XIII

THE APPARITIONS AND MIRACLES AT KNOCK

It is this backward and degenerate province of Connaught, curious to say, that the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. John and other heavenly personages, select as a suitable site for making their appearance on earth. In the year 1879, as many readers will recollect, we were informed that those personages appeared at Knock, in the county of Mayo, and, for many years after, pilgrimages used to be made to that place. Even still, credulous persons in large numbers repair there. People used to bring away with them the plaster off the walls of the old chapel at Knock, and bottlefuls of the holy water, and they used to mix the plaster and the holy water into what Danny Man would call "lime-stone broth," and apply the concoction to sores, swellings, and bruises, as an embrocation. I have seen it done myself, in localities over a hundred miles away from Knock, and I have heard marvellous cures advertised as having been effected by its use. Special trains used to be run at that time to Knock, and crowds of people used to travel by them. It is a curious coincidence that this alleged apparition at Knock took place three years after the public consecration of Lourdes. And, as Lourdes is in the most benighted and out of the way part of France, so is Knock in, perhaps, the most benighted part of Ireland.

But, outside Connaught, Knock is not as famous as it was. We find the parish priest of that place attending the convention of the United Irish League in Dublin,

and making a prosaic speech upon the necessity for land purchase and for a non-miraculous subdivision of large Connaught holdings amongst the small cottiers in the congested districts, but in the Knock neighbourhood in particular. Father Fallon, P.P., speaking of the large farmers and graziers of his own Heaven-favoured district, is reported to have said :—

"Some people would tell them that after all this they were bound in Christian charity to look after these people (the large graziers), and to look after their bullocks, to make up their fences, to shear their sheep and to make the shearing a gala day, to give them a preference of the stock at fair and market day. Well, in his opinion, charity began at home. If these people who talk so lightly about Christian charity, if they lived in the west of Ireland and knew the social condition of the poor people"—at Knock, for instance—"they would not make such a parade of their Christian charity."[1]

There certainly is not a parade of Christian charity anywhere in the west of Ireland at present. Father Fallon paints the miseries of the poor Knock harvestman in harrowing terms—"going across to England sometimes as old as forty or fifty years," and returning with a "muffler around his neck, coughing, and his wife expending the last shilling in nursing him, and going hopelessly into debt to defray the expenses of his funeral." Do Connaught priests attend such funerals? Do Connaught priests accept money for attending them? Or do they allow such poor harvesters to be buried without a burial service?

And he goes on to depict for the convention, the position of the widow of the harvestman after the death of her husband, and he tells the delegates at the Rotunda, and Mr. John Redmond, that

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, January 1902.

"if they saw her next day, coming silently and quietly to the parish priest, to ask him to get the Guardians to give her 1s. or 1s. 6d. per week to buy Indian meal for the poor orphans, they would certainly conclude that Christian charity had two sides."

It was on the 21st of August 1879, within the octave of the 15th August, a holy day known as "Lady Day in Harvest," that the "remarkable manifestations," as they were called, appeared at the gable end of the chapel at Knock. "Time alone must bring forth further developments of those divine manifestations,"[1] says Mr. M'Philpin. Time has not, however, brought forth any further developments. But during the years 1880 and 1881, while distress was very keen amongst the farming and labouring classes all over Ireland, and at a time when the Land League—which had just been started in Mayo —was fast making headway amongst the people of Ireland, the Knock Apparition made a strong clerical claim on the attention of the Irish people. It appears that publicity was first given to the apparition in the *Tuam News* of the 9th January 1880. Thenceforward, for months after that date, continuous attention was given to Knock in the leading London newspapers and in the entire Irish press. We find its parish priest receiving "ninety letters" per day, as the result! The *Daily Telegraph* and *Daily News*, and other great London daily papers, sent special correspondents to the scene of the apparition, and lengthened accounts of the wonders to be met with at the place were disseminated all over the United Kingdom and the United States. The tale of Bernadette Soubirous was still fresh in the minds of the public at the time, and, therefore, a receptive audience was found ready for a repetition of the wonders of Lourdes.

[1] "The Apparitions and Miracles of Knock," by John M'Philpin, Tuam. Second edition, 1894. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

The village of Knock itself is situated in the south-east corner of Mayo, close to the Roscommon border, and in Archbishop MacEvilly's diocese of Tuam. He, however, was not the archbishop at the time of the apparition. The village is on the railway line from Claremorris to Ballyhaunis. The country is of the same squalid nature as that which I have described in the Castlerea district, situated a few miles to the north of it. The poor people of the locality, in 1880, firmly believed in the apparition, and still believe. We are told that

"a vast gathering of people from all the border towns, within a circuit of twenty miles, assembled at this unpretending little village. Some of the pilgrim travellers started before day, guided by the light of the stars alone, and urged onward by the fervour of their own faith."

We are told that

"there one could behold the blind, the lame, the crippled, the deformed, the deaf, the paralytic—all seeking to be cured, like those that the Redeemer found at the pool of Bethesda in Jerusalem."

We are informed by Mr. M'Philpin, who is himself a native of the locality, that

"the children of the faith see nothing wonderful at all in these manifestations. It is to them something that they expect, or if they did not actually expect their coming at this time or place, they see nothing incongruous in the fact that they have occurred. The spiritual world is to them like a land with which they are familiar, from that knowledge which their holy faith supplies, pretty much as they are not put out of sorts with anything they hear or see from America (a far-off land); because, in this instance, American life and habits are something with which they are familiar, owing to the fact that their relatives in that country

commune with their friends in Ireland, and tell them all regarding themselves and American life and manners. In this way our Catholic people are not at all put about by the narration of miracles or miraculous operations at Knock."

In a word, the Mayo, Galway, and Roscommon people are in as close touch with the spiritual world, according to Mr. M'Philpin—and he is one of them—as they are with America. A cardinal point of difference, however, as it appears to me, is this, that, in their connection with the spiritual world, all the money is extracted from the Connaught people for the benefit of the spirits; whereas in their dealings with America, all the money comes from America for the benefit of the Connaught people. The Mayo people were, we are assured, not a bit surprised at these Knock apparitions. Certain it is, the then parish priest of Knock does not seem to have been taken by surprise! In fact the Knock people consider that the apparitions were a very poor and meagre manifestation for the spiritual world to make in a county whose living inhabitants had been remitting so largely on behalf of the "Holy Souls." The occurrence of the apparition is thus described in the first printed account of it in the *Tuam News:* "On Thursday, the 21st August last, the eve of the octave day of the assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary was accompanied by a blinding drizzle of rain, which continued until the next day." I well remember that dreadful harvest of '79. The corn was not only miserably poor, but the weather was so bad that it was almost impossible to save it. I happened to be riding with my uncle to Bartlemy Fair, in county Cork, on the 17th of September that year; and we passed several fields of corn which was still as green as grass! Things must have been at a dreadful pass in this Knock district in

that month of August 1879, for even in the wealthy parts of Ireland the distress was exceedingly acute. But let us continue the account given in the *Tuam News* :—

"As some persons were hurriedly going along the road which leads to the chapel, at about 7.30 P.M., they perceived the wall beautifully illuminated by a soft white flickering light, through which could be perceived brilliant stars twinkling, as on a fine frosty night. The first person who saw it passed on, but others soon *came*"—we shall see that they were *summoned* at the instigation of the priest's housekeeper—"and remained, and these saw, covering a large portion of the gable end of the sacristy, an altar, and to its sides the figures of St. John the Evangelist, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Joseph. On the altar, which stood about eight feet from the ground, and immediately under the window, a lamp stood, and rising up behind the lamp was the crucifix, with the figure of our Lord painted. The altar was surrounded by a brilliant golden light, through which, up and down, angels seemed to be flitting. Near the altar was St. John, having a mitre on his head. . . . To St. John's right, the Blessed Virgin, having her hands extended and raised towards her shoulders, the palms of her hands turned towards the people, and her eyes raised up towards heaven. To the Blessed Virgin's right was St. Joseph, turned towards her, and in an inclining posture. These figures remained visible from 7.30 to 10 P.M., witnessed during that time by about twenty persons, who forgot all about the rain that was then falling and drenched them through."

The foregoing refers exclusively to the apparition of the 21st of August 1879, and was not published until the 9th of January 1880. On the Monday evening previous to the 9th of January, the eve of the Epiphany,

"a bright light was again visible, and from 11 P.M. until 2 A.M. was seen by a very large number, of whom two were members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, who

were on patrol duty that evening. One of them said that up to that time he did not believe in it, but he was really startled by the brightness of the light he saw."

It seems incredible, nowadays, that members of the Royal Irish Constabulary should be adduced as witnesses in favour of a popular demonstration in Mayo. The members of that force are, as we know, to-day looked upon as perjurers in that county, upon whose oaths innocent men are frequently imprisoned and sometimes executed. But twenty years ago it was considered most valuable to have the testimony of these two policemen to prove that the Blessed Virgin visited Knock.

But, police or no police, it is true that a bright light can be produced without any supernatural intervention whatever. It is also true that the form of the apparition itself was precisely that of an altar in any Roman Catholic church, with the statues and symbols which decorate it. It is also true that such a representation could without difficulty be thrown upon a wall in the twilight and night-time of a summer's evening by means of a mechanical appliance. It is equally true that if such a representation were so thrown upon the gable end of a chapel, in a benighted region like that of Knock, inhabited by people who are almost as superstitious and as ignorant as the natives of mid-Africa, that any one of them who chanced to see it, Mr. M'Philpin notwithstanding, would be startled out of his wits, and would not have the presence of mind to endeavour to discover the cause of it. With a view to meeting objections, it is suggested that—"the time at which the apparition appeared was some twenty minutes after sunset, so that by no law of radiation from reflected light could the images be thrown *naturally or artifi-*

cially from the clouds." Nobody but Mr. Santos-Dumont, who at that time was wearing pinafores, could very well manage to throw the images *from the clouds.* But it is perfectly evident to any one that the apparition which appeared at the gable end of Knock church could have been quite easily cast—not "from the clouds," but from the earth itself—by a mechanical appliance directed on to the wall of the church; and, having been so cast, that it would have produced all the effects of astonishment and wonder which we are told the apparition produced upon the poor Mayo yokels who saw it. The bright light which appeared subsequently, on the evening of the 5th of January 1880, was even more easy to produce.

I venture to say that if two young Royal Irish Constabulary men, at the present day, saw such a light they would not leave the ground without discovering the source from which it came. Twenty years' interval has made a great change in the intellectual attainments of that much-abused body of Irishmen.

A further explanation of the apparition is advanced to this effect. Archdeacon Cavanagh was at that time parish priest of Knock and Aughamore, and we are told that

"the archdeacon confines his ministrations and personal care chiefly to the parish of Knock, looking after the wants, spiritual and temporal, of the people, and relieving them in their hours of trial and attending to all sick-calls. The residence of the archdeacon is quite near the chapel, say, about two minutes' walk. It is a plain, thatched cottage, consisting of three rooms and a kitchen. . . . *Qualis pater, talis filius,* is an old adage which may be turned a little into the following: *Qualis pastor, talis grex*—like pastor, like flock. The pastor of Knock and Aughamore is zealous, devoted to his sacred calling, a humble client of Mary, the mother

of God; and so the people, at least many of them, are simple in their habits of life and imbued with deep-seated love of their holy religion. Like the priest who teaches them, they have great faith in our Blessed Lord, and the fullest hope in His saving merits; they are imbued with a deep devotional attachment to the Blessed Mother of the Redeemer."

Thus we find it is because Archdeacon Cavanagh was such an admirable man, and his flock were so like their pastor, that the apparition appeared at Knock. I should not be inclined to take any of the credit, given to Archdeacon Cavanagh for the apparition, away from that sacerdotal paragon. Next follows an extraordinary statement, which goes to prove the intimate terms of familiarity which, it is claimed, subsist between the Mayo peasants and the great Redeemer of the universe:—

"All the peasant Catholics of the west of Ireland regard our Blessed Lady pretty much as they do a respected and honoured member of the household to which each respectively belongs. Christ is their brother, the Eternal Son of our common Heavenly Father; the Holy Mary, His mother, is their mother; and for her their love and veneration is childlike and elevated."

In a word, according to Mr. M'Philpin, author of this semi-official account of the Apparition and Miracles of Knock, the reason the Blessed Virgin appeared at that place was because the people of that favoured locality are more or less behind the scenes, and in a position to regard the members of the holy family in the light of intimate acquaintances, from whom a visit is a thing of course, and requiring no explanation. Thackeray ridicules the snobbish pressman in London who pretends to a familiarity with the Duke of Wellington

THE IDEAL CHILD OF MARY (*Enfant de Marie*)

Presentations like this are to be seen in every convent, and are circulated in immense quantities. They exercise a potent influence over children.

"A Child of Mary writes: 'I ask all who read this to say a pater and ave for my intention, and a Hail Mary to St. Expedit, St. Anthony, and Blessed Gerard'" (p. 430).

and with all the other great men of the day; but this familiarity of the Knock people with our Divine Lord and the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, advanced by Mr. M'Philpin, beats Thackeray's Irishman hollow.

Depositions were made by some of the people who saw the apparition of the 21st August. It is not averred that the depositions were "sworn," but it is claimed for them that "they were taken in the presence of Archdeacon Cavanagh, Canon Waldron of Ballyhaunis, and Canon Bourke of Kilcolman, who was deputed by the Archbishop of Tuam to investigate the truth of the vision." The first witness and the chief plank in the apparition platform is "Patrick Hill, of Claremorris, a young, frank, intelligent boy of about thirteen years of age." It is urged on behalf of young Hill that

"to all who question him, he replies with an open, childlike simplicity of manner. He states some points to which other eye-witnesses do not even allude; for instance, that on the forehead of the figure representing the Blessed Virgin, he saw just under the circuit of the crown, and where on the human head the hair grows, a full-blown rose. The other witnesses do not even allude to this remarkable fact. . . . Other witnesses say that they only saw glittering lights around the lamp, but that they were not angels. Master Hill declares that they appeared to him to move, and, as it were, on wing, but he could not see their faces. . . . Then again he saw, he states, not alone the eyes of the Immaculate Lady, but the iris and the pupil in each." And we are triumphantly asked to believe that "no phosphoric or electric action could bring out the distinct brightness of the pupil of the eye."

Let us take a few sentences from little Patrick Hill's testimony direct, and form our own opinions:—

"I am Patrick Hill. I live in Claremorris; my aunt lives at Knock. I remember the 21st August last. On that day I was bringing home turf or peat from the bog on an ass." This is the youth so respectfully spoken of as "Master" Hill! "While at my aunt's, at about 8 o'clock in the evening, Dominick Beirne came into the house. He cried out: 'Come up to the chapel and see the miraculous lights and the beautiful visions that are to be seen there.'"

Now, is it not evident that these words, "Come up to the chapel and see the miraculous lights and the beautiful visions," were not the words which would be used by a Knock peasant boy speaking under excitement? Yet they are the literal words given in the testimony of Patrick Hill. Why is little Patrick Hill selected to give his testimony first? Dominick Beirne is put down as being twenty years of age. Why does he not speak for himself? But young Hill goes on to say that he went out, and a small boy, named John Curry, came with him:—

"I saw everything distinctly. The figures were full and round, as if they had body and life. They said nothing, but as we approached them they seemed to go back a little towards the gable. I distinctly beheld the Blessed Virgin Mary, life size, standing about two feet or so above the ground, clothed in white robes, which were fastened at the neck. . . . She appeared to be praying. . . . She wore a brilliant crown on her head, and, over the forehead where the crown fitted the brow, a beautiful rose. The crown appeared brilliant and of golden brightness of a deeper hue, inclined to a mellow yellow, than the striking whiteness of the robes she wore. The upper part of the crown appeared to be a series of sparkles or glittering crosses. I saw her eyes, the balls, the pupils and iris of each. I saw the feet and ankles; I saw them move. She did not speak. I went up very near. One old woman went up and embraced the Virgin's feet, and she found nothing in her arms or hands."

That is to say, that the figures upon whose fulness and roundness such stress is laid were found not to be substantial, but merely reflections.

"I saw St. Joseph to the Blessed Virgin's right hand. His head was bent from the shoulders forward. He appeared to be paying his respects. I noticed his whiskers; they appeared to be slightly grey. There was a dark line or dark mearing between the figure of the Blessed Virgin and that of St. Joseph, so that one could know St. Joseph and the place where his figure appeared distinctly from that of the Blessed Virgin, and the spot where she stood."

How conveniently arranged the figures were! Does not this dark mearing—a word which means boundary or boundary-fence in the west of Ireland—seem strangely like the dividing mark between two photographs? The deposition of the boy Hill is dated October 8, 1879. It thus concludes:—

"For the space of one hour and a half we were under the pouring rain. At this time I was very wet. I noticed that the rain did not wet the figures which appeared before me, although I was wet myself. I went away then."

Archdeacon Cavanagh's housekeeper is the second witness. She saw the wonderful figures on the gable end of the chapel, having just emerged herself from the priest's house on her way to Knock village:—

"I was wondering to see there such an extraordinary group," she says; "yet I *passed on and said nothing*, thinking that possibly the archdeacon had been supplied with these beautiful figures from Dublin or somewhere else, and that he said nothing about them, but left them in the open air." Extraordinary behaviour this, to "pass on and say nothing," to assume that new statues just arrived from Dublin might be out for the night under a heavy downpour of rain, floating in the

air! "I saw a white light about them. I thought the whole thing strange. After looking at them I passed on to the house of Mrs. Beirne, in the village. After reaching Widow Beirne's house I stayed there half-an-hour at least."

She stayed there half-an-hour, and evidently never said a word to the inmates of that house about the wonderful apparition which she had seen! But, on her way home, she asks the girl, Mary Beirne, to accompany her. And her deposition thus goes on:—

"As we approached the chapel she (Mary Beirne) cried out, 'Look at the beautiful figures.' We gazed on them for a little, and then *I told her to go for her mother*, Widow Beirne, *and her brother, and her sister, and her niece*, who were still in the house when she and I left."

The parish priest's housekeeper, mark you, in the first place, "passes by" the apparition; in the second place, makes no mention of it in Widow Beirne's house; in the third place, lets Mary Beirne discover it for herself on the way home. But, when once the girl Beirne has seen the figures, and breaks out into exclamations of astonishment, the housekeeper coolly directs the girl to go back to the house and bring out all her relatives who were there to witness the sight! When the mother, sister, niece, and brother of Mary Beirne came up, the housekeeper deposes that she

"told Miss Beirne *then to go for her uncle, Bryan Beirne, and her aunt*, Mrs. Bryan Beirne, *or any of the neighbours whom she should see*, in order that they might witness the sight that they were then enjoying. . . ."

Thus we see that the whole thing, so far as the collection of sightseers is concerned, was set in motion by

Archdeacon Cavanagh's housekeeper. But an even more extraordinary part of the housekeeper's evidence is the following:—

"I parted from the company or gathering at eight-and-a-half o'clock. I went to the priest's house *and told him what I had beheld*, and spoke of the beautiful things that were to be seen at the gable of the chapel. I asked him, or said, rather, it would be worth his while to go to witness them. He appeared to make nothing of what I said, and, consequently, he did not go."

To me it appears inexplicable that Archdeacon Cavanagh would not leave his room on that August evening to see the extraordinary apparition which his housekeeper had just been collecting the entire village to witness. His conduct evidently struck those who compiled the depositions as requiring explanation, and the plea advanced for him by the housekeeper is: "The Very Rev. B. Cavanagh heard the next day all about the apparition from the others who had beheld it, and then it came to his recollection that I had told him the previous evening about it, and asked him to see it." In a place where daily life is so dull as it is at Knock, is it likely that such an unusual, unexpected sight as this, reported to a parish priest as occurring actually at the moment at his own chapel, within a minute's walk of his sitting-room, would thus be suffered to pass unheeded? Is it likely that he would not only not go out to see it when asked, but that he would even forget being told about it? Is it likely that a crowd of people could be witnessing such a sight for two hours and a half in his immediate neighbourhood, and that he would not be cognisant of the fact, or feel any anxiety to investigate the matter? An Irish parish priest who thinks no dog in his parish has a right to bark without

his leave! There is a note appended to the housekeeper's evidence, as follows:—

"The housekeeper had gone away before Patrick Hill came. Their testimony relates to two distinct and separate times while the apparition was present. She saw it like one who did not care to see it, and in a transverse direction, not straight; he saw it directly and fully, and like a confiding child went up calmly to where the Blessed Virgin stood."

In this case it is evident that *the child's the thing*, the evidence of the imaginative young Patrick Hill was what was prized and relied upon.

Next we get Mary Beirne's evidence. It is stated that she was twenty-six years of age, and her deposition describes the apparition just as the housekeeper has done. And the testimony of Patrick Welsh, aged sixty-five, follows, who saw the "vision" on the chapel gable from one of his fields; then the testimony of Patrick Beirne, sixteen years of age; and that of the widow Beirne before referred to; and of Dominick Beirne, who was called to see the apparition by his sister, Mary, at the instigation of the housekeeper, and *who in his turn went for and brought young Patrick Hill to witness it.* But young Patrick Hill's evidence is placed before that of all the others, and is the main strand employed in the twisting of the Knock rope of testimony. Mrs. Hugh Flatley says that she saw the apparition as she chanced to be passing by the chapel about eight o'clock, and adds: "I thought that the parish priest had been ornamenting the church, and got some beautiful likenesses removed outside." Mr. M'Philpin says, "that a visit from the Blessed Virgin herself would not much surprise the Knock people." Without committing oneself on that point, any one may safely infer from the evidence of this witness that a visit

paid to the locality by a new batch of plaster-of-Paris statues of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and St. John would not at all surprise the Knock people at that time. An old woman, named Bridget French, aged seventy-five, also testifies to having seen the apparition. She too was called out to see it by Mary Beirne. Catherine Murray, a little girl of eight, also testifies to having seen it; and even the testimony of John Curry, six years old, is cited in support of the apparition.

Judith Campbell, of Knock, the twelfth of the witnesses, says: "Mary Beirne called at my house about eight o'clock on that evening, and asked me to go to see the great sight of the chapel." Judith at once went out and saw what she describes as "three figures, representing St. Joseph, St. John, and the Blessed Virgin Mary; also an altar and the likeness of a lamb on it, with a cross at the back of the lamb." Why does Judith Campbell describe what she saw as "*three figures representing*" the three heavenly personages? Why does she not say that *she saw* the three heavenly personages themselves? How could she know that the three figures which she saw *represented* the three personages named, except from the fact that she had been accustomed to see statues purporting to represent those personages in the chapel of Knock, and that what she saw *outside* the chapel, on this night, was a reproduction of the statues which she had been accustomed to see *within* it? Nobody ever drew a portrait of the Blessed Virgin, St. John, or St. Joseph, while they were alive on earth. No such portrait has ever been handed down to us, and all likenesses of those personages are purely imaginary, varying according to the taste of the individual painter; and there must be hundreds of different representations of each one of them in the various Catholic countries of the world. It is perfectly safe to

assert that not one of any of these representations is actually true, or even within measurable distance of being a likeness. And if those personages were to appear at Knock in bodily form, as they really were in Palestine when in the flesh, neither Judith Campbell, nor any one else, would recognise them; so different would they be from the "figures representing them," which they see in their chapels. Judith Campbell winds up her evidence with the following significant remark: "Though it was raining, the place in which the figures appeared was quite dry." Young Hill also said he "noticed that the rain did not wet the figures," by which, doubtless, he too means that "the place in which the figures appeared was dry"; for he says the figures were mere unsubstantial shadows. Now, would the place not be "quite dry" if it were sheltered by an over-hanging mirror arrangement projecting over the sacristy window, underneath which the apparition was seen to remain steadily for two hours and a half?

The thirteenth witness is Margaret Beirne, Mary Beirne's sister; the fourteenth witness is Dominick Beirne, senior; and the fifteenth witness is John Durkan.

This forms the sum of the testimony of the actual eye-witnesses of the apparition on the 21st of August. The apparition which was seen on the following 5th of January was a simple light, already referred to, without figures. One can admit nothing of the supernatural in a mere light, even though it be described as "extra-ordinary stars and globes of flame on the church gable," and even though it be seen by two policemen out on midnight patrol. The two particular policemen who saw it are thus described by Mr. M'Philpin: "The names of these servants of the Government are Collins and Fraher; one a native of Galway, the other of Tipperary."

They could not possibly have been in league with any one connected with the chapel!

On the 10th of February, it is alleged that another remarkable apparition appeared. It was seen by "John P. M'Closkey, Simon Conway, and Thomas M'Geoghan, and by Martin Hession, of Tuam, an intelligent assistant at Mrs. Murphy's establishment." The depositions of these witnesses are taken by Mr. Joseph Bennett, special correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, at that time foremost in the van of sensation-purveyors and circulation-seekers amongst the London daily papers. It appears that M'Closkey, Conway, and M'Geoghan "left Claremorris at 10 P.M. o'clock" on the 9th February, bound for Knock, three youths eager for a sensation, their intention being to arrive there at midnight on the chance of beholding the apparition. M'Closkey is described as "remarkable from his childhood for his guileless, honest and pious course of life." He was at the time about eighteen years old. His story is thus told:—

"After we had arrived, we continued to pray for some time. At about three-and-a-half o'clock on the morning of the 10th February, while I was praying before the gable of the Knock chapel, I saw a light like a white silvery cloud moving in a slanting direction over from where the cross stands on the apex, and overspreading the gable. In this bright cloud I saw distinctly the figure and form of the Blessed Virgin Mary, so clearly and fully that I perceived the fleshy colour of the feet. Her dress resembled that made of white satin, and it contained numerous folds. . . . A star continued at intervals to twinkle right over the region of the Blessed Virgin's heart, and a little group of four or five stars were seen on the left side of the head."

Conway and M'Geoghan corroborate this, and I have no doubt whatever about their having seen it.

Young Martin Hession, "Mrs. Murphy's intelligent assistant," saw, at 8 P.M. on the same evening, "beautiful lights of many colours . . . at times exceedingly bright. Stars appeared . . . the lights continued coming and going until about half-past six next morning." I quite believe the young man saw all these things. Poor boy, I wonder if he is still alive after that long vigil in the rain. He says, "I remained up all night looking at the figures and lights." There were several people inside the chapel during the night of the 9th of February, which, like that of the 21st of August, was also very wet. Hession went in "three times and asked them to come out to see the sights outside the gable." It is to be remembered, in this connection, that the sacristy was a room completely shut off from the chapel and behind the altar, and that it was outside the wall of the sacristy and under its window that the apparitions were seen. The persons in the chapel, therefore, would know nothing of what was occurring in the sacristy. Young Hession says "that he saw the vision again on the evening of Thursday, the 12th February, at a quarter past eight." He adds: "I went to the archdeacon, met him on the road, and spoke to him about what I had just seen, and what I had seen on Monday night. Whilst speaking to him there appeared a beautiful star, which illuminated the whole place. The archdeacon saw it, and he took off his hat, and asked me and a few others if we saw the light."

I should think they did. That was the only occasion on which the archdeacon appeared soon after an apparition, and while an actual flashlight was visible.

The archdeacon, in his interview with the representative of the London *Daily Telegraph* on the 1st of March 1880, feels himself constrained to return to his own inexplicable conduct on the night of the first

apparition: "On the night of the first apparition my housekeeper asked leave to visit a friend, and remained out unusually late." This does not tally with the deposition of the housekeeper herself, who says, it will be remembered, "I parted from the company or gathering at eight-and-a-half o'clock. I went to the priest's house and told what I had beheld . . . and asked him to see it." Archdeacon Cavanagh in his statement to the *Daily Telegraph* reporter continues, "While wondering what had become of her, she made her appearance in a very excited state, exclaiming, 'Oh! your Reverence, the wonderful and beautiful sight! The Blessed Virgin has appeared up at the chapel with St. Joseph and St. John, and we have stood looking at them this long time! Oh! the wonderful sight!' Inferring that the *vision had disappeared*, and omitting to question my housekeeper on that point, I did not go up, and I have regretted ever since that I omitted to do so." How could he have inferred that the vision had disappeared, when, according to the housekeeper's own deposition, she had asked him to go out and see it? He says also: "On another occasion a messenger was sent down to fetch me. I was in bed after a fatiguing day, and, having a prospect of hard work on the morrow, did not rise." Such conduct is absolutely inexplicable, assuming that Archdeacon Cavanagh believed that a genuine apparition of the Blessed Virgin was in progress, and believed in the credibility of the witnesses who summoned him to behold it, and upon whose testimony he afterwards asked the world to believe not only in the reality of an apparition—which nobody doubts—but also in its being a genuine heavenly visitation! The *Daily Telegraph* reporter says, "Archdeacon Cavanagh is reputed all along the country-side as a man of simple piety,

gentle manners, and a modest and retiring disposition. This is justified by his appearance; he at once makes a favourable impression, and is about the last man in the world whom a stranger would look upon or suspect of anything but straightforward, honest conduct." I shall say nothing to asperse his memory. It is quite enough to state the bare facts, and leave my readers to draw their own conclusions. The *Daily Telegraph* reporter adds that Archdeacon Cavanagh "believes with unquestioning and reverent faith" in the "visions and miracles" which occurred at his chapel in Knock. I say nothing as to whether he believed in these things on the 1st March 1880, or not. But I am forced to the conclusion that he did not believe in the genuineness of the apparitions at the time that they were occurring, and when he was summoned to witness them; or that he did not believe in the credibility of the people who summoned him; or, finally, that he had some weightier reason still for not participating as a sightseer on those occasions. Let us not flog a dead horse.

A long list of miscellaneous cures effected at Knock is given. Let us quote one advanced by the archdeacon himself, for widespread circulation in England, through the splendid medium of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"Some little while ago, I received a sick-call late at night to a man who was said to be vomiting blood, and in extreme danger. . . . After ministering to him, I called for a glass of water, sprinkled on it a few particles of the mortar from the gable walls of the chapel, and bade him drink. He did so; at once he began to recover, and is now well."

Here we find Archdeacon Cavanagh lending himself to the grossest portion of this superstition—conduct for which there can be no excuse! Had he gone out to witness the apparition; had he there and then publicly

announced his belief in its genuineness, one could not doubt his *bona-fides*. But it is deplorable to find him, an archdeacon of the Catholic Church, even in Connaught, after shirking all responsibility, as a sight-seer or eye-witness of the apparition, then, immediately afterwards, proceeding to utilise the mortar of the gable end of his chapel as a money-making commodity, capable of effecting cures. For such practices I, at least, have nothing but contempt and condemnation.

Cases of blood vomiting, especially in the young, do not generally end fatally. I, myself, when a young man, awoke at midnight in my bed, and found myself vomiting blood. I was excessively frightened, being in lodgings in Dublin, away from home at the time. But when the doctor came, he explained that it was a small vessel in the throat which had burst, and that my condition was not dangerous. I lost such a quantity of blood at the time that my bed was like a shambles, yet I recovered without the use of any "Knock mortar," although, at the time, the Knock mania was at its height in Ireland. It is unnecessary, and would be useless, to reiterate the list of cures said to have been effected at Knock. Almost any of the widely advertised patent medicines of the present day will be found adducing a list of miscellaneous cures, which are just as staggering, and as provable, as the list advanced on behalf of Knock. But the most revolting feature of those Knock cures is this, that it was not by prayer or faith that they were effected, but by the application of the mortar. Archdeacon Cavanagh says, for instance, "The daughter of R. Walsh, of Clifden, regained sight after bathing her eyes in water containing a piece of plaster from the chapel wall. . . . Owen Halpen, of Drogheda, troubled with deafness, placed a bit of mortar in his ears, and had the sense fully restored to him," and so on!

The multitudes of people who frequented Knock during 1880 are stated by Mr. M'Philpin—the preface to the first edition of whose pamphlet is dated 25th March 1880—to have been "quite as numerous as those that formed the monster meetings, which for the past nine months have been held in the counties of Mayo, Galway, and Sligo." Thus we find that the Land League, which was being enthusiastically taken up by the people of Connaught, as a means of improving their worldly condition, found a rival in this wonder-working chapel of Knock, also in the same province. Hysterical, highly-strung people are always liable to be cured of long-standing complaints by a fit of exceptional emotion, or by a shock. The imagination is very often more potent to act in the cases of such people than actual curative remedies. Fancy is for such people more real than the hard facts amidst which they live, but the significance of which they fail to grasp. Therefore a list of cures wrought upon a collection of nondescript people, and alleged to have been effected at Knock or anywhere else, could never be sufficient evidence to compel one to believe that some or any of the inhabitants of what is commonly known as Heaven, had paid a special visit to that particular place, even though the most incongruous visions of figures and lights had been seen by the peasants and children on the gable of the parish chapel. The Knock incident is mainly important as showing the sort of people that the majority of the Connaught Catholics are at bottom. The apparition is largely believed in to the present day by the inhabitants of that province, and it is doubtful if any of the thousands of actors in the various scenes which I have depicted as occurring in Catholic Connaught, would have the courage to openly express his disbelief in the apparitions or miracles at Knock. It

was not officially commented upon by the bishops in any of their official pronouncements at Maynooth. Their own proper business as guardians of "faith and morals" is the one thing they never attend to when assembled there. The presence of such a large body of members of the Reformed Church in Ireland, probably made the Knock business risky for treatment in a *pronunciamiento*. But though the incident was not taken official notice of, it served its end well, and it was, and still is, used by the Irish priests' organisation wherever they think it not injudicious to seek its aid, for furthering their own cause, enhancing their own power, and increasing their own revenues.

Connaught was a fitting place indeed for such an apparition, and the time selected was most opportune. It will be interesting to observe what part such incidents as the apparition at Knock are destined to play in the educational *ménage* of a new Catholic university under priests' management, should such a retrograde institution ever be established by the British Government in Ireland.

The Catholic Irish abroad and in the Colonies were especially encouraged to believe in the Knock apparition. In the preface to the second edition of his pamphlet, dated 15th August 1894, Mr. M'Philpin tells us that—

"Some years ago, the Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, in thanksgiving for a singular cure obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Knock, presented to Archdeacon Cavanagh a beautiful banner, on which was inscribed in letters of gold, on a ground of emerald green satin, 'Toronto is grateful.'" We are also informed that "Dr. Murphy, of Hobart, Tasmania, a venerable octogenarian prelate, left his far-distant diocese for Knock, suffering from impaired vision, that baffled the skill of the most celebrated

opticians. After a visit to Our Lady's Shrine, in the west of Ireland, the eyes that then knew but darkness saw the light, independent of opticians' aid, and the wonderful change the archbishop naturally attributes to the intercession of Our Lady of Knock. As a token of his gratitude, he has sent a beautiful painting in oil, more than nine feet in length, and over seven feet in width, reproducing from the most authentic sources the original apparition."

Such reprehensible practices are not confined to Knock. The Dominicans are found recommending the oil of the lamp which burns perpetually before the statue of the Blessed Virgin in their church in Limerick as "marvellous in its efficacy in restoring the sick and relieving pain." In June 1901 they published in their monthly magazine, *The Rosary*, an article entitled "Our Lady of Limerick," in which the following occurs:—

"A short time ago a young woman came to the church in great distress over her child, who was on the point of death. She had employed all the natural means she could for its restoration, and the doctors had given up the case as hopeless. As a last resource she betook herself to the shrine of Our Lady of Limerick, *procured a little of the oil that burned before the statue*, and applied it to the forehead and chest of her dying child, invoking the intercession of Our Lady, and, to her great joy, the child recovered almost instantaneously. The medical attendant declared that *nothing less than a miracle* could have brought about such a sudden and wonderful change."

In many other parts of Ireland also, in recent years, the local priests have alleged that apparitions took place, and have basely stimulated a belief in them amongst the credulous and poor.

CHAPTER XIV

IN CONNAUGHT (*concluded*)

As a further example of how omnipresent is the working of religion-business in Connaught, we find the Tuam Board of Guardians,

"in meeting assembled, having noticed the Great Southern and Western Railway Company giving preference to Protestants before Roman Catholics," condemning "the action of the company as intolerable bigotry," and stating that they are "strongly of opinion that the Catholic merchants, shopkeepers, and traders should take united action to resent *this insult to our holy religion* by discontinuing their support to such a bigoted company."[1]

The Great Southern and Western Railway Company's system, by absorption of a smaller line, has been just extended into the archiepiscopal town of Tuam; and this is one of the first fruits of the enterprise in Connaught. The denunciation was re-echoed in a single day at Killarney, Birr, and Celbridge Unions, in compliance with the request of the Tuam Board; and thus onwards it will run its course through the public boards of Roman Catholic Ireland!

We find Connaught bishops and priests taking possession of the Technical Instruction Committees endowed by the Act of 1899, and subsidised partly out of local rates. The appointments under these committees constitute a new field of patronage for the priests, and the

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 7, 1902.

posts will be manned by persons who will be as much the servants of the clergy as the national teachers are. In Galway town we find, at a casual meeting of the Technical Instruction Committee, Bishop M'Cormack in the chair, and amongst the members present the "Very Rev. P. Canon Lynsky, P.P., V.F.; Very Rev. P. J. Lally, P.P.; Rev. J. Corcoran, P.P.; Rev. J. M'Dermot, administrator; and the Rev. J. O'Donovan, C.C."[1] Important monetary matters came before the meeting: a proposed expenditure of £2000 on a new school at Gort; the appointment of a teacher of domestic economy at £80 per annum; the appointment of an itinerant instructress of Irish crochet at £52 per annum; and other things. The laymen present number seven, but are they likely to succeed, even if they try, in carrying anything against such an array of clerical force?

The subservience of the national teachers to the priests is particularly striking in Connaught. One finds, for instance, over a hundred Irish national teachers assembled in meeting at the Court-house, Sligo, the mayor of the town, Alderman E. Foley, being in the chair. Eight resolutions are passed,[2] and then a ninth resolution is added requesting "the bishops to receive and hear deputations on the matters dealt with in the previous eight resolutions"!

And we find the Galway national teachers issuing the following appeal by advertisement in the public Press on behalf of the Augustinian Church in Galway—an exhibition, probably unparalleled outside Connaught, of State-paid civil servants publicly begging for the priests of the Order of Saint Augustine! It is headed, "An Urgent Appeal to the Teachers of Ireland," and thus proceeds:—

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[1] *Freeman's Journal*, Jan. 28, 1902. *Independent*, Jan. 6, 1902.

"The poverty of the Fathers renders them helpless. They, therefore, turn hopefully, confidently, earnestly, beseechingly to a charitable public. We, at their request, have decided to make a *special appeal* to the Irish National Teachers, a body for whom the good Fathers have the greatest respect. We feel assured that the response will be worthy of the Teachers of Ireland, and worthy of the confidence the Fathers repose in them. Signed on behalf of the members of the Galway and Galway Central Teachers' Association."[1]

"The great bazaar" in aid of this Galway Augustinian Church was opened under the presidency of Bishop M'Cormack:—

"It was a noble lady, the pious wife of a member of one of the Tribes, Mrs. Margaret Athy, that built the first monastery for the Augustinians in Galway," said Bishop M'Cormack. "It appears that her husband had been away, and on his return, on entering the bay, he beheld a large building which was not there when he had left. On inquiring he was told it was an Augustinian monastery, and it was his own wife who built it, when he threw himself on his knees and thanked God he had such a good wife." The bishop "hoped the ladies who were to assist at the bazaar would inherit this lady's noble example."[2]

When I consider what a lamentable sight that decaying town of Galway presents, how fallen and still falling it is, and when I remember how the new cut-stone churches and parochial houses of the priests and convents of the nuns stand side by side therein, with the ruined and damp-greened houses of the people, I cannot help feeling a degenerate pleasure at reading that a "heavy downpour of rain lasted all Monday night, and gave a depressing aspect to the gay saloons and walls" of this bazaar.

[1] *Irish Catholic*, April 13, 1901. [2] *Freeman's Journal*, Aug. 12, 1901.

Wherever an order of nuns is admitted to the position of paid nurses in a Union hospital, or wherever a body of religious is admitted into any public institution on salary, they are not contented with acting the part of State servants, but they must make themselves masters of the institution, and have its regulations changed to suit their convenience. A few years since, the Sligo Board of Guardians admitted the Sisters of Mercy into their Workhouse hospital, and now, at their request, the "Workhouse" hospital has been converted into a "District" hospital. The object is thus stated:—

"For a few years past a convent has been established *in connection with the institution* (the Workhouse), and the Guardians have been very liberal in expending money on much-needed improvements. Many of the friends of the sick refuse to have them brought to the 'Workhouse' hospital. Now it will be a 'District' hospital, and it will be availed of by such people *who are willing to pay.*"[1]

In a word, the Sligo Workhouse Hospital, established under the Poor Law for the relief of the sick poor, has, while remaining attached to the Sligo Workhouse, been changed into a profit-making concern, in which the nuns can receive paying patients.

In the town of Sligo there is a female industrial school, containing 149 inmates—vagrant, destitute children. The total cost of "maintenance and management" of this school, which belongs to the Sisters of Mercy, was £3057 for the year 1900; the net cost for each child being £20, 3s. 5d. per annum.

Must there not be a profit in this for the clerical organisation, when such children can be maintained for less than £9 in Wexford Workhouse?

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, March 10, 1902.

The county of Sligo is, on the whole, the least backward of the Connaught counties. Its population in 1901 was 84,083, having decreased from 94,416 in 1891, and from 107,479 in 1881; that is to say, since the passage of Mr. Gladstone's Land Act, the establishment of endowed intermediate education and the foundation of the Royal University, the population of Sligo has decreased by nearly 25 per cent. Does not that seem to show that our legislative reformers are not yet on the right road? Out of the 84,083 inhabitants of county Sligo, 76,146 are Roman Catholics, or over 90 per cent. The illiterates number 24 per cent., or nearly 1 in 4, but those in receipt of poor-law relief only number 1 in 56 of the population. The total acreage of Sligo is 440,541 statute acres; and of this the high proportion of 312,644 acres are arable, the rest being workable turf, bog, and marsh. Bishop Clancy's establishment in the county consists of 66 priests, 7 monks, 1 (?) theological student,[1] 144 male Catholic teachers, 140 nuns, 167 female Catholic teachers, besides which there are 153 girls in the Sligo "Industrial" School, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy; total, 678 persons. The imperial and local Government establishments consist of 47 male civil servant officers and clerks, 227 police, 53 male municipal, parish, union, district, and other local and county officials, 41 female civil servants, and 15 female municipal officers; total, 383 persons, not much over half the Roman Catholic clerical establishment. While there are 140 nuns, there are only 8 midwives to attend to the 10,762 wives in the county of Sligo. There are 49 solicitors, doctors, and engineers, or about one-fourteenth of the clerical army. The strength of the king's army in Sligo in 1901 was only 77 officers and men, effective and retired, or about one-ninth of

1 "Census of Ireland," 1901.

the sacerdotal army. The number of children at the National Schools was 10,944, whose destinies are entirely in the hands of Bishop Clancy and his subordinates. There were 35 Protestant boys receiving a superior education in the county in 1901. The proportionate number of Catholic boys should be at least 300; but it is only 109, and of that number 107 are at the ecclesiastical school, called the College of the Immaculate Conception, at Sligo, and the bulk of them are destined for the priesthood. The number of Catholic girls returned as receiving a "superior" education is 113; while, as we have seen, the number of nuns in the county is 140; and we may be sure the greater proportion of these 113 girls will themselves find their way into convents. The emigration from Sligo, under such a régime, is on a large scale: 14,065 in the decade ended 1901, or 1406 per annum; and 23,594 in the decade ended 1891, or 2359 per annum. In 1901 there were only 77 people in the county speaking Irish only, as against 147 in 1891; and only 17,493 speaking Irish and English, as against 21,189 persons who, in 1891, were engaged in "tracing contrasts, analogies and similitudes" between the two languages. But Bishop Clancy and Monsignor M'Loughlin may be relied upon to alter that state of things during the next decade.

Let me exemplify how rich Connaught clerics who expend vast fortunes on building, and exercise Government patronage, follow the escaped Connaughtman to Great Britain.

We find "the annual reunion of the natives of Connaught and their friends resident in Glasgow and the west of Scotland, held in Glasgow, on Friday, 7th February 1902,[1] when the Right Rev. Monsignor M'Loughlin, P.P., V.G., Roscommon, took the chair."

[1] *Irish Daily Independent*, February 8, 1902.

He is reported as having said that: "The block-house system and the concentration camps for the destruction of Boer women and children to-day had been in operation against their forefathers in Ireland two hundred and fifty years ago, and it was a proof, if one were required, that the Irish people, after the oppression they had undergone, were the chosen people of God" (cheers).

When the Irishman, to better himself, goes abroad, he is followed even to the ends of the earth by his native ministers of religion, like so many Old Men of the Sea; and they never seek him out for any object but to appeal for money. The "fertile and cultured" monsignor is credited with a description of Connaught, calculated to melt the hearts of the Irishmen of Glasgow: "Fifty years ago there were 52 paupers in every 1000 of the population; to-day there were 95 in every 1000; while in the case of England the figures were 49 fifty years ago, and to-day 26 in 1000." I cannot verify those figures. There were 485,896 grants of relief under poor law, in 1900, in Ireland, which is considerably more than one-tenth of the population, or over 100 persons in 1000. But if Monsignor M'Loughlin persists in his policy of squandering money on Venetian mosaics, in fifty years from this date the number of Connaught paupers may have increased to any number up to 200 per 1000. He is reported as thus describing Roscommon, where he is building his new and costly church and presbytery: "The county of Roscommon, from which he came, was, in fact, a wilderness. The towns were falling into a state of decay. The people were being driven into pauperism through the sheer want of industries in the country, and all the best land of the country was in the hands of the graziers." Those well-to-do graziers, though for the

most part Catholics, are not such lucrative parishioners for the monsignors as poor, struggling, apparition-believing cottiers. Those canny graziers utilise the good land of Roscommon for rearing and fattening cattle for the English market; and they succeed in doing a large portion of the prime beef and mutton trade of Ireland with England.

Bishop Healy of Clonfert, one of the six Connaught bishops who has been appointed a member of the Royal Commission on University Education, to advise the lord-lieutenant, is reported as thus describing the splendid position occupied by our fellow-Catholics in Connaught as contrasted with other places which have lost the heritage of the Faith!—

"We know how in England and Scotland and Denmark, in Holland and in Asia Minor, that precious heritage was lost or taken from the people, while the work of St. Patrick abided in face of difficulties that almost seemed insurmountable. All that power and wealth and diabolical ingenuity could suggest was tried to root out the Catholic faith in Ireland, but in vain. Without the grace of God, and the powerful prayers of our saint, how could our poor, downtrodden people have ever withstood the persistent storm of persecution that swept over the land? We are told in our saint's life—and to the worldly-minded it may at first sight seem absurd—that he was so anxious about his poor people that *he left a man on each of the commanding hill-tops of Erin to guard the surrounding country in the faith that he had planted.* There is a watcher on the top of Croagh Patrick, and another on Ben Bulben, in the county Sligo; another on Sliabh Beach; a fourth on Slieve Donard, to guard the north and east of Ireland; and a fifth on a hill near Clonard. All this seems strange. But it has its meaning, and is true. There can be no doubt that God has His angels on many a mountain summit in the world watching over the

people, ever comforting them, and enabling them to overcome their enemies; and where are those guardian angels needed more than in this unhappy land, where our holy faith has been so ruthlessly persecuted?"[1]

The following occurrence could have been distinctly seen across Clew Bay by St. Patrick's watchman on Croagh Patrick Mountain:—

"At the Castlebar Assizes, before Judge Andrews, John M. was charged with causing grievous bodily harm to Mr. John M'Hale, Newport, President, West Mayo Executive, on Christmas Day last, by biting off his nose, and causing him other injury of a serious nature. The case excited a great deal of interest, and the court was crowded to its fullest extent. Mr. John M'Hale deposed to meeting prisoner on Christmas Day on Graffy Mountain. Witness was accompanied by three others. M. took a gun from his nephew. Witness and prisoner struggled, and the result was that prisoner bit the nose off him. Drs. Knott and O'Rourke were examined in support of the prosecution. Prisoner's brother and a police sergeant were examined for the defence. The judge having summed up, the jury stated that there was not a possibility of their agreeing."[2]

The District Lunatic Asylum at Ballinasloe, where Bishop Healy resides, ought to be deeply imbued with Bishop Healy's philosophy. At a meeting of the Committee of Management

"it was unanimously resolved that we do censure and condemn in the strongest terms the action of the Intermediate Education Board in appointing a German to examine students in the Gaelic language. It is, in our opinion, an impeachment of the integrity and intelligence of Irishmen to examine students in their own language, and is a deliberate insult to the Irish people, as well as acting most arbitrary on the part of the

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, March 19, 1902. [2] Ibid.

Intermediate Education Board, besides being, to our mind, a most unnatural proceeding to get a foreigner to examine students in their native language, and we believe that such an examiner is entirely unable to pronounce Irish words the same way in which an expert in the Gaelic language would."[1]

The population of the province of Connaught, which has decreased from 846,213 in 1871 to 649,635 in 1901, does not equal that of the city of Glasgow; yet mark the numbers and variety of the Roman Catholic religious establishment which it supports, and which is supposed to be actively engaged in guarding its faith and morals. And when you have noted it, ask yourself if the deplorable condition of Connaught is not a standing disgrace to the vast army of priests and nuns who fatten upon the decaying province. I am convinced that, so far from improving the condition of the people, the immense clerical organisation is the primary cause of the people's ignorance and misery; and that if the religious were removed from unhappy Connaught the province would at once begin to advance without any further ameliorative measures whatever.

There are first the hierarchy; the Archbishop of Tuam and the five bishops of Elphin, Achonry, Killala, Galway, and Clonfert. In Tuam there are 44 parish priests, 9 administrators, and 65 curates; total, 118 secular priests. In Achonry there are 20 parish priests, 2 administrators, and 27 curates; total, 49 secular priests. In Killala there are 19 parish priests, 4 administrators, and 16 curates; total, 39 secular priests. In Galway there are 28 parish priests, 2 administrators, and 21 curates; total, 51 secular priests. In Clonfert there are 21 parish priests, 3 administrators, and 19 curates; total, 43 secular

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, March 1902.

priests. In Elphin there are 32 parish priests, 2 administrators, and 67 curates; total, 101 secular priests. The number of secular priests in the province, including county Leitrim in Ardagh diocese, is 449. If that were all there would not be much to cavil at, although the condition of the province would still be a disgrace and reproach to the 455 miracle-working bishops and priests entrusted by divine wisdom with the guidance of the people.

But, in addition, the diocese of Tuam contains an Augustinian Friary at Ballyhaunis, the number of whose inmates is not given; and eleven monasteries of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis at Annadown, Achill, Clifden, Brooklodge, Cummer, Errew, Kilkerin, Kiltulla, Mountbellew, Partry, and Roundstone. There are various orders of Christian Brothers in the diocese; at Tuam, Westport, Ballinrobe, Letterfrack, and Castlebar. All those men are engaged in teaching. They make their living by it, and the education they give is a religious one before everything else. Is the condition of the country a credit to them and to their masters, the archbishop and his priests? There is a Presentation Convent of Nuns at Tuam. There are convents of the Sisters of Mercy at Tuam, Westport, Newport, Ballyhaunis, Ballinrobe, Castlebar, Claremorris, Clifden, and Rusheen, and they are all engaged in teaching, drawing endowments from the National Board, and, in many cases, from the Agricultural and Technical Instruction Department, and even from the Congested Districts Board. There is a priests' diocesan college, St. Jarlath's, at Tuam, in which the sacerdotal organisation monopolises whatever "superior" education is given in the diocese. There are two female "industrial" schools in the diocese worked by the Sisters of Mercy, namely, Westport and Clifden, drawing £3724, 3s. 11d. per

annum for the maintenance of 191 vagrant little girls, being about £20 per head per annum. There is a male "industrial" school worked by the Christian Brothers at Letterfrack, in which there are 148 destitute little boys maintained at an annual cost of £2669, 15s. 10d.—the total in this diocese for "industrial" schools being £6393, 19s. 9d. In the diocese of Achonry, the Sisters of Charity have three convents at Benada, Ballaghadereen and Foxford. The Sisters of Mercy have a convent at Swineford, and the Sisters of St. Louis have a convent at Kiltimagh. The Sisters of Charity have "industrial" schools at Ballaghadereen and Benada, in which there are 111 little girls supported by the State at a yearly cost of £2299, 14s. 5d., being about £22, 10s. per annum for each little girl. There is a priests' college at Ballaghadereen and a clerical school at Swineford in which the priests monopolise whatever "superior" education there is in the diocese; and the Christian Brothers have a school also at Ballaghadereen. In the diocese of Clonfert we find the Discalced Carmelites established at Loughrea, and the Redemptorists at Esker near Athenry. There are five convents of Sisters of Mercy, namely, Loughrea, Ballinasloe, Portumna, Woodfort, and Eyrecourt; and a convent of Carmelite nuns at Loughrea "living up to the primitive rule." In this diocese, too, whatever there is of "superior" education is monopolised by St. Joseph's College at Ballinasloe and St. Brendan's School at Loughrea. In the diocese of Elphin the priests of the Dominican Order are established at Sligo. There are eight convents of the Sisters of Mercy, namely, Sligo, Castlerea, two at Athlone, Roscommon, Elphin, Boyle, and Strokestown; and there is an Ursuline Convent at Sligo. The Marist Brothers are in Sligo, the Presentation Brothers at Boyle, and the Franciscan Brothers at

Farragher. There are three female "industrial" schools managed by the Sisters of Mercy, at Athlone, Sligo, and Roscommon, in which 379 vagrant girls are maintained at a cost of £7068, 16s. 8d. per annum to the State. There is a priests' diocesan college in Sligo, which takes off whatever "superior" education business there is in the diocese. In the diocese of Galway we find the four Orders of Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians, and Jesuits, all settled in the unlucky town of Galway. What the force of priests is in these four establishments I do not know, but twenty-one ordained regular priests are given in the directories. There are Presentation Convents of Nuns at Galway and Oranmore; Sisters of Charity at Clarenbridge; Sisters of Mercy at Oughterard and Gort; Poor Clares at Galway; a Dominican Convent of Jesus and Mary at Galway; and three settlements of the Sisters of Mercy in Galway, namely, in their convent, in the Magdalen Asylum (!) and in the Workhouse Hospital. The Christian Brothers have an "industrial" school at Salthill, in which there are 200 boys at a cost of £3585, 9s. 8d. per annum, and there is St. Anne's Female "Industrial" School in which 81 little girls are maintained at the yearly cost of £1530, 15s. 3d., or about £20 per head.

I ask the reader to picture to himself the condition of this town of Galway, and realise from it how the priest and nun can fatten on the decay of the people. In 1851 the population of the town was 23,787, and from that day to this it has been falling as follows: 1861, 16,967; 1871, 15,596; 1881, 15,417; 1891, 13,800; and in 1901, 13,426. Its trade has been falling at even a greater pace than its population; and, but for the churches and convents and Persse's distillery, it is a town of ruins and vacancy. During the

fifty years since 1851 the priests and nuns have been multiplying; and this poor but historic town, which now contains only thirteen thousand odd people, at the opening of the twentieth century, possesses a bishop and nine secular priests, as well as four houses of Regular Orders—Franciscans, Augustinians, Dominicans and Jesuits, with twenty-one admitted priests. It contains three establishments of the Sisters of Mercy, one of the Presentation Nuns, one of the Poor Clares, and one of the Dominican Nuns. It possesses a community of the Patrician Brothers, and the male and female "industrial" schools mentioned. It also contains a priests' diocesan college, and last and most significant in a town of thirteen thousand inhabitants, a Magdalen Asylum!

There is a State-endowed, non-sectarian Queen's College in Galway, fully equipped for giving the best possible instruction; containing chairs of Greek; Latin; Mathematics; Natural Philosophy; History, English Literature, and Mental Science; Modern Languages; Chemistry; Natural History; Mineralogy and Geology; Civil Engineering; Anatomy and Physiology; Practice of Medicine; Practice of Surgery; Materia Medica; Midwifery; English Law, Jurisprudence and Political Economy; all filled by men of the highest qualifications. This splendidly equipped institution was only attended in 1900–1901 by 97 students, of whom 59 were Protestants of various denominations, and only 38 were Catholics. All honour and credit be to those 38 Catholic students and their parents. They are better men for the State than all the students at the priests' colleges in Connaught put together. This fine college, supported by the State, has been boycotted by the army of Connaught priests, and its prizes are mostly carried off by young Episcopalians and Presbyterians from Ulster

who come down to take advantage of its opportunities, while the young Galway Catholics, unable to realise their own capabilities, keep flying off to America to escape from the black, chilling shadow of the sacerdotal brigade who, like a swarm of carrion crows, are settled amongst the ruins of the dying town. There is little sense and no mirth in Galway to-day, either for the resident or the thoughtful visitor; the "man for Galway" is as dead as Charles Lever himself.

The diocese of Killala completes with one exception my muster-roll for Connaught. It contains two Sisters of Mercy convents at Ballina and Belmullet, and a priests' diocesan seminary at Ballina, where the bishop lives, wherein money is made out of whatever "superior" education is given in the diocese.

The county Leitrim, though in Connaught, is in Ardagh diocese. It has 48 priests, 73 nuns, 258 male and female Catholic teachers, making the clerical establishment 379 persons, or far more than the combined imperial and local government establishments in the county, as we have already seen.[1]

I shall not expatiate on those two Connaught pictures. On the one hand the reader will have noted the disturbed, unhappy, ignorant, impoverished condition of the lay people; on the other, the flourishing state of the religious. How can a conscientious statesman study the condition of Catholic Connaught and escape from the, to my mind, inevitable deduction that the priest and his helpmate the nun constitute a force which makes for national disturbance, discontent, degeneracy, decay, and, in the end, death itself?

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1901.

CHAPTER XV

IN CATHOLIC DUBLIN

We are not concerned in this chapter with the small and fashionable section of Roman Catholic Dublin which can boast of society as estimable as can be found in any city in the world, but with the struggling and the poor. It is five o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, in September 1901, and I am in the Phœnix Park. Pale women in hundreds are struggling up the slope from the main gate in Parkgate Street, either on the footpaths of the main road or through the People's Gardens, with infants in their arms and smoking husbands by their sides, or clutched at hand and skirt by toddling youngsters requiring to be towed. The electric tram has stopped outside the gate, not permitted to come farther; not permitted to carry those gasping, weak-loined mothers and those pale infants up the hill into the fresh air, where the grass and the trees make it so pleasant to rest. The Government is willing to let the trams into the park, but the popular press unanimously oppose the concession in the alleged interests of a score or two of jarvies. The Phœnix Park, and all its beauties, the plain of the Fifteen Acres, the Furry Glen with its lake, the view of the salmon-weir from the Magazine bluff, and the many other prospects of the winding, placid Liffey, and of the blue Dublin mountains, are all therefore inaccessible to those hundreds of poor Dublin mothers and their infants, to whom the Park might be such a priceless boon; and to

Roche, Dublin.

IN THE PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN

"The electric tram has stopped outside the gate, not permitted to carry those gasping, weak-loined mothers up the hill into the fresh air, where the grass and the trees make it so pleasant to rest" (p. 268).

those lazy or tired Dublin artisans; and those pale-faced Dublin girls with their wealth of glossy hair, all of whom would gladly pay a penny for the tram. It is such a long walk up the hill to the Phœnix Column, past the front of the Viceregal Lodge, to that central space midway in the main road, where those three great houses, tenanted by the Government's three chief officials in Ireland—to wit, the lord-lieutenant, the chief-secretary, and the under-secretary—front each other, occupying the best portion of the Phœnix Park. Such a long uphill climb from Parkgate Street for men, and above all, for women, who have had scant rest and no good air for six days! Yet this middle-space, where the official lodges stand, is only half-way to the Castleknock Gate, and, having reached it, you have not seen half the Park. It is five o'clock on a September Sunday afternoon, as I have said. The Park in the vicinity of the Parkgate Street Gate—that is to say, the portion of it between the Zoo and the gate, including the People's Gardens—is full of people. All the rest of the eighteen hundred acres, glen and plain, is deserted, except by some dozens of young couples, by many bicyclists, by several groups of boys at play, or by dust-raising outside cars with wild students and gay young shopmen, who can afford to fee the expiring race of Park jarvies, bound for Knockmaroon and the Strawberry Beds. A band is playing in the Hollow between the People's Garden and the Zoo. The green sward under the noble elms is alive with humanity—men, women, youths, and children. The soldiers' scarlet, the constabulary men's black, the girls' many-coloured dresses and glorious hair of various hues, the white clothing of the children, are all spread out beneath my eyes, and form a living picture which cannot be surpassed. I am looking down at it from the high-

road at the gates of the People's Gardens. The lugubrious notes of "Just Before the Battle, Mother," wail their melancholy dirge from cornet, flute, trombone, and flageolet, and the sadness of the popular tune fills the Hollow. Dance-music of our own, Irish, devil-may-care variety follows quickly. And then the martial American air—

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave"—

splits high heaven with its brazen strains. Meanwhile the urchins scramble on the sward, the men lie smoking on the slopes of the Hollow, the women sit at rest with anxious eyes upon the infants. That is Sunday afternoon at its best in poor Catholic Dublin. It is the best outdoor Sunday sight to look upon in Dublin for one who loves the people. Grass, clouds, blue ether, trees, deer, cattle, flowers, gravelled walks, lakes, smooth-shaven lawns; and music, bending the mind towards gayer and more romantic, if not higher, trains of thought; and, best of all, people, abundance of people, of all ages everywhere the eye may chance to turn!

If you want to see our Catholic Sunday at its worst go down into the purlieus of the city, into the public-houses, into the tenement houses, into the pro-cathedral region.

But here, even in the Park, and without descending into the purlieus, you may see some of the worst manifestations of the Irish character in free-play, those traits which have given us a bad name in every clime. Churlish bigotry, impious language are in full swing close at hand. Can this be true? Come, let us test it. Let us walk fifty paces from the Hollow, and take our stand at the Gough Monument on the main road. Two or three virtuous-looking, bare-headed men and some quietly dressed ladies are standing in a group on the grass preaching the self-sacrifice of Christ and the salvation He bought for all mankind by His death.

Or perhaps they are singing a hymn in soft, clear-ringing voices in praise of God who made the blue vault under which they stand; in praise of God who caused those giant elms round about them to grow; in praise of God who holds in the hollow of His hand those dappled deer, those grazing cattle, those boys and girls romping on the steps of the Wellington Monument, this great Park itself, this Atlantic-girt island of Ireland, the whole earth, and countless worlds besides. But mark the four massive and judicial-visaged Dublin policemen. They stand close beside the group who raise their voices in praise of God. And mark the crowd of fifty or sixty youths, aged from fifteen to twenty, with younger urchins in between their legs, who are shouting and swearing, and foaming at the mouth, and speaking filth into the faces of those healthy-looking, fearless praisers of God. Hearken with horror to language as vile as ever re-echoed in the worst slum in the pro-cathedral parish of Dublin which is being hurled at those earnest, inoffensive preachers and hymn-singers who praise God, the All-Bountiful. Could anything evince a lower degree of civilisation? You look up at the blue sky and wonder that fire does not fall from heaven and blast those young curs who thus bark at men and women for daring to stand in the open air and sing a hymn in plain English in praise of that God who gives breath to their lungs, and endows them with a mind to ennoble their sin-beset bodies. You wonder that God does not strike down those human yelpers of sinful language, and you can only say with resignation, as the dying President M'Kinley said, "It is His way." Those snarling youths are Catholic boys, our fellow-religionists, fellow-citizens and fellow-countrymen, the descendants of saints and scholars. They are not devils' spawn; they are not Hottentots. There are not many

men in Dublin, I rejoice to say, vile enough to act so intolerantly. Is there one adult disturber amongst them? If there be, then the exception proves the rule. There are a few groggy-looking fellows and a cantankerous, well-clad elderly man. Where are the priests? They are disporting themselves all over the city, and no one ever yet heard the conduct of those Dublin men and boys condemned by priest or monk in church or school. A serious word from the priests would stop the degrading display which is witnessed in the Park every Sunday by so many strangers—to our national discredit. But that serious word is never spoken. Indeed, the sort of doctrine which the Catholic youth learn from the pulpits whenever they chance to hear a sermon at mass, is calculated to make them bigots. I do not impute it to any individual priest, secular or regular, that he would directly incite to violence in any concrete case, but the trend of our priests' preaching is to perpetuate enmity between us and other Christian denominations.

Father Wheeler, a Jesuit, and a quiet kind of man, is reported as exclaiming at Harold's Cross:—

"Far be it from me to make use of exaggeration or to stir up bad feeling, but it is a fact patent to all that there exists in the city an odious system by which, through the medium of unlimited wealth, people are endeavouring to lead the children of the wretchedly poor from the Catholic faith. Let them try and realise what a fearful temptation was placed in the way of the very poor!"[1]

While Father Kane, another Jesuit, is widely reported as holding forth thus in Gardiner Street:[2]—

"It is the old Church that has an actual mission; it is the old faith that is a living fact. Hence they could

[1] *Freeman*, Feb. 19, 1902. [2] *Irish Catholic*, Feb. 22, 1902.

listen to no new prophets, and they would simply, absolutely and remorselessly brand as false any teaching that denied the old faith." Referring to the "so-called Reformation," Father Kane is reported as saying: "It was a reformation of divine authority to teach, in order to suit the whims of private judgment or the insolence of free thought; a reformation of spiritual authority in order to make Parliament an arbiter of divine dogma, and to make bishops the creatures of a king; a reformation of sacred vows to God *in order to let loose vicious monks and nuns;* a reformation of holy marriage in order to admit of adultery; a reformation of fasting in order to suit the glutton; a reformation of penance in order to suit the profligate; a reformation through which flowed the poison and corruption that had been festering within the Church; a reformation that sought to justify its existence by blotting out more than a hundred years of Christian history; a reformation that ignored or laughed at Christ's promise to His apostles that to the end of ages they should not err; a reformation that snapped its fingers in the face of the living Church, and told the millions of martyrs, virgins, confessors, doctors, in whose lives since Calvary the Gospel light had shone amidst the darkness, that they were swindlers, fools, or knaves. And why? *Because an apostate monk who lived with a runaway nun, and who boasted that he could tell the brew of any beer in Germany, chose to be rebellious as well as bad;* and because in England a king, adulterer and murderer, wanted to put away his wife and marry his mistress."

Such imputations only lead one to suspect the chastity, sobriety, and general perfection of the preacher who, when he was thus calumniating Martin Luther, was speaking to a crowded church. And I can imagine—for I have often attended that church—how the denizens of that most decadent part of respectable Dublin heaved a sigh and congratulated themselves as they left the church upon being within

the true fold. It is amazing how social decay ever goes hand in hand with clerical fatness. The only concern in that district which is prospering is the Jesuit's establishment at Gardiner Street. They have recently doubled or trebled the size of the residential quarters to provide, it is alleged, for fugitive French Jesuitry. Everything else in the neighbourhood but their religious emporium is going down. Mountjoy Square, and the grand streets adjoining it, are in the hands of people at the present moment who are several degrees lower than those who inhabited that locality thirty years ago. But the Jesuits and their church flourish with increasing vigour as the locality decays. About three o'clock every afternoon you will notice a number of mysterious priests in black broadcloth emerging from the residence-house attached to this Jesuit church one by one. I have often marvelled at the number of them who come forth about that hour of the afternoon and proceed to disperse themselves all over the town, visiting Catholics who are well off, in furtherance of their objects. They are the most persistent and the most successful, and, at the same time, the most undemonstrative of all the mendicant Orders in Ireland. The loud-voiced Dominican, who tries to rival them in this locality of Dublin, finds himself outstripped in every branch of religious commerce by the Jesuit.

When a Jesuit dines in a house where the company are not completely under his domination, or where Protestants are present, I notice that nothing can exceed his patience and humility. He never misses a chance of inculcating the extreme poverty of himself and his Order upon those with whom he associates on terms of intimacy. He has been known, after being entertained at dinner at a well-to-do Dublin Catholic's house, to ask the hostess for a penny or twopence to pay his

tram-fare back to Gardiner Street. The Jesuit Society has, perhaps, more strings to its bow than any other community of priests in Ireland. They have, for instance, a man to cater in a mild way for sincere temperance people. They have *bon-vivants* to please those who are fond of wine, good living, and good stories. They have abstemious, ascetic-looking men to win their way into the confidence of ladies who go in for the religious cult, and who may be presented by those ladies to their friends in power at the Viceregal Lodge, the chief secretary's lodge, or the castle. They have burly, stentorian Jesuits to orate and fume in remote country districts, when they are invited by the local parish priest to give a retreat or a mission. In a word, the Jesuit body can be all things to all men and all women. They may be—and it is not admitting much—better educated than the general run of the religious Orders in Ireland; but they are, perhaps, on that account, all the more objectionable, and all the greater drag upon the country. Whenever there was trouble in Ireland the Jesuit was always found absent or invisible. During the land agitation, for instance, nobody ever heard the Jesuits raising their voice in the interests of peace. They were in their burrows like moles. But in the confusion which followed the death of Mr. Parnell, and when politics were at a very low ebb in Ireland, the Jesuits came forth to glean.

Father Kane's hearers listened complacently to the oft-told calumny about the first reformers and the low suggestions which accompanied it. Our priests complain if they are accused of immorality by Protestant writers and speakers in England. Why, then, should they rake up such low scandals about the men who risked life and property to save North Europe from the sensual clutch of the Popes? I do not myself believe

that any cause can be advanced by singling out the failings of individual men and women for objurgation. I object to such methods when employed against our priests. I also object to them when employed by our priests against our Protestant fellow-citizens to excite the passions of the lower classes.

Martin Luther, the reviled, must have been even a greater wonder-worker than I regard him, if, being a friar, and wishing to marry a young lady who happened to be a nun, and solely to accomplish his own personal gratification, he succeeded in making all North Europe cast off the papal yoke, and by the religious and mental emancipation thus won, revolutionised the entire condition of the world for the better. For it is to the Protestantism, or the free-thought in religion then established, that we owe everything of progress and improvement which has been achieved since. Should a Jesuit take it into his head to elope with one of the nuns next door to his chapel in Gardiner Street, I venture to say no such world-reforming consequences would follow. I certainly should not fasten upon the incident as an argument against the Jesuits. If I attack institutions, my attack will always be grounded upon fundamental principles and general consequences, not upon the failings of individuals.

I do not impute to Father Wheeler or Father Kane responsibility for such a reprehensible occurrence as the following by no means exceptional incident reported recently in the police news of the popular Dublin press:—

"Police constable 66 D, charged B. C., an apprentice to the provision trade, with throwing a stone at a preacher of the Plymouth Brethren, who were holding an open-air religious meeting at the Gough Statue, Phœnix Park, yesterday. Mr. Mahony imposed a fine

SCENES ON THE DUBLIN STREET SIDES

"We are not concerned in this chapter with the small and fashionable section of Roman Catholic Dublin, . . . but with the struggling and the poor." (p. 268)

of 20s. The defendant, in default of payment, to go to jail for fourteen days."[1]

Nor for another and worse crime, far removed from the scene of the stoning in the Phœnix Park, but in another quarter of the city of Dublin, where the population is almost exclusively Catholic, and, to a great extent, poor and ignorant. If they take the low view of the religious basis on which the Reformation rests, as enunciated in Father Kane's sermon, can the poor actors in those disgraceful scenes be said to be doing more than practising in their way the gospel preached from their pulpits? What feeling save one of loathing can the poor Catholics have for the ministers of a Reformation, which reformed "the sacred vows to God in order to let loose vicious monks and nuns"; which reformed "holy marriage in order to admit of adultery"; which "told the millions of martyrs, virgins, confessors, doctors, in whose lives since Calvary the Gospel light had shone amidst the darkness, that they were swindlers, fools, or knaves"; and which took place solely "because an apostate, who lived with a runaway nun, chose to become rebellious as well as bad, and because in England a king, adulterer and murderer, wanted to put away his wife and marry his mistress"? How can the little Catholic boys and girls of the street-side, whose surroundings are so low and sordid, be blamed for anything they do, if under the influence of such teaching? Let the following case give an instance of what is, perhaps, being done on the Sabbath afternoon in the heart of Dublin, while the scenes which we have described are going on in the Phœnix Park:—

"To-day, in the Police Court, before Mr. Swifte, seven boys, of ages varying from eight to sixteen years, were

[1] *Evening Herald.*

charged by Inspector Holohan and Constable Finn (76A) with being members of a crowd of boys who were, on Sunday evening last, guilty, as alleged, of wantonly throwing stones or missiles on the public thoroughfare in Lower Clanbrassil Street, to the danger of the public. They were further charged with having on the same occasion seriously assaulted the Rev. Mr. S., rector of St. L's.

"The Rev. Mr. S. deposed that on Sunday evening last he was returning home from service in St. L.'s to his residence. He was accompanied by a gentleman. They were followed by a crowd of about twenty boys. The crowd began to follow them at the top of Malpas Street. Some of the boys were bigger than those in the dock. There was shouting and jeering and booing, apparently directed at witness and his friend. He did not hear what was said. About Daniel Street the young lads closed up, and he was struck on the head with a stone, and on the leg and back with some missiles. He was crippled by the blow on the leg. The blow on the head was severe, and the next day witness was bleeding from the nose as the result, he believed, of the blow on the head. He was still in the doctor's hands. He was unable to follow the boys. The gentleman who was with him did. When witness came up with him he was holding one boy. Witness advised him to let him go. The boys again began to jeer, but ran when they saw the police. He did not identify any of the boys.

"Constable Finn deposed that he was on duty near Clanbrassil Street on Sunday evening between 8 and 9 o'clock in plain clothes. He saw a number of boys at the corner of Williams' Place; they were shouting and booing and hissing, and throwing squibs. He saw the Rev. Mr. S. and another gentleman standing in the midst of them. The boys ran when they saw witness. He ran after them down Bonny's Lane. He recognised the six boys in the dock as having been in the crowd. He believed the Rev. Mr. S. was the object of the booing. There were sixteen or twenty boys.

"J. O'N. deposed that he saw a crowd of boys around the rev. gentleman, shouting, booing, and hissing. There were men and women in the crowd also. He saw things thrown at the clergyman.

"Mr. Swifte said the evidence disclosed an offence of a very reprehensible character. In view of the age of the defendants, he did not wish to commit them absolutely to jail, more especially *as there appeared to have been adults behind the boys* encouraging them in their action, a fact which he thought was a very regrettable feature of the case. He would fine M. 20s., with the alternative of going to prison for fourteen days. He should also find bail in the sum of £5, or go to jail for another fourteen days. All the boys, except M., who was fined £1, were ordered to find bail in £5, or go to jail for fourteen days."[1]

The clergyman, be it noted, did not identify any of the prisoners, nor was he the prosecutor even, though he was so brutally treated; and the magistrate, being himself a Protestant, dealt leniently with the case, perhaps for that reason. Contrast this behaviour with the tenderness of the English authorities in guarding the susceptibilities of the Catholic minority in England from the slightest hurt at the hands of Protestants.

That outbreak of public violence and disrespect to Protestant clergymen in the streets of Catholic Dublin was, I regret to say, by no means an isolated one. A violent assault on an elderly Protestant clergyman on the public road outside Kingstown took place shortly before this on a Sabbath afternoon, and the delinquents were punished by the police magistrate.

I have been authoritatively informed that, some years ago, a gross outrage was put upon a clergyman of the Church of Ireland not many hundred yards from the scene of this disturbance of the peace which I have just recorded. The name of the clergyman was men-

[1] *Evening Telegraph*, November 30, 1901.

tioned to me, and he is a man singularly inoffensive in his appearance and manner, so much so that it amazes me that even the most misguided of our poor people should be guilty of such an outrage. It appears the clergyman was passing through one of the old streets in the liberties of Dublin on the way from one of the Protestant cathedrals to his own home, when a huge rough, probably a slaughter-house man, rushed out of an unoccupied shop flourishing a cow's windpipe or entrails in his hand, all fresh and blood-stained, and the degraded scamp threw the butcher's offal round the neck of the clergyman.

The clergyman, an elderly man, seeing no redress in the vicinity, and fearing, not without some justice, that his life was in danger, fled from the locality. The incident was reported to the parish priests, but no action was taken by them; nor did they seem to realise that such an outrage was not only a disgrace to themselves, but that it reflected the gravest discredit upon our city.

Indeed but for the police of Dublin there would be no check upon such conduct. Our Dublin people are, it is true, naturally tolerant and fair-minded, and such instances of bigotry are only to be found in the lowest quarters of the city. But those are the quarters in which the priests claim the most paramount authority, and from whose inhabitants they exclude most rigorously all possibility of enlightenment, whether from the better-class Catholic laity or from the Protestants. Every well-meant attempt to improve the condition or enlighten the darkness of the denizens of these Catholic districts at once raises the ire of the priests, and the *tocsin* of danger to the faith is sounded from the altars. But the public may be assured that the respectable lay Roman Catholics of Dublin condemn such exhibitions

of bigotry even more strenuously than our Protestant fellow-citizens; and if they had any voice in the religious government of the Dublin parishes, such occurrences would meet all the public odium they deserve.

But, were authority divided between the clergy and the laity in the Roman Catholic Church, there would be no such crimes to record; for the average Catholic layman earnestly desires to live at peace with his brethren of all denominations.

The *admitted* sacerdotal establishment *within* the city boundary of Dublin, is 279 priests, 177 monks, 216 theological students, and 749 nuns; total, 1421, exclusive of subsidiaries. Within the county, but *outside* the city boundary, there are *admitted* in addition, 232 priests, 152 monks, 110 theological students, and 977 nuns; total, 1471. The *admitted* total of religious[1] for city and county, without subsidiaries, is thus 2892! In 1871 the *admitted* number of priests, monks, and nuns was only 1511!

Let us now devote some attention to the pro-cathedral parish of Dublin, some of whose parishioners direct their property to be sold out to pay for masses, like "Anne Roe, widow, deceased," who made her will on the 26th of March 1902, and died on the following day. She "bequeathed £50 to the Magdalen Asylum, Drumcondra; £50 to the same asylum in Gloucester Street; and, after paying all expenses, gave the remainder of the purchase money of No. 5 Hutton's Lane, Dublin, to the parish priest of Marlborough Street Cathedral for masses to be celebrated publicly in Ireland."[2] Let us see how little effect the large sacerdotal army, including those richly-endowed, profitably-worked, nun-managed Magdalen asylums, have upon the female immorality of Catholic Dublin.

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1901. [2] *Freeman*, May 28, 1902.

CHAPTER XVI

IN CATHOLIC DUBLIN (*continued*)

"Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour!"—T. Hood.

Still continuing to interest ourselves in poor Dublin, let us now travel a little distance to the southward, from the scene of our Jesuit's discourse in Upper Gardiner Street. Let us walk down the hill from Mountjoy Square, along that once noble thoroughfare known as Middle and Lower Gardiner Street. Fifty years ago this street was inhabited by professional people and other rich residents, and every house had its carriage, its coachman, and its butler. To-day, with a few exceptians, this imposing stretch of street consists of tenement houses, inhabited not alone by the lowest class of society, but by the tramp and vagrant, and mendicant classes. The area around it, but more especially between it and Buckingham Street to the east, is what I shall call the Mecklenburgh Street area; and it constitutes, perhaps, the greatest blot upon the social life of Dublin and of Ireland. There is no such area in London, or in any other town of Great Britain, that I ever saw or heard of. Within this area the trade of prostitution and immorality is carried on as openly as any branch of legitimate business is conducted in the other portions of Dublin. The principal houses devoted to immoral traffic, in this region, are as attractively painted and fitted up on the outside as, let us say,

private hotels or houses which are legitimately licensed for the sale of drink in the principal streets of the city. Their doors are open night and day. There is no attempt at subterfuge. The names of their keepers are in Thom's Directory as openly as those of our professional men. In fact the trade is as well recognised in this part of Dublin, as I have said, as any other branch of business carried on in the Irish capital. I have often heard it said—and I do the police the justice of repeating it—in explanation of this fact, that the authorities advisedly, and with the consent of many of our leading citizens, regard this territory as an *imperium in imperio*. They consider it better that the immorality of Dublin should be all concentrated into that one area. And I have heard it adduced that, at a time many years distant, when the immoral quarter of Dublin was at the south side of the Liffey, in a place called French Street, and when a clearance was made of those who lived by the trade out of that street, the result was that the immoral class thereupon spread itself all over the city to the annoyance of the respectable people. I see no reason to doubt that statement. At that time the area of Dublin was much more circumscribed than it is at present. There were at that time practically no suburban areas; and, therefore, I do not believe that such a result would be found to follow from dispersion at the present day. I think it right to state these circumstances as an explanation of the fact that our Dublin lay authorities have not seen their way to take effectual measures to stamp out the trade carried on in the Mecklenburgh Street area; and why the principle *divide et impera* has not been applied.

But, seeing the strength of the sacerdotal organisation in Dublin, it is the priests who should take the initiative.

This area of Dublin is, in fact, what the Japanese call a *Yoshiwari*, with this difference, that the *Yoshiwari* in Japan is licensed by the State, and under the charge of the State, and that the State holds itself responsible for the safety of the lives of the people who enter it. Such people must give their names and addresses before going into the *Yoshiwari*. Nor are the denizens of the *Yoshiwari* allowed to leave it. Here in Dublin our *Yoshiwari* is not under State supervision, but yet it is a district apart from the rest of the town, and well known to every resident in Dublin as being devoted to the nefarious practices carried on within its area. And the denizens of our *Yoshiwari* are free to issue forth at their pleasure to roam through the city. So much, then, as to the position of those who are charged with the legal administration of the city with regard to this *Yoshiwari* of Dublin. Their conduct in regard to it has met with the tacit approval of the corporation and citizens of Dublin; because, as I have said, it is believed that if the police should, as they are empowered to do, disperse by prosecution the denizens of this area, the entire town would suffer. I do not think so, for the reason I have stated; and therefore do not agree with that view. I think Dublin has so much expanded since the days of the abolition of French Street, that no similar recurrence would now be likely to take place. Since it seems to be accepted as a necessary part of our social system that every city must have its quota of fallen females, I do not propose to take up the untenable position that Dublin should be without a share of misguided women. But I take up this position, that our city should not swarm with them, and that things should not be made comfortable for them. I think our ideal of morality should not be so extremely low as it is. And I think that it is the bounden duty of every clergy-

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"Full of 'practical Catholics,' respectable people, whom you will see crowding into all the masses at the pro-cathedral on Sundays" (p 290).

man to exert himself to lessen the number of our fallen women, to save those who are engaged in living by their immorality, and to warn the young against the perils that exist. I think it is his duty to visit and advise, and to prevent by every moral means in his power the free exercise of this degrading trade. It is upon him, and not upon the municipal and police authorities, that first responsibility in this matter rests. I say fearlessly that the clergyman who stands by while such a region as the Mecklenburgh Street area flourishes and thrives before his very face, is guilty of a dereliction of duty. I say that the existence of such a district is a reproach and a disgrace to the clergymen of all denominations who are territorially responsible for it. It is well known that nearly nine-tenths of the denizens of this region are Catholics, and that the region itself is in the parish of the Catholic pro-cathedral, for which the Catholic archbishop of Dublin is directly responsible in the eyes of the public. The bishop, are we not told, is the divinely appointed custodian of "faith and morals"? That is why the bishop must control the new Catholic University! What account, then, can the bishop of this area give of his stewardship? Is he satisfied with the morals of his flock? I say, while admitting his personal integrity, that the existence of this area is a disgrace to Dublin Catholics and to him as our divinely appointed guardian. I say further that I do not believe Dubliners are so depraved as to cause any necessity whatever for the existence of such an immense and densely peopled immoral reservation in our midst. Nor are the only crimes committed within this district those of fornication and adultery. I find that from year's end to year's end robberies, garrotings, brutal assaults—yea, and even murders—are committed, not only by the denizens of the locality and their associates upon one

another, but upon strangers in our city who are enticed into those precincts. Is it not right, then, that some one, even the least worthy amongst Dubliners, should raise his voice for the credit of Dublin? In many cases strangers drawn into this district, frequently under the influence of drink, are robbed of vast sums of money, and frequently even of the very clothes they wear. Oftentimes we read that they are violently assaulted, and more than once they are known to have been killed. I have seen the police swear in court that they carry their lives in their hands in those streets at night-time. It is often said that no compassion should be felt for the people upon whom such evils fall. It is alleged that they themselves put themselves in the wrong by going into this area, and that therefore they merit anything, even loss of life, which may befall them.

But I cannot hold with that contention, while I by no means palliate the acts of the people who extend their custom and patronage to such an area. It is contrary to all civilised usages that a man should be robbed and assaulted within the precincts of a civilised city like Dublin. If such a place is suffered to exist and thrive, the community is responsible for all consequences accruing from its existence. It is particularly odious that strangers, ignorant of the habits and customs of the town—sailors paid off after a voyage, horse-dealers, and cattle-dealers away from home, and commercial travellers, to mention a few recent instances—should be so treated.

How could any stranger, for instance, be aware of the following facts concerning "the district of the city of Dublin which lies between the Liffey, Sackville Street, Great Britain Street, Summer Hill, and Amiens Street"? I quote from a circular issued about this region in July 1901, and signed by "W. J. Clarke, D.D., Highfield

Road, Rathgar, late rector of St. Thomas's parish, chairman; E. Robinson, A.M., 6 Gardiner's Place, rector of St. Thomas's parish; William Proctor, 28 Kenilworth Square, Rathgar, United Free Presbyterian Church, hon. secretary; John Connell, A.M., 2 Gracepark Gardens, Drumcondra, rector of Drumcondra and North Strand, hon. secretary." The abominable district is in the Protestant parish of St. Thomas, and the next adjoining Protestant parish is that of North Strand. This explains why the late rector and present rector of St. Thomas's parish and the rector of North Strand busy themselves in this matter. The denizens of the immoral area are nearly, if not quite, nine-tenths Catholic. But the Catholic clergymen refuse to co-operate with the signatories to this circular in any movement to reclaim the area. I myself attended mass for five years at the pro-cathedral in Marlborough Street. Unlike the vast majority of the congregation, I frequently waited to hear the sermon preached at that place of worship. I can truthfully say that I never heard a word said against prostitution from the pulpit. Nor did I ever hear of any practical effort made by the priests of Marlborough Street or by the Jesuits of Gardiner Street to improve the criminal condition of that savage district. I remember when I was a boy that there was a street of this description in the city of Cork known as North Street. It abutted Lavitt's Quay, close to Patrick's Bridge, and I used to see the women of that street bare-headed and bare-breasted, in coloured dresses, disporting themselves at the quay end of the street, within sight of Patrick's Bridge, the most central point of the town. But I also remember that the priests of Cork at that time rose up, and, with the co-operation of the landlords of the street, evicted the entire population of North Street. There was a

great deal of ostentatious formality, it is true, about the proceeding, such as religious processions through the street, blessing of the houses from which the women had been evicted, and so forth; but credit must be given for the fact that the street no longer exists, and that there is now no *Yoshiwari* in Cork; at any rate, if there is, it does not obtrude itself upon the ordinary spectator as North Street did of old.

The circular to which I have referred, and which is now before me, dealing with our Dublin *Yoshiwari* goes on to say:—

"The district was known to be the haunt of vice and sin, but few knew the awful depths to which very many of our fellow-citizens living in it had sunk. Alas! we know now that the sad, harrowing scenes depicted are not only true, but should be portrayed in even darker colours. Something of the moral depravity of the district may be gleaned from the fact that there are about 100 HOUSES OF ILL-FAME, AND OVER 500 KNOWN PROSTITUTES in it. According to the police statistics for 1899, nearly one-third of the whole criminal cases, or 10,416 out of 35,974 in the Dublin Metropolitan Police district came out of that area. . . . They give, however, but a faint idea of the prevailing vice and immorality. One high in authority, whose testimony is worthy of the highest respect, said lately, 'I know well the moral condition of all the large cities in the United Kingdom, and in none of them does the social evil prevail to such a large extent, or is it carried on so openly, as in Dublin.'"

What a character that is to give of the pro-cathedral parish of Catholic Dublin! How vain and empty are our boasts about Irish virtue in the face of such a damning condition of things! Whom can we expect to believe our self-glorification, except interested flatterers of the priesthood, engaged in trying to create

Government positions for themselves by means of priestly aid in Ireland? The circular goes on to say:—

"The Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Pile, Bart., visiting lately the district with the view of improving it, said, 'I never could have believed such an immoral district existed in the city. It is a disgrace to the Churches of all denominations to allow such a state of things to continue.'"

Sir Thomas Pile is not a Catholic. Were the visitor to our *Yoshiwari* on that occasion a Catholic lord mayor he would have been afraid to make such a statement in view of the fact that Archbishop Walsh himself is the parish priest of the area. Sir Thomas Pile, to his credit, did not hesitate to make the statement. It now comes within my province, in this book dealing with the conditions and relations of priests and people in Ireland, to take the risk of bringing home the responsibility for the degraded condition of the Catholic nine-tenths of the population of that area —who are my fellow-religionists, and for whom I feel— to the proper parties. It may be that I am unwise in my generation. So be it. I still think that it is right to tell the truth, and to fearlessly state what one believes to be the cause—and, above all, the removable cause—of evil to one's fellow-countrymen. It is, therefore, a sense of duty, as well as a sincere love for the city of Dublin in which I have lived so long, that induces me to deal at such length with this question. I believe that the Mecklenburgh Street area in Dublin is a centre of corruption, and of the lowest morality, which diseases the entire island, out even to Malin Head, Clew Bay, and Berehaven.

The circular under consideration continues:—

"Are we, the citizens of Dublin and suburbs, as we have done in the past, going to shut our eyes to the

magnitude of the evil, and content ourselves with showing we cannot be held responsible, seeing we really have little knowledge of that part of our city? . . . Something ought to be, and must be, done adequate to the extent and flagrance of the evil. In one direction action has been taken. About two years ago the Protestant local clergy, along with several laymen, asked the Roman Catholic clergy of the cathedral, Marlborough Street (seeing about 80 per cent. of the outcasts belong to their Church), if they would cooperate with them in dealing with this great evil. A NEGATIVE ANSWER WAS GIVEN."

Thus the praiseworthy efforts of the energetic Protestants were slighted and discountenanced by the Catholic ministers of religion, who, to use their own well-known phrase, "have the spiritual charge" of nine-tenths of the degraded inhabitants of this degraded area! It is, I find, a never-failing characteristic of that species of unpractical Christianity, commonly known as "practical Catholicity," that vice flourishes side by side with it wherever it is to be found. This degraded area, inhabited by poor women, who live by this lowest of all trades, and lower men who live upon the earnings of those women, and who act as their bullies and protectors, contains numbers of respectable, "practical Catholics," whom you will see crowding into all the masses at the pro-cathedral. You will see hundreds of them standing *outside* the edifice bareheaded, while the collectors walk about amongst them rattling their collecting-boxes, thus complying with the precept of the Church, which orders them to go to mass under penalty of mortal sin, on all Sundays and "holy days of obligation." What enlightenment is there for them in such procedure? Yet, that is all of religion and all of Christian teaching which those poor people receive! Those who are *within* the edifice

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"Standing *outside* the edifice bare-headed, while the collectors walk about amongst them, rattling their collecting-boxes, &c." (p. 290).

hear the mumbling of the distant priest, the tinkling of the bell. They remain for twenty or twenty-five minutes, herded together like animals, coughing, sneezing, and expectorating; some of them thumping their breasts and turning up the whites of their eyes, others of them fingering rosary beads, others squeezed close to the rails of the said altar, one perhaps out of a dozen reading a prayer-book; all eagerly impatient for the brief, formal mass to be over, so that they may get out again into the light and the fresh air. Many of the denizens of Mecklenburgh Street, who live by prostitution, we may be sure, take full advantage of the privileges of the confessional; and a great many of them, I have no doubt, manage to die with all the consolations of their religion, "fortified by the rites of Holy Church," as it is put.

What hope can there be for a country where such doings as this are sanctioned and regarded as the ordained law of God? What hope can there be for a country whose leading people, both clerical and lay, are parties to such an institution as this? There can be but one end to it, and that end is approaching every day before our eyes. It is the end which has fallen upon Southern Italy, and upon Spain. It is the end which has inevitably come for every nation that surrendered itself to such courses. The signs of the end are a decreasing population; and a remnant of people still left in the country who are becoming more degenerate and more helpless year by year, sinking deeper and deeper under the mental slavery of the rule of the monk. Should not the desertion of that creed of mental slavery by the self-respecting and the thoughtful amongst the emigrants, when they leave Ireland, which Father Shinnors, the Oblate, admits to be in full swing, help us at home to realise our unenviable

position? Such deceitfulness to God and to self, such a surrender of conscience, responsibility, and mind itself to a selfish priesthood lead surely to degeneracy and decay, and to the level of the poor Italian "dago." Decadent, idle, rich people, who revel in every indulgence, including the luxury of religion, may amuse themselves with priestcraft if they will; but the honest, hard-working, good people who form the backbone of the United Kingdom and the United States, if they mean their children to advance, cannot afford to submit to it. What Ireland wants—and what I hope it may yet find in Catholicity—is a religion which can be applied, with the result of strengthening the character, to every incident of a man's or woman's daily life. Mere form will not, must not, suffice any longer; and a present proof of its inefficacy is supplied by this Mecklenburgh Street area, where so many of those who conform are steeped up to the lips in everything that is lowest of the vices that debase humanity. Those poor people are neither good for king nor country; but—and it is a very large "but," for it covers everything in this book—they seem to be good for the priests!

The signatories to the circular finally go on to say:—

"Not to be daunted, some of the Protestant clergy and friends—having already taken over the control of the midnight mission and house of refuge for outcasts—determined to take more aggressive steps by way of carrying the Gospel to our unfortunate sisters in those haunts of sin. . . . For six months two ladies have been engaged in this very trying and difficult work. Between 200 and 300 separate teas have been given to women who came into the mission. Prayer has been engaged in and counsel given."

All praise be to those two ladies, and to the men who are working with them. They are the sort of people

who are stoned in the Phœnix Park on Sunday. They are the sort of people whom, forsooth, their stoners are taught to look upon as worshippers of an apostate monk and a degenerate nun, who lived together in a life of fornication. Is it not heart-rending that the priests of Ireland, stoled and surpliced in their pulpits, can utter such strife-breeding calumnies, live in comfort in the midst of all the sin and misery which surrounds their residences, and preach such a gospel of disunion and degradation with the acquiescence of the Roman Catholic laity of our so-called island of saints and scholars? Oh, weak, blind, Catholic Ireland, whose nominal patriots, tied to the apron-strings of the priests, are never done crying out:—

> "On our side is Virtue and Erin;
> On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt!"

This midnight mission, this oasis in a desert of vice, I find, is situated at 81 Lower Tyrone Street. The name reminds me that our Dublin Catholic Corporation's contribution to the reclamation of this unhappy swamp consisted in changing the name of the street from "Mecklenburgh Street" to "Tyrone Street"! They changed *the name*, but they left *the thing* as it was. It is true that, in this area, the corporation are at present building a block of artisan dwellings as the outcome of the visit to the district by Sir Thomas Pile, in 1899, referred to above. And it will be an interesting experiment to watch; for it remains to be seen whether the *Yoshiwari* will corrupt the inhabitants of the artisan dwellings, or whether the inhabitants of the artisan dwellings will reclaim the sinners of the *Yoshiwari*. A minority of good people are always likely to fall when surrounded by a vicious majority. Therefore no sensible person who could procure a house or a room

in any respectable part of Dublin would be wise in remaining in this *Yoshiwari* district. But if the wisdom of the corporation experiment is open to question, what can we think of the action of the Catholic priests who built an expensive National School right in the heart of this *Yoshiwari*, some years ago? They might have placed their school in a healthy position within five minutes' walk of where it stands, and the mere getting of the children out of the infected area during school-hours would in itself have been a blessing to them. But instead of doing so, the priests planted their schools right in the middle of the houses of ill-fame. And children from semi-depraved localities, and, indeed, from homes which are not depraved at all—for there are many respectable poor condemned to live in this unholy ground—are brought by the force of circumstances to attend this school in this outrageous locality. As for thinking that the poor children who attend this school are at all improved by its establishment, beyond, perhaps, learning how to write letters and read print, such a hope must be out of the question. Close beside, almost within the very region, but by no means in so vile a situation, are the Education Board's National Schools, known as the Central Model Schools. The teachers in those central schools are for the most part Catholic, but the schools are unsectarian, and there is therefore a fair sprinkling of respectable Protestant children attending them. Was it to prevent the poor Catholic children of this awful area from getting such wider enlightenment as would fall to their lot from attendance at the unsectarian, well-managed Central Model Schools that the new St. Patrick's Schools were built in Tyrone Street, to rivet those children in the degraded area where they were so unfortunate as to have been born?

Let the reader realise for himself the truth of my statements and inferences from the following report:—

"To-day, in the Northern Police Court, before Mr. Mahony, during the hearing of a charge of criminal assault on a little girl, it was mentioned in evidence that she was living in a respectable street off Middle Gardiner Street, and that she was sent to school to a National School in Lower Tyrone Street. Mr. Mahony strongly commented on the fact that the clergy and the National Board of Education permitted the existence of a school *in such a shockingly immoral locality, and that little girls were sent to school in such a vile place.* His worship said the school was in the centre of *one of the worst plague spots in Ireland,* and yet it was under the ægis and *guardianship of the clergy* and the National Board. Children going to school had to pass several immoral houses, and in the centre of them all was this 'St. Patrick's National School.' He thought it was monstrous, and that such a state of things was likely to pollute, morally speaking, even a police barrack, to say nothing of a National School. Police Constable 142 C said that the school was attended by about 200 children, and they could not pass to or from the schools without seeing a great deal of bad conduct and hearing bad language."[1]

Instead of that Tyrone Street School, therefore, doing good in the locality, it is doing harm; instead of its establishment reflecting credit upon the priests who built it, it reflects discredit upon them. If its foundation had been followed up by a personal effort on the part of the priests to reform the locality and its inhabitants, then the school might, perhaps, be in its proper place to-day. But no determined, general effort of the kind ensued. The locality is going from bad to worse, year after year, until at length our Protestant fellow-citizens, always ready to step into the breach, have been

[1] *Evening Telegraph*, November 18, 1901.

forced to draw public attention to the condition of affairs existing in the Catholic pro-cathedral parish. I do not think it necessary to my purpose to appal the readers of this book with a long list of revolting cases occurring in this awful place. I wish, and I intend, this book—and this chapter—to be read by ladies, who have as much responsibility as the men of Dublin in this matter. The human act, or infirmity, which is at the foundation of all the dreadful scenes of idleness, vice, debauchery, and misery in this area is a natural act. It is the result of the sensual, benighted condition of our people that it should have been magnified into one of the worst indulgences and vices by which humanity is scourged. As it is upon women that the worst punishment falls, so it is upon women that the noblest duty devolves of putting a stop to the iniquities that are perpetrated in connection with this weakness of humanity. I believe that it is by the help of pure, sensible women that this crime will be brought within the limits of rational discussion, and finally wither under the searchlight of common sense. I do not believe that men alone are capable of dealing effectually with it. Therefore it is, holding such views, that I consider the action of the two ladies who have attached themselves to this Tyrone Street mission, as heroic in the extreme. It is conduct indeed worthy of the golden age of Christianity. I do not know who they are, but I wish there were thousands of ladies ready to do and dare what they have done and dared in that midnight mission in Tyrone Street.

I shall give one other instance of the work and surroundings of these Catholic National Schools in Tyrone Street, miscalled after St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland. The streets mentioned in this case are all in the area with which we are dealing:—

"Yesterday, in the Northern Divisional Police Court, before Mr. Mahony, two girls, M. E. F. and J. H., Lower Gloucester Street, both of whom are between *thirteen and fourteen years of age,* were charged, in custody, by Constable Costigan (79 C) with the larceny of a saw and chisel, which they were alleged to have taken from a girl named N. M., Lower Gardiner Street, and to have pawned in a pawn office in Upper Buckingham Street.

"Constable Donohue (70 C) stated that between twelve and one o'clock one night last November he found the two prisoners *in an open hall* in Lower Gloucester Street. He conveyed them to their homes.

"School Attendance Inspector Dowd was examined, and stated that the girl F., who was in the fifth class, had been *at school only three days during the past year.* The girl H., who was in the fifth class, had attended school on twenty-four days during the past half-year.

"Mr. Mahony asked what school they went to.

"Inspector Dowd—Tyrone Street School.

"Mr. Mahony said that perhaps it was as well that they did not attend more frequently at Tyrone Street School.

"The father of the girl H. said he could get no good of his daughter. She remained out at night, and he believed *this was because she went to Tyrone Street School.* He thought it was a very bad thing to have a school there.

"Mr. Mahony—I think so too. I agree with you. I have said so before. *It is a public disgrace.*

"The stepmother of the girl F. stated that the latter pawned the boots off her feet on several occasions, and that she remained out at night.

"Mr. Mahony said that both girls should go to Monaghan Reformatory for five years." There, as we know, the Sisters of St. Louis will get £25 each per annum for them. "He was glad to say that he adopted that course with the approval of the father of one of them in order that they should be removed from the

possibility of being sent to *that school in Tyrone Street* if for no other reason. That place *was a centre of pollution for the children* of the north side of the city. Mr. Brady, solicitor, said that school ought to be closed and another site procured. There was a proposal to erect artisans' dwellings there, but that would only contaminate the artisans. That was the idea about the Montgomery Street area. Mr. Mahony said that upon the admission of the parents of the girls their depravity was considerably due, and in the opinion of the father of one of them it was altogether due, to being educated at the Tyrone Street School."

Arising out of the inspector's statement that one of those little girls only attended school three days out of the whole year, let me say that it was only after long hesitation that the Dublin Corporation decided to adopt the Compulsory Education Act; and they did so without any encouragement from the priests of the city, who pooh-poohed it, and, wherever they could safely do so, opposed its adoption. But in a city containing so many members of the Reformed Church, and, indeed, where the Catholics themselves, comparatively speaking, are enlightened and fearless, the priests dare not openly denounce the Act, as they did in other parts of Ireland, where the Catholic laity are less independent.

I find it stated in a circular issued by the Council of the Evangelical Alliance, whose office is close by at Lower Abbey Street, that in their opinion "parents in too many cases are relieved of the duty of maintaining their children, and, in fact, profit by their own misconduct." I do not mean to say that this remark applies in the specific cases which I have just given; but it is undoubtedly a fact that, not alone do Dublin parents seek to get rid of the responsibility of rearing their children, but they are encouraged to do so by the

priests, monks, and nuns who run the Catholic reformatories, orphanages, and industrial schools, and who receive a State capitation fee for every child that they can entice within the portals of these places. It is a long concatenation of iniquity, indeed; and sometimes I feel inclined to regret that I ever took it upon myself to follow up the countless links of the chain of bondage under which Ireland is languishing. But I must pursue my weary way in the hope that I may trace that chain to its very beginning, help to wrench it from its position, and do my part to free my native land.

This circular further states that:—

"Children who have been educated for years at the public expense fall into crime for want of protection after leaving institutions in which they have been trained."

I have often heard it said that the children, boys and girls, who come out of priests' industrial schools are helpless weaklings, as a rule, who are unable to stand alone. The sum of Dublin vice and crime—of which the existence of this dreadful area in our city is the chief but by no means the only evidence—is stated to have contrasted thus with other Irish cities in the year 1897: serious offences, per 10,000 of the population—Dublin, 72; Cork, 12; Belfast, 7!

And the Council of the Evangelical Alliance add, referring to this awful area:—

"In one district of the city, not exceeding one-sixth of its area, there have been 6291 arrests within eight months."

Take the following paragraph, one out of many in the Dublin papers, as an instance of the low value which is set upon human life in this region:—

"Early this morning a man, clearing a gutter grating in Seville Place, found a bulky parcel stuffed into a

recess, and on opening it found it contained the body of a new-born infant wrapped in a much worn piece of calico." [1]

> "A flow'ret crushéd in the bud,
> A nameless piece of Babyhood."

The domestic life of this region may be imagined from the report of the following case:—

"A rough-looking fellow, named M. H., was charged in custody of Police Constable 83 C, with having committed an aggravated assault on his mother at her residence, in Mabbot Street, on the previous night. It appeared from the evidence of Mrs. H. that the prisoner, who does not live with her, came to her house, and assaulted her with a chair, which he smashed on her head, afterwards kicking her savagely. On the previous occasion he broke all her teeth, beat her husband, and got up in the night and threatened the latter's life with a knife and fork. He had also received three months' imprisonment for assaulting the police. The prisoner admitted the assault on his mother as described. He said it was too little for her, as she had no supper ready for him. Mr. Mahony imposed a sentence of six months' imprisonment." [2]

The following case will further serve to illustrate the social life of this region; this intensely Catholic region, which is surrounded on all sides by churches and convents, whose bells go clattering on Sundays, and whose pulpits ring with libels on the first reformers, the most fearless and best of men:—

"In the Police Courts to-day (before Mr. Wall, K.C.), a man, named M. G., Upper Tyrone Street, was charged on remand, in custody of Constable 36 C, with assaulting his wife and step-daughter on Monday last. Accused struck his wife and kicked her on the head, while he knocked down his step-daughter with a blow of a sweep-

[1] *Evening Telegraph*, August 21, 1901. [2] *Evening Mail.*

ing brush. The girl in her evidence said her stepfather was an idler. She supported the family. His worship then read out the prisoner's record, from which it appeared that he began his criminal career on 31st March 1858, when he got six calendar months. On the 2nd December of the same year he got another six months. On the 19th June 1861 he got a similar sentence, and shortly after the expiration of that he got three years for larceny. For attempting to pick pockets he was sentenced to twelve months, and on the 7th of June 1870 he got seven years' penal servitude. On the 2nd November 1883 he got another seven years for larceny. Previous to that, he had got, in 1882, two months for assault. On the 7th of the fifth month in 1891, three calendar months for larceny; in 1896, one month for a similar offence; in 1897, for illegal possession, two calendar months; in December last, six calendar months, and he was convicted three times for minor offences." Then the magistrate said, "You assaulted this poor girl in a savage manner, and you also attacked your wife. For the assault on the girl you will be kept in prison for two months, and for the assault on your wife one month."[1]

That man's career of crime will give us some idea of the class of people who inhabit the Mecklenburgh Street area. But it must not be imagined that either prostitution or criminality in Dublin is exclusively confined to this area. If this disgraceful district and its population were completely lifted out of the city, there would be left behind half-a-dozen areas in Dublin, whose conditions are so bad that our Irish capital would still be far worse than even a low average British city, and far worse than any other city in Ireland. And, as in dealing with the Irish drink question, so also in connection with this sensual vice, as practised in Ireland, it is necessary for us to remember that it is the ignorance and the mental distraction of the people who indulge in

[1] *Evening Telegraph*, October 9, 1901.

it that make it so particularly bad for them, and so loathsome a feature in our social system. Admitting that there are irregularities, and that there is vice of a similar kind in the English and Scotch towns, it is not so debasing, because the people who indulge in it are, as a rule, engaged in some kind of business, and they do not surrender themselves wholly to criminality and vice. The entire moral character is not vitiated. Self-respect is not quite lost.

I do not palliate the vice. I do not even agree with those who believe in the necessity for its existence as an element of modern society. I do not condone it, even to the limited extent and in the controlled form in which it may be found in England and Scotland. But I say that there is the same difference between the evil consequences to the nation resulting from this vice in Great Britain and the consequences resulting from the same vice as practised in Ireland, as there is between the results of drunkenness in Great Britain and drunkenness in Ireland. In Ireland, owing to their want of character and absence of habits of industry, the people allow themselves to be completely mastered by drink. They abandon themselves to it with a gusto; and their lives are those of slaves. It is the same in the case of this sexual vice. There is no industry concomitant with the low morality of those low parts of Dublin we are dealing with. There are many parts of Great Britain with a low moral tone, but one always finds that there is some industry being carried on in those morally low localities. And therefore the people in those localities in England, while they sin against themselves and the community, do, nevertheless, contribute something to the maintenance of society by their work.

Idleness, ignorance, and, above all, want of that practical Christian knowledge possessed by the people of

POOR ROMAN CATHOLIC CHILDREN, DUBLIN

"The children live and die in misery despite the sword of the Dominican tongue (p. 378).

POOR ROMAN CATHOLIC CHILDREN, DUBLIN

"How can the little Roman Catholic boys and girls of the street-side, whose surroundings are so low and sordid, be blamed for anything they do, &c." (p. 277).

Great Britain and the United States, are the radical but remediable defects which leave our Irish poor so utterly helpless in the combat with this or any other vice.

There is no city in North Europe which so reeks with derelict young people of both sexes as does Dublin. Girls of any age, between twelve and twenty, are to be found in scores, healthy, active, in good condition, but poorly clad, swarming about our street pavements in the daytime. What becomes of them has often been a mystery to me and to many others. They are all Catholics; and, despite all our institutions, their number seems to be increasing instead of decreasing.

Let me give one instance of the efforts which are made to recruit the houses of ill-fame in this Mecklenburgh Street area from other portions of the city, and of the daring and effrontery of the criminals. In September 1901 a respectable child disappeared from its parents' abode at New Bride Street. The papers were full of the mysterious disappearance of the child; and, for some time, no clue could be obtained as to its whereabouts. It was taken from its home in broad daylight by a woman who lived in a house of ill-fame at Elliott Place, which is probably the worst of the many bad streets in the Mecklenburgh Street area. Let the reader decide what the motive of the abduction was:—

"Yesterday, in the Southern Divisional Police Court, before Mr. Swifte, a dissipated-looking woman was put forward, charged by Court Sergeant Tanner, 13 A, with having kidnapped a child, aged 3 years and 9 months, from its parents' residence, on Tuesday morning. The greatest interest was taken in the proceedings, and the court was crowded.

"Sergeant Tanner deposed that he arrested the prisoner on the charge of having kidnapped the child

which she had with her. The prisoner admitted having taken the child, and brought it to Elliott Place, where she kept it on Tuesday night. He made inquiries, and was informed that the woman and child stayed on Tuesday night at No. — Elliott Place, which is a house of ill-fame.

"The child's mother deposed that at half-past eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning she saw her child in the hall, and shortly afterwards missed her. She did not see the child again until the police brought it to her on Wednesday evening.

"A girl, aged ten years, stated that on Tuesday morning she saw the prisoner in the hall of the house, where both she and the stolen child's family resided. She afterwards saw the prisoner having the child placed on a seat in front of the buildings. Witness went into her house and came out soon afterwards and found that the woman and child were gone.

"Miss M. M. stated that while standing at her shop door on Tuesday she saw the prisoner and the child walk past. She had known the child previously. The prisoner wore a blue mackintosh with a cape, and *was dressed like a nurse.* Mr. Swifte sent the prisoner for trial."[1]

Not only do we find this woman, well dressed in her "blue mackintosh with a cape," presenting the outward appearance of a nurse, with plenty of money to hire a cab, thus carrying off a respectable child in the light of open day, but we find her also in company with, and engaged in intercourse with, two little girls of the derelict class I have referred to, whom she encounters on the street side, and whom she charges with having stolen her purse.

"The solicitor who appeared for the defence said this was one of the most audacious cases he ever heard of. Here was a well-known woman of bad character, who had the audacity to accuse these two

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, September 20, 1901.

children of snatching her purse, containing five shillings. To give appearance to herself, when she made the charge she had a very well-dressed child in her arms—a child which subsequently proved to be the identical child which she had kidnapped. The result was that the girls were remanded. The woman had been charged on Monday for loitering, and she had the impudence to tell the chief magistrate that she would go to America immediately with her brother-in-law." The charge was dismissed.

This abandoned woman was "loitering" on Monday —prowling about the city—and was let off by the magistrate; but she resumes her quest on Tuesday, captures this child, and takes it home to her lair in Elliott Place in a cab; meets the two other girls on Wednesday, and, through them, is brought into contact with the police once more.

Some days afterwards the woman was tried before the Recorder on the charge of abduction, and the following is the report of the proceedings, from which it will be seen that the Recorder adds his testimony to that of the police magistrate, Mr. Mahony, and of Sir Thomas Pile, Bart., ex-lord mayor, as to the state of things existing in the Mecklenburgh Street area in the pro-cathedral parish, describing the place as "one of the most dreadful dens of immorality in Europe":—

"To-day, in the Recorder's Court, F. P. was indicted for having, on the 17th September, feloniously taken a certain child. The prisoner was undefended. The Recorder said it was an atrocious case to contemplate, the kidnapping of this little child, and the bringing it to this terrible den of infamy in which she lived. The prisoner was at once found guilty.

"The Recorder said he looked upon this thing as perfectly awful—to take this child from its respectable home, from its mother's residence, and bring it to one of the most dreadful dens of immorality in Europe.

He was not, however, quite satisfied as to what could have been the object of the prisoner.

"Mr. Campbell said that the only thing that might be suggested on the part of the prisoner was that if she had intended to extort money or anything of that sort she would not have gone down to the police courts.

"The Recorder said, under all the circumstances he could do no less than sentence the prisoner to twelve months' imprisonment, with hard labour."[1]

The child was not taken with the intention of extorting money as ransom from the parents; neither was it taken with intent to murder. Let the considerate reader piece the facts of this case together:—This woman of forty-five years, emerging from the awful locality in which she carries on her trade, spending the Monday in loitering about Dublin, and coming into contact on Tuesday with a respectable child of four years of age whom she kidnaps, and on Wednesday with those two street-side girls, against whom she brings a charge of theft. Was that charge of theft made with the object of coercing those girls also to accompany her? and was it persevered in by her as a matter of necessity, having once been entered upon? It is something to be thankful for that the police seem to have had their eye on her proceedings throughout. Her encounter with those young girls, taken in conjunction with the facts reported in that other case, where the two girls, F. and H., aged between thirteen and fourteen, were found by the constable at one o'clock at night in an open hall at Lower Gloucester Street, gives us a lurid insight into the abandoned condition in which the young Roman Catholic girls of this district are allowed to grow up. We may gather from the report of the Midnight Mission that in the case of some, at least, of the girls in those houses of ill-fame they have to be

[1] *Evening Telegraph*, September 26, 1901.

detained forcibly as prisoners—which would be creditable to the girls. But it proves that it would therefore be a matter of prime importance to their keepers that the girls should be procured while very young, so as to achieve their complete subjection.

The luxuriant growth of such a jungle of crime is a danger, not alone to Dublin, but to all Ireland. It would be the proper duty of the Councils and local Boards throughout the country to call for its abolition, instead of passing resolutions worrying railway companies, demanding university endowments for priests, Catholic chaplains for the navy, and acting as cat's-paws for the bishops and priests. It would be a greater gain to Ireland to achieve the reformation of Mecklenburgh Street area by the exertions and teaching of the Catholic clergy and laity, than the greatest imaginary advantage which the most intense Nationalist hopes for from the granting of Home Rule. "Political rights," says Dr. Smiles, "however broadly framed, will not elevate a people individually depraved." And again, "Political morality can never have any solid existence on a basis of individual immorality."

The most deplorable fact connected with the continued existence of such a luxuriant crop of individual crime and misery in Dublin is that it should flourish in a preserved ground without opposition, and side by side with the enormous army of priests and nuns who overspread the Irish capital. Many benevolent Protestants, taking a superficial view of this problem of Dublin misery, imagine that the swarming communities of friars and nuns exist for and result in the relief of the poor and the improvement of the erring. Unhappily it is not so. Nay, I, a Catholic, am forced to the conclusion, to put it squarely and roughly, that these communities result in the perpetuation of poverty, and

idleness, and sin; and that the existence of all this penury, indolence, and vice is appealed to as evidence to prove the necessity for the communities of friars and nuns.

There is a softness in our Irish character, and a leaning towards those who idle; a sentiment which, at first sight, may appear estimable, but which works out badly for the community. It is to it that we must attribute the vast sums of hard-earned money which are yearly bestowed upon priests and nuns; and, in equal degree, it is to this Irish trait that we may attribute the donation, leakage, or expenditure of money which supports the vagrant and criminal idlers of the city. The home-keeping Irishman has never succeeded in getting himself sufficiently far away from the clutch of idleness and degeneracy to feel perfectly safe from them; and therefore he sympathises with those who are victims to such vices. The Englishman, on the contrary, having for centuries been out of touch with those failings, has come to the conclusion that there is no necessity in human nature for a man to succumb to them, and his heart is hard against those who fall a prey to vice and indolence on that account.

There are thousands of hard-working men and women in Dublin; but, for one hard-working, honest man, you will find several semi-idlers and several complete idlers. How they all live is a standing mystery, and a perplexing problem to every serious man who suffers his mind to dwell upon it.

But how all the priests and nuns flourish in such wealth and luxury is a greater mystery still. For, as we shall see, there is not a city in North Europe so overrun by male and female religious as the city of Dublin.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PRIESTS' ARMY IN DUBLIN AND ITS WORK

If we examine the standing army of priests and nuns who are quartered in such affluence in the city of Dublin, our astonishment cannot fail to be increased at finding so much vice and misery amongst the poorer classes of the Catholic population. The priests claim exclusive responsibility for the faith and morals of the Catholics, and thereby choke out all initiative and original effort by the better-informed of the Catholic laity on behalf of our poor brethren. If we take a brief survey of the city we may satisfy ourselves that it is amply supplied with churches and secular parish priests and curates. Let us start at the pro-cathedral parish, where we find an administrator, the archbishop's deputy, and 7 curates. Let us cross the river to the Westland Row parish, where we find another administrator, the archbishop's deputy, and 10 curates. St. Laurence O'Toole's, which is in the neighbourhood of Seville Place, close to the pro-cathedral parish, has a parish priest and 3 curates; St. Agatha's, also close at hand, extending between Fairview and the pro-cathedral, has a parish priest and 2 curates. Fairview has a parish priest and 4 curates; Clontarf has a parish priest and 4 curates; and Baldoyle, a parish priest and 2 curates. Returning to the heart of the city, St. Joseph's parish, Berkeley Road, has a parish priest and 3 curates; St. Paul's, which runs from Berkeley Road to Arran Quay, has a parish priest and 6 curates; the parish of the

Holy Family at Aughrim Street has a parish priest and 3 curates; St. Michan's, which is in the neighbourhood of Green Street, has a parish priest and 3 curates. Crossing the river to the south side, we find in St. James's parish, which stretches from James's Street to Dolphins Barn, a parish priest and 6 curates. The four parishes next following are coterminous and cover a very small area of the city, comprising some very bad districts: St. Katherine's, Meath Street, a parish priest and 4 curates; St. Audeon's, High Street, a parish priest and 3 curates; St. Michael and John's, Exchange Street, a parish priest and 3 curates; and St. Nicholas's, Francis Street, a parish priest and 4 curates.

St. Kevin's parish, which runs from Stephen's Green to Harrington Street, and includes the South Circular Road, has a parish priest and 5 curates; Haddington Road, a parish priest and 3 curates; Donnybrook, a parish priest and 2 curates; Sandymount, a parish priest and 3 curates; Booterstown, a parish priest and 4 curates.

Kingstown parish has a parish priest and 5 curates; Glasthule and Dalkey, a parish priest and 4 curates; Ballybrack, a parish priest and 2 curates; Bray, a parish priest and 5 curates.

Rathmines has a parish priest and 5 curates; Rathgar, a parish priest and 4 curates; Terenure, a parish priest and 2 curates; Rathfarnham, a parish priest and 2 curates; Dundrum, a parish priest and 3 curates. Chapelizod has an administrator and 2 curates; Finglas, a parish priest and a curate; Blanchardstown, a parish priest and 2 curates. Besides the foregoing, which are within the city and in its immediate outskirts, there are within the metropolitan county 10 other parish priests and 15 curates. Thus we find that the secular

sacerdotal organisation in the city and the small county of Dublin amounts to an archbishop, an assistant bishop, 43 parish priests and administrators, and 136 curates. There are, besides these, 9 secular priests in the Clonliffe College and 44 priests filling various chaplaincies. The total of secular priests therefore for the city and county would be 233.[1]

Even if there were no other priests in Dublin beyond that number there could be no reasonable explanation advanced by them for the neglected and deplorable condition of so many large areas of our Catholic city; for the parishes are numerous, small, and well-manned. But, as we shall see, Dublin is not dependent on that large force of secular priests alone, for it supports a powerful contingent of regular priests belonging to various well-known orders and societies.

We have the following Orders established in our midst, and I give the numerical strength of each as admitted by themselves[1]: There are the Augustinians, in Thomas Street and John Street, who have also a novitiate at Rathfarnham, and whose spire exceeds that of St. Patrick's Cathedral in height, being the highest in Dublin, and it dominates the view to westward from O'Connell Bridge. The ordained priests in the Order in Dublin number 14. Then we have the Calced Carmelites at Aungier Street and Whitefriars Street, who have also a Carmelite College at Terenure and an Academy at Lower Dominick Street, and the number of whose ordained priests in Dublin is admitted as 29. Next come the Franciscan-Capuchins, in Church Street, where it is admitted that there are 10 ordained priests. Then we must note the Discalced Carmelites, in Clarendon Street, who have also a House of Studies at

[1] *Irish Catholic Directory*, 1902. Published in Dublin. Edited at Maynooth.

Morehampton Road, and who admit having in Dublin ordained priests to the number of 18. We must not forget the Dominicans at Dominick Street—where they are rapidly clearing away the shops and dwellings of the laity to make room for the additions to their church and priory—and at Tallaght, who admit the number of their ordained priests in Dublin to be 21. And the Franciscans at Merchant's Quay admit having 6 ordained priests at their church. The congregation of the Holy Ghost and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, at Blackrock—proprietors of Blackrock College—and, at Rathmines, admit having in Dublin 27 ordained priests. The well-known Society of Jesus, in Upper Gardiner Street, and also at Milltown and at Belvedere College, Great Denmark Street, and at the University College, Stephen's Green, admit having 49 ordained priests stationed in Dublin. The Marist Fathers, in Lower Leeson Street, admit having 11 ordained priests in Dublin. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate, at Inchicore, who have also a novitiate at Stillorgan and juniorate at Raheny, admit having 16 ordained priests in Dublin; and they have charge of the City Reformatory at Glencree, where there are 3 ordained priests in addition. The Passionist Fathers, at Mount Argus, Harold's Cross, admit having 20 ordained priests in Dublin. The Vincentians, at Phibsborough, and at Castleknock and at Blackrock, and at All Hallows College, Drumcondra, and at the National Teachers' Training College, Drumcondra—miscalled the "Congregation of the Mission"—admit having 51 ordained priests in Dublin. This gives us a total of 275 ordained regular priests in Dublin, making, with the 233 seculars, a grand total of 508 ordained priests in the city and county of Dublin. In addition there is the Monastery of Mount St. Joseph, at Clondalkin, under the management of

the Carmelite Tertiaries; and St. Joseph's Asylum for the Blind, at Drumcondra, under the control of the same body. And there is the House of St. John of God, at Stillorgan—a private lunatic asylum—managed by the brothers of that Order, in which there are two priests admitted, and a community of 20 monks. Then there are the Christian Brothers, whose numbers are not admitted, but who have not alone their princely place at Marino, in Clontarf, once the residence of Lord Charlemont, and where their superior-general now resides; but also a novitiate at Baldoyle; as well as the magnificent O'Brien Institute at Clontarf; and the enormous industrial schools at Artane; and industrial schools also at Carriglea Park; and the St. Vincent's Orphanage, Glasnevin; and St. Joseph's at Cabra; and, in addition, 11 teaching establishments in the city. It should further be borne in mind that, besides the ordained priests in all those religious houses, there are also a number of lay-brothers, novices, and postulants, of whom no account is given in the foregoing summary, and a large force of theological students in Clonliffe and All Hallows. It would be a moderate estimate to write down the number of male religious in Dublin, principal and subsidiary, at 1500 souls.

Let us now consider the nature and value of the work done by the priests, secular and regular, in the city of Dublin. The secular priests of the city are responsible for the faith and morals of the Catholic people; but they do nothing, so far as one can see, except go through a routine of ceremonials. They baptize the Catholic infants which are brought to the chapel to them for the purpose, and the administration of that sacrament is a lucrative business, large fees being paid for the ceremony, consisting of Latin prayer and sprinkling the child with holy water. The instruction of chil-

dren in the Catholic catechism, which is necessary before they can receive the sacraments of penance, confirmation, and communion, is not done by the priests, but by deputies, either the National teacher, or the Christian Brother, or the nun, or the monitors and monitresses, who happen to be in charge of the parish Catholic schools. The incomprehensibility of the questions and answers in our Catholic catechism makes the preparation of children for an examination in its contents a most unpleasant duty. Few, if any, adult Roman Catholics of intelligence can answer a single question in that catechism. Indeed, owing to the meaninglessness of its definitions, it is, perhaps, the most repugnant work which teachers and children have to do at school. The secular priests' work, then, so far as those three essential sacraments are concerned, consists in (*a*) hearing the confessions of those who approach the sacrament of penance, (*b*) distributing the sacred particles to those who approach the sacrament of the eucharist, and (*c*) marshalling the children in the chapel on the day the bishop comes to administer confirmation. Confessions are heard at stated hours in the chapel; and the priest goes into the confession-box and sits there during those hours if a sufficient number of people come to fill up the time. The hours of confession are, as a rule, in the afternoons, on the eve of holidays of obligation, and on the afternoons of Saturday. The work is an entirely formal one. And the greater the number of people whom the priest sees seated in a row outside the box, waiting to confess to him, the shorter will be the time that he will devote to each penitent; but, God willing, the confessional must be dealt with separately in another volume.

The distribution of the sacrament of holy communion consists of a few minutes' work after each of the early

masses. And in connection with the sacrament of confirmation the priest has little, if any, work at all.

The fifth sacrament, in connection with which the priest makes the greatest parade of his duties, is the sacrament of extreme unction, which, as we all know, consists of anointing certain parts of the body with oil, and reciting a few Latin formulæ or prayers. This is the portion of his work which the priest terms "sick-call" duty. One of the curates is told off in rotation in every parish to attend to sick-calls; and he is stricter and more punctilious about the performance of that duty than if he were a relieving officer or dispensary doctor. The people are continually warned from the altar and by printed notices in the chapels that the sick-calls must be handed in before a certain hour on the morning of each day, otherwise they cannot be attended to; and in the case of poor people, this precept is ruthlessly carried out. I can never remember a time when I did not consider the proceeding a most churlish one on the part of the priests. If the priests attach all the importance they allege to the administration of this sacrament, then the priest on duty should only be too glad to place himself at the disposal of persons requiring his services at any hour. So far from that being the case, this service is rendered to the poor as grudgingly as an overworked dispensary doctor sets out to attend the call of a red ticket. Priests often refuse to go to sick-calls at night unless the demand for their doing so is most peremptory, and comes from a source of which they stand in dread. When a priest pays this formal sick-call, he considers his duty done. He has unlocked the treasures of the Church, and he cares and does no more for the individual or family. How hurriedly the bedside confession is gone through, how quickly the anointing is done! The sick-calls are

not as numerous as one would imagine from the amount of uproar which the priests raise about them.

The sixth sacrament, matrimony, is the one above all others in which the priest exhibits his intolerance of our fellow-Christians of the Reformed Churches. Our priests absolutely refuse to celebrate a marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant. Slights, indignities, and blackmail are put upon the Catholic who desires a religious ceremony. There is no fixed fee for marriages in general, but the priest leaves no effort untried to get as much money as he possibly can out of the couple who intend to get married. Here, in Dublin, extortion for marriages is not so rife as it is in the country districts. But an amount of fees which would astonish any Protestant has to be paid before the marriage rite will be performed, even in Dublin, for people who are considered to be in a position of even decent competence. Nuptial mass is now a general accompaniment of the marriage ceremony, and it costs money; for no generous young bridegroom could think of suffering any priest to take part in it without a fee. Here are a few instances of such masses, in one of which five priests took part and in the other no less than eight priests and a bishop:—

"O'B. and H.—January 9, at St. Mary's Church, Ballyhaunis, with nuptial mass by the Rev. T. Sharkey, C.C., Castlerea (cousin of the bride), assisted by Rev. J. Grealy, Rev. P. Flynn, Rev. Father Brady, and Rev. W. Carrivan, Daniel J. O'B., Durrow, to A. E., second daughter of R. H., Ballyhaunis."[1]

"G. and G.—February 6, at the Cathedral, Ballina, by Rev. J. Naughton, Adm., cousin of the bride, in the presence of his Lordship Most Rev. Dr. Conmy, Bishop of Killala; Rev. J. M'Elhatton, C.C., Strabane; Rev. M. Gallagher, Adm., Knockmore, Ballina; Rev. B. Quin, C.C.,

[1] *Evening Telegraph*, January 21, 1902.

Ballina; Rev. P. Hewson, Prof. Seminary, Ballina; Rev. M. Smyth, Moygownagh, Ballina; Rev. E. Doherty, C.C., Crossmolina; and Rev. T. Beirne, C.C., Kilglass, Ballina, Andrew G., Strabane, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late John G., Bridge Street, Ballina. No cards."[1]

So much for the sacramental duties of the priests. They constitute a trivial amount of routine work which many a hard-worked layman would not object to performing during his holidays. But the grand work of the priest consists in saying masses. The physical labour of saying a mass is, as we know, a mere formal recitation by rote of Latin prayers, the Latin responses to which are uttered by altar-boys who do not understand a word of Latin. But, what is more deplorable still, the congregations who attend those masses not only do not know what the priest is saying, but they do not understand the object or foundation of a single one of his many motions, genuflections, and Latin prayers. The priest is supposed to be in mysterious conversation with God; and if, as may be the case, he is saying the mass for several people's intentions, each of whom has paid him a fee, then his communing with God has special reference to his clients, but of this the congregation knows nothing. So far as the actual work of saying the mass is concerned, it is lighter than any species of business known in the world outside. And, to lighten it further, the latest hour at which mass can be commenced is twelve o'clock noon. If the priests preached sermons at those masses, there would be something to be said in their behalf. A sermon involves preparation; it involves some mental and physical exertion in its delivery, and may be truthfully described as "work," if well prepared. If the sermon were of a practical character, intended to be at once intelligible and instructive,

[1] *Freeman*, February 12, 1902.

the audience could check and criticise the statements of the preacher, which would ensure some degree of care in the preparation of the sermon. But the method of celebrating the mass in Dublin is deliberately intended to kill-out the sermon. At five-sixths of the masses in the city on Sunday there are no sermons preached. The priest turns round to the congregation and makes a few announcements in English, but always in a most unintelligible voice. He asks the members of the congregation to pray for the repose of the souls of a list of people who died since the preceding Sunday, or the anniversaries of whose deaths occurred during the past week. The names of all those people, as we know, have been sent to the priest by their relatives, but they are read out in what I have often considered to be an intentionally unintelligible manner. Nobody, except a few persons who happen to be seated directly underneath the priest, ever succeeds in catching the names. The result of this is to belittle the gratuitous prayer, and the relatives of the deceased are induced to engage the priest to offer up a special mass for the repose of their friends' souls. Then whenever it happens that a sermon is preached in a Dublin church, I am not going beyond the mark when I say that in nine cases out of ten it is an insult to the intelligence of any rational person to be asked to sit it out. The result of such sermons is palpable, for the most popular masses in Dublin—the masses at which the priests receive the most door money, and at which the chapels are crowded to overflowing—are those masses at which no sermon is ever preached. It can be truly said that the Sabbath sermon, as a means of edification and instruction, is well-nigh dead in Catholic Dublin. Archbishop Walsh himself sets the example of never preaching a sermon; and, of course. the illustrious precedent

is not lost upon the priests of the city, who take advantage of it to relieve themselves from the worry of delivering sermons. And it is not much loss to the laity, for the sermons of the priest, instead of teaching children and adults not to tell lies, to be conscientious, industrious and sober, are mostly, if not altogether, reflections upon our fellow-citizens, or laudations of our Holy Mother the Church, and our Holy Father the Pope. One never hears a sermon in praise of duty. Indeed, the priests have perverted the meaning of that noble and important word; for when they mention "duty," it means going to confession and communion during Lent. The phrase, "Did you do your duty?" or "Did you go to your duty?" means, Have you gone to confession and communion? formal acts which no man ought to consider as equivalent to the fulfilment of his duty. I have often heard it remarked that our priests are like policemen. I do not consider this at all discreditable to the policemen, because the policeman's duty is necessarily of a formal kind, and does not leave much room for originality; and even where a policeman seems only standing and waiting, he is serving the State. But a priest performs his duty like a somnolent policeman on a quiet beat. He goes through his rounds in the chapel and feels no further responsibility.

Priests do not go out of their way to prevent their parishioners from falling, or to help those who have fallen, into trouble; and, as it is often unjustly said of policemen, it may be truly said of the priests, that they are "never found when wanting."

The coughing, sneezing, and expectorating at mass in the average Catholic church is, we must all admit, a most objectionable accompaniment of the service. It may be caused by the fact that the majority of the

congregation are poor, ill-fed and ill-clad, or by the draughtiness and discomfort of the chapels, which are badly ventilated and badly lighted. But I think it is also to be attributed to want of interest in the proceedings. I have often heard a long sermon delivered amidst a fusillade of coughing and other noises which drowned the speaker's voice. Our old chapel at home was an enormous T-shaped building, capable of accommodating 4000 people. It contained three large galleries, which covered almost the entire area of the chapel except a space in front of the altar; and, I think, it was a better arrangement than the new method of having no galleries, for in the new churches there is not sufficient accommodation for all the people who come to the shortest masses. In our old chapel, not only the poor, but the middle-class people, shopkeepers, and farmers, used to come to mass prepared for a long bout of coughing, and sneezing, and expectoration. As soon as mass would commence, so would the coughing, and it continued all through the mass. It would stop for a few moments at the elevation of the host, but then it would recommence. It would cease for a little while at the beginning of a sermon, but then it would be resumed and continue all through the sermon. I noticed that it invariably stopped as soon as mass was over, when the people got into the open air. One of the best-remembered sights in the gallery was that of a well-to-do, corpulent farmer or shopkeeper, sailing into his pew arrayed in his Sunday clothes, sitting down and pulling out of his pocket two or three pocket-handkerchiefs, enormous red ones, as large as small table-cloths. He would dispose one of those handkerchiefs carefully on the wooden kneeling stool in front of him, while the other would be kept for use, and it would be no sooner consigned to

A Dublin Public-House—Sunday, 2 P.M.

"The opening of the public-houses at 2 P.M. is the greatest event of the Roman Catholic Sabbath afternoon" (p. 321).

his pocket than it would be drawn forth again. I think there was a certain amount of pride taken in this display of handkerchiefs, now that I look back upon it. The priests and Christian Brothers used to linger, as if luxuriating, over the use of theirs.

And no one in the neighbourhood dreamed of objecting to it, though I always thought that the use and exhibition of so much *mouchoir* was exceedingly objectionable. Elderly women also, not to be outdone in grandeur, used to make a similar parade. Many people who seemed to have no handkerchiefs, knelt upon the bare boards which were never cleaned, and afterwards dusted their knees. At various times in England I happened to visit St. Paul's, Lichfield, Chester, and other cathedrals, while service was in progress, and played the rôle of spectator, and I have always found myself remarking the absence of coughing, sneezing, and expectorating.

At a suburban chapel in Dublin, which I attended for five years, I often calculated that the door money received at the various masses came to £2000 per annum; and of that money no account was ever rendered. Nor did it seem in any particular to diminish the demands of the priests on the parishioners.

After mass, our Sunday is spent by the laity and the clergy either in pleasure or idleness; it is not spent in devotion. The young men hie themselves off to the country. The priest arranges his afternoon programme of amusement. Hurling, football, cycling, coursing, rabbit-hunting, ratting, and even hunting with beagles and harriers are indulged in. And one always finds that our Catholic young men on the Monday morning are tired, out of sorts, and ill-disposed to begin their week's business owing to the

way in which the Sabbath has been spent. In the large cities the opening of the public-houses at 2 P.M. is the greatest event of the Catholic Sabbath afternoon. I can hardly remember a time when I did not contrast the Protestant Sunday with the Catholic Sunday to our disadvantage. Nor could I ever bring myself to see anything disgraceful in the term "Sabbatarian" which we opprobriously apply to Protestants. When I was a child, on the Sunday evenings when there was nothing to be done, I used to envy the Protestants and their children whom I saw setting off for church about seven o'clock, and I used to think what a comfortable thing it must be to go into a church with one's friends and spend an hour or two on Sunday evening in that way. With us there was nothing on a Sunday except the half-hour's attendance at the "coughing" mass, then long excursions to distant towns and villages and exploration of new tracts of country. And the most unwelcome period of the week was Monday morning. But as I touch upon the mass in various parts of this book, let us pass on to other branches of the priests' work.

The "work" of the secular priests consists largely of such ceremonials as the following: "The devotions of the Quarant Ore will commence to-morrow, Sunday; high mass at twelve o'clock. On Monday and Tuesday the high mass will commence at eleven o'clock." This forty hours' exposition of the Blessed Sacrament is one of the great achievements of Archbishop Walsh. It consists in exposing the Blessed Sacrament on the altar, surrounded by lights and flowers, for forty hours—and the archbishop claims great credit for encouraging this practice in the churches. Does this formality tend to elevate the condition of the poor

Catholics in Dublin? Can the priests be said to be doing their duty to the poor by such idle demonstrations? Will it make up for the want of practical, Christian living in the homes of the poor? Friendly intercourse with the poor would involve some exertion; but the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament involves none. Neither does the giving of a mission, which is a typical method adopted by the Dublin priests as a substitute for the personal discharge of their duties. They engage one or more priests of some regular order to preach to their parishioners once a year or once in two years. The people attend the mission, go to confession and communion, renew their baptismal vows, receive the Pope's blessing, and disperse to commit the same sins over again. Remission of sins is not followed by a change of life in the parish. Neither enlightenment nor elevation of the people's standard of conduct results from such missions any more than from exposition of the sacrament.

A newly appointed parish priest will occasionally strike out an original line in sodalities for his parish, as, for instance:—

"A new Sodality of the Sacred Heart for business people will be formed in St. Joseph's to-morrow—the feast of the holy name—and on the following evenings. A Redemptorist Father will preach every evening at half-past eight o'clock, and also after the ten o'clock mass. A special choir will attend each evening, accompanied by the new organ. This sodality is mainly formed for the benefit of business ladies, and girls whose professional, or warehouse, or domestic occupations leave them little time. The hours will be arranged to meet their convenience. The Sodality will, for the present, be directed—and the lectures at its meetings delivered—

by Father Downing, St. Joseph's. The beautiful new *shrine of Our Lady will be adorned and lighted* during the week."[1]

What can be expected from such a programme? What practical Christian utility will it be to those Catholic business ladies, except to encourage the devotions described in the eleventh chapter?

Another active parish priest boasts "that his church has the proud distinction of having been selected as the Memorial Church of the arch-diocese of Dublin, in thanksgiving for the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception, pronounced by the sainted pontiff, Pius IX." The pastor is exerting himself to the best of his ability, which is more than can be said of nine-tenths of the Dublin priests. He has a boys' brigade attached to his church, which he styles the "Pope's Brigade." Perhaps it is better for those boys to be enrolled in that brigade than not to be enrolled in it. I have often seen them returning from their outings, and they strike me as being a very loosely drilled brigade in comparison with the Protestant brigade attached to the Leeson Park Church, which I frequently happen to see also. The Protestant boys join their brigade as a means of physical exercise and social improvement, and it improves them. If there are prayers in connection with it, they are of the simplest kind, such as lessons in Scripture. That is not so with the Catholic boys' brigade. They are "The Pope's brigade." They learn nothing patriotic, nothing useful, their energies are diverted from practical pursuits calculated to advance them in after life. What has the Pope got to do with them? We in Ireland never received anything from the Popes, except obstruction and confusion. If our Irish secular priests were left to themselves they might not

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, 1902.

be injurious to the country. But under the guidance of Italian ecclesiastics, whose administration of temporal power, when they had it, was so bad that the citizens of their own country forcibly deprived them of it, our priests are a force making for disturbance and degeneracy.

Returning to the subject of missions, we find the following announcement from one of the archbishop's parishes, St. Andrew's, Westland Row:—

"A fortnight's Mission, conducted by the Redemptorist Fathers, commenced on Sunday. The first week will be devoted *to the women* of the parish, and the second week *to the men* of the parish. There will be masses each day at 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11 o'clock, and sermons after 11 o'clock mass, and each evening after rosary at 8 P.M., except on Saturdays, which will be devoted entirely to confessions. Confessions will be held on the other days from 7 to 9 A.M., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M., and after the evening devotions. The Mission will conclude with sermon, renewal of baptismal vows, plenary indulgence, papal benediction, and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament."[1]

This separation of women from men is one of the most objectionable and harmful practices indulged in by the unmarried priests of our Church. It would be impossible to over-estimate the individual and collective evil which springs from it for the Catholic community; but the administrator and the archbishop, no doubt, consider that this mission comprises all that is necessary for the poor Catholics of that extensive and thickly populated neighbourhood, who are so much in need of enlightenment. Canon Fricker, of Rathmines, also announces, "The annual retreat *for the women* of the parish, particularly for the members of the Sodality in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to be conducted by the Redemptorist Fathers."

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 18, 1902.

Large crowds of men and women will separately attend those missions; but after the devotions have concluded, what actual result will be apparent? The men will be more estranged than ever from the women. The homes of the people will remain in the same condition as heretofore, and the dull routine of their lives, from which all Christian study and inquiry are excluded, will be resumed.

Some secular priests get up literary societies, lest the young men should read improving literature and thereby make discoveries. There are many of them to be found in the city of Dublin. And even those literary societies are converted by the priests into begging organisations. The Haddington Road parish branch of the Gaelic League, of which Canon Dillon, P.P., is the president, and of which three out of the six vice-presidents are the Catholic curates of the parish, namely, Rev. Henry Lube, C.C., Rev. F. Wall, C.C., and Rev. J. Magrath, C.C., posted me the following circular a few days ago, and I blushed when I read it. To this depth in the hands of the priests is the vaunted Gaelic League, by which the race is to be regenerated, already fallen:—

"We venture to ask for your kindly co-operation and practical sympathy, to enable us to carry on this Branch of the Gaelic League, in the organising and working of which some heavy expenses were necessarily incurred. Although most of the teachers generously give their services gratis, we found it necessary to employ *one teacher who has to be paid*, and although our revered pastor, the VERY REV. CANON DILLON, P.P., has kindly given us the use of the school free, there are many expenses which have to be undertaken before our classes can be put into perfect working order. It is within the power of all—even the poorest—to help it by contributing a little to the funds necessary to carry it on,

and even the smallest trifle will be acceptable, and also by, at all times and in all places, endeavouring to advance its interests.

"Few causes are more worthy of the proverbial generosity and devotion of our people, for, even apart from merely sentimental motives, *the demoralising influence of present-day literature* and the threatened extinction of our race, demand that our every effort should be put forth to counteract these evils."

The demoralising influence of present-day priestcraft, which is at its wits' end to devise mind-killing employment for the youth of the country, is what I should be glad to give a subscription to counteract! Those priest-ridden Gaelic Leaguers print their humble gratitude to the parish priest for not charging them for the use of the parochial school in the evenings; which shows how the schools are looked upon as the parish priest's private property, not the property of the ratepayers.

The week-day of an average curate was once filled in for me as follows:—If there be a daily mass, rise in time to celebrate it; try and recollect for whom and how many people you have been paid to offer up mass, and get some into it; return with a sharp appetite for breakfast. If there be no daily mass, rise at any hour. After breakfast make a prolonged study of the newspaper. If on sick-call duty, remain about the house; if a sick-call comes, rush off and get it over as quickly as possible, studiously reading the breviary while in the street. Return and resume *Strand Magazine*, *Answers*, or *M.A.P.*, and have a smoke. When the time arrives for the customary walk before lunch, get the breviary and umbrella, and set forth in parade order. Lunch. Go to some afternoon amusement—bazaar, horse show, concert, circus, or promenade at seaside. Dinner. Prolonged sojourn at table, rest, smoke, &c., or hobnob with convivial sacerdotal spirits. If not on sick-call duty,

do as you like; but avoid the parish. If it be confession day, sit in the box, restive, indignant, or interested, as the case may be, from noon to lunch; and sit somnolently after dinner doing the same work.

Of personal, practical work in the parishes, outside this formal kind of drill-work which I have been dealing with, which is mostly done in the chapels, the parish priest does positively nothing. He dines at such houses as he is invited to, where he is sure of a good dinner, and where whatever he says is received with unquestioning "faith"; but, of late years, he prefers dining in his own house in company with congenial members of his own order. He is enveloped in mystery; and I shall not seek for what is behind the veil in his mysterious life. Pious women always suppose him to be engaged in work of charity *in secret;* but the most watchful eyes amongst even his female parishioners can never discover where it is done, or who benefits by it. He is always supposed to be very poor, but yet he spares no expense in his own living or in entertaining his colleagues. He has abundance of cash; his credit is good, especially with Protestants; and he is most assiduous in his work of extracting money from his parishioners. When he dies—and this has been growing more noticeable yearly during the last twenty years—he leaves nothing! By an arrangement made before he gets the parish, whatever he accumulates goes to the bishop for the church fund, of which some of our city banks could give many interesting particulars.

Whenever his will is published, it usually discloses a small estate, such as the following:—

"Probate of the will of Canon Carberry, P.P., James's Street, has been granted. The assets were estimated at £965, and out of this the deceased clergyman has

bequeathed £20 to the Magdalen Asylum, Drumcondra; £50 for masses for the repose of his soul; £20 to the poor of the parish of Rathdrum; £30 to the Convent of Mercy, Rathdrum; and £20 towards building a school in Clara Vale. After paying the debts, the remainder of the assets is to be distributed by his brother, Rev. Father Carberry, P.P., Wicklow, as he thinks best."[1]

But, in the newspapers of, perhaps, the next day you will read a report of the probate suit of Barrett *v.* Heffernan and others: "Father Barrett, 19 Myrtle Hill, Cork, sought to establish the will of Miss Margaret Coleman of 16 Myrtle Hill, Cork," under which he is the sole beneficiary. Father Barrett was not a relative, and the will was disputed by the lady's cousins. "The deceased died worth about £20,000, which she willed to Father Barrett, who lived in one of deceased's houses. In 1895 she was attended for cancer, and in that year made the will. Imputations of undue influence having been withdrawn, the jury found for the plaintiff, and a decree for probate was given."[2]

It is at the deathbed priests acquire the bulk of their means. They have exceptional facilities for acquiring accurate information about the finances of their penitents. They exercise peculiar influence over elderly spinsters and widows, as may be gathered from the collection of wills given in the seventh chapter. Miss Coleman was an elderly lady suffering from a painful, incurable disease. She, no doubt, inherited the money from some one who worked to accumulate it. Indeed, most of the fortunes made in Catholic Ireland fall to the priests at the deathbeds either of the accumulators or their descendants.

The work performed by our secular priests being of

[1] *Evening Herald*, March 5, 1902.
[2] *Freeman's Journal*, June 6, 1902.

a formal, unpractical nature, which leaves the inner lives of our community unregenerated, it follows that the poor people are not served, and the well-to-do are left outside the pale of true Christianity. They come to the chapel once a week to see the priest performing, but they are not actors in the drama. They are mere outsiders, who, to use their own words, leave their religion to the sacerdotal experts with an unconcerned mind. Hence it is that well-to-do people, from whom good example might be expected, take such little interest in the mass. They arrive late, and they leave almost before it is over. They yawn, they stare about, they do not even open a prayer-book. They never spend more than twenty-five minutes in the church, and, when they depart, they have heard nothing edifying or instructive within its walls to afford them topic of conversation, except, perhaps, what the ladies see of each other's hats and dresses.

The labours of the secular priests of Dublin, therefore, leave the great mass of our poor and vicious as they find them. Bachelors, bred in Maynooth, they discover no sympathy with the struggling, distraught fathers; ailing, hopeless mothers; growing boys and girls; children and infants, amongst whom they are called upon to do the work of Christ. They are not suited for it, and they end by confining themselves altogether to those formalities and rites which are so easy, which make no tax upon their intellect; and which, as it soothes them to suppose, must satisfy all the cravings of heart and brain of the poor people. A worse system of religion, or one further removed from the original Christianity as taught by Christ and His Apostles, could not be imagined.

But let us now consider the Regular Priests.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE DUBLIN REGULAR PRIESTS AND THEIR WORK

Let us now endeavour to understand what the regular priests in the city of Dublin do. The Augustinians keep two monastic national schools, for which they receive a grant from the Government. But their main professional duties consist of saying masses in their own church, striking out retreats, or advertising the marvellous efficacy of the shrines in their Thomas Street church to attract people to it in preference to any of the three parish churches within a few paces of where it is situated. They have confraternities and sodalities, whose members are working men and women, whom they induce thereby to become supporters of the Order of Saint Augustine.

It so chanced that I went into the Augustinian Church recently, and when I had passed through the main door, I noticed a darkened recess on my left; but, having freshly left the glare of the street, I could only make out dimly that people were jostling each other in the gloom. I walked up the nave of the spacious church, and, having knelt to say a prayer, surveyed the costly structure and its decorations, which have cost the better part of a hundred thousand pounds. The stiffness, want of taste, and uncleanliness which pervaded the edifice, presented an unpleasant contrast to the glory of all things natural and outdoor. I thought of God, and of the boundless blue sky, the white, fleecy clouds, and the fresh air which I had left outside. And I asked

myself: What does God think of this, when He must know that every stone of this church has been procured and put into its place by money which was required by the nation for the bare necessaries of life? Does God, the creator of this earth, with all its land and water, its minerals below and its atmosphere above, with its myriad of human beings and numberless myriads of animal life, approve of this ugly, costly house which has been built out of the sweat of His people's brows—out of their sighs, their tears, their ignorance, their cowardice, their heart-broken misery? Can He, who takes in at a single glance the countless suns and worlds which revolve in the plane of space, approve of this house or feel honoured by what goes on under its roof? I looked at the dark confessionals, ranged like caves along the walls of the side aisles, and I thought, or tried to think, of what went on within them. I rose to leave, and, as I approached the door, my eyes having got accustomed to the interior light, I saw that the dark corner in which the people still jostled each other contained a large crucifix, with an expiring Christ, and at the left-hand side of the cross was a large statue of the Blessed Virgin, and at the right-hand side a large statue of St. John. And I saw several shabby, woebegone people, dirty and threadbare, old, middle-aged, and young, mumbling inarticulately, and pressing up against the rail outside the statues. And I saw them tremblingly put forth their dirty right hands and rub the palms and backs of them against the coloured clay of the statue of the Virgin, moving their hands over its breast and arms and hands. And then I saw them rub their hands, after contact with the statue, against their own dirty foreheads. And they did the same to and before the statue of St. John. And a feeling of disgust ran through me as I beheld; and I thought: Those are

my countrymen and countrywomen. Those are the Irish who cannot get on in life. This is the teaching they get; this is the religion to which they sacrifice their lives. This is all they know of God and God's world. Now I know, and the conviction surges through my whole being, that God does not approve of this costly house and of what is done under its roof.

And I asked myself, Is that idolatry, or is it not? And I had to answer that if that was not idolatry, and if those poor people were not idolaters, then there was no meaning in words. They believed that those pipe-clay images, of their own initiative, by mere contact, infused a something into their beings of which they stood in need. They believed there was power in those idols, let sophists and hypocrites say what they will. And it is a crime beyond measure that ministers of religion should suffer men and women to so deceive themselves.

The Calced Carmelites at Whitefriars Street conduct all the formal religious exercises at their chapel, hearing confessions, saying masses, and holding confraternity meetings on certain week evenings. They have a Carmelite College at Terenure, in which they have a number of boarders, an academy in Lower Dominick Street, and national schools in Whitefriars Street.

The Franciscan-Capuchins in Church Street do the same class of work, hearing confessions, granting absolutions, saying masses, and managing their confraternities. These priests have a total abstinence society in connection with that church, and of it I am prepared to admit, that, considering it is a priest-managed institution, it is highly creditable to them. Its members keep away from drink, which, in Dublin, is a great gain; amusements by way of lecture and concert are provided in the society's hall for its members; but, if the same

society were under lay management, with just a single clergyman in attendance, its members would derive far more instruction and improvement from it. Whatever gain accrues to them socially from their teetotalism is, to a great extent, counterbalanced by the mental enslavement and unpractical direction with which they are saturated by the priests in power.

The Boys' Brigade conducted by them is one of those unpractical organisations which has the outward appearance of well-doing, but which effects no real good. Here is a description of the work in connection with it:—

"*Brigade Mass at* 10 *o'clock a.m.*—During the week the work of the brigade was carried on with special care and energy. After their physical exercise on each night the boys received a short instruction appropriate to the season of Lent. The rosary was then recited, and each little lad left the hall *penetrated with the spirit of the Church, and determined to carry out to the letter her salutary counsel.*"[1]

The Capuchins pride themselves on the fact that Father Mathew, the temperance apostle, belonged to their Order. It would be well for them if they were in a position to do work even remotely approaching that of Father Mathew. Father Brophy, O.S.A., in a lecture at Church Street, said that Father Mathew "loved his country with all the warmth of his big Celtic heart, but above his country he loved his God."[2] Why such a distinction between God and country? Is it because the regular priests feel that they do not love their country, and wish to misrepresent their subservience to the Italian priests as being equivalent to a love of God?

The Discalced Carmelites at Clarendon Street hear confessions, say mass, preach an occasional sermon, and

[1] *Evening Telegraph*, Feb. 22, 1902. [2] *Freeman's Journal*, Oct. 16, 1901.

manage their confraternities; and that seems to be their work for good in the city. They are entertaining the lay members of their total abstinence confraternity at supper[1] in "one of the spacious rooms of the new convent"—an enormous building just erected, and to make room for which half a street side had to be cleared away. Let us take a glimpse at the proceedings. We are told that

"some national, operatic, and humorous songs were ably rendered, and a very pleasant couple of hours spent." Brother J. C. said: "Their spiritual director had increased the membership and raised the status of the sodality." Brother M'C., "one of the oldest members," also spoke, and "offered his tribute of congratulation." Father Corbett said they were "united in one heart and actuated with one desire, viz. the promotion of God's glory and the honour of Mount Carmel. . . . Before separating he would ask them not to forget the grand old man in Rome, their holy father, the Pope (tremendous cheers). They were all loyal and devoted children to that great pontiff (applause). They loved him and he loved them, and he (Father Corbett) could assure them that his Holiness heard with evident pleasure of the working of the confraternity, when a couple of months ago it was his privilege to kneel at his feet. Let them ever pray for him that he may be spared many years to continue to guide the destiny of the Church (cheers)." Brother C. then "led the singing of 'God Bless the Pope,' which was enthusiastically joined in by all, and three hearty, vigorous, and ringing cheers having been given for his Holiness, the company separated."

Such a temperance confraternity, without the dominating interference of the priests, and if rationally conducted under lay guidance, on benevolent principles, would be an admirable institution. But

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, August 12, 1901.

there can be no self-improvement, no lasting good capable of coming from such inanities.

I shall give one or two more examples of the work of the Discalced Carmelites at Clarendon Street. Here, for instance, is a portion of the special work which they do for the Catholic women and girls who attend their Church:—

"On Sunday next, 23rd February, a retreat *for women*, to be conducted by the Very Rev. M. Somers, C.SS.R., will be commenced in the Carmelite Church, St. Teresa's, Clarendon Street. The retreat, which will continue for a week, will be opened at the evening devotions at 7.30 on Sunday, and during the week there will be mass, with music, each morning at 7 o'clock, sermon after the 11 o'clock mass; and rosary, sermon, and benediction each evening at 8 o'clock. The sermon on Friday evening *will be on the Brown Scapular*, and there will be *a general enrolment of women* at the devotions that evening. The concluding ceremony of the retreat, on Sunday, 2nd March, will include solemn Renewal of Baptismal Vows and Papal Benediction."[1]

This is the policy of separating the sexes to which I drew attention in the preceding chapter.

What could be more unpractical and more useless to the women who reside in the neighbourhood of Clarendon Street than an address on the Brown Scapular? Such is the nonsense on which our Catholic women are regaled when they attend the retreats specially prepared for them by secular and regular priests. I do not see the propriety of bachelor priests giving special retreats for women. The Brown Scapular is not the most objectionable theme selected for discourses at such retreats; others are hardly discussable. I think it is going far enough to ask a woman to disclose everything to one of those priests in the confessional,

[1] *Freeman's Journal.*

POOR DUBLIN STREETS

This is a street inhabited by poor Roman Catholics in which the Dublin priests would find ample scope for their superfluous energy.

"The priests avoid the poor as if they were infected" (p. 369).

POOR DUBLIN STREETS

The inhabitants of this poor street are not often honoured by a visit from a priest or a nun.

"Nor would a poor parishioner, when in trouble, dare to accost his parish priest" (p. 369).

but it is going too far to collect a body of women of various ages and conditions into a church to listen to private addresses from men, who not only themselves have never got married, but who have been reared in ostensible exclusion from women. Such conduct is out of date, to describe it mildly and to put no worse construction on it. Here is another example of the Discalced Carmelite at work:—

"On Sunday evening an interesting and impressive ceremony took place in the church of the Carmelite Fathers, Clarendon Street—the opening of a new oratory in honour of the divine child, Jesus of Prague. This devotion of the holy infancy was established in the year 1636 by the venerable Sister Margaret of the Blessed Sacrament, a Carmelite Nun of Beaune (France), to whom it was revealed in an ecstasy that wonderful graces might be obtained by devoutly honouring the Redeemer's holy childhood. The large and spacious church was filled with a large and devout congregation when the sacred ceremonies commenced. On the conclusion of vespers, Father Stanislaus preached a powerful and eloquent sermon descriptive of the origin and progress of the devotion. This was followed by a procession of the divine child to the new oratory. The sacred ceremonies concluded with benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. On witnessing the piety of the large congregation present one could not but naturally recall to mind the words of the Psalmist: 'Praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him, all ye people. For His mercy is conferred upon us, and the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever.' The community of Saint Teresa are to be congratulated on their zeal in encouraging this beautiful devotion to the divine child."[1]

It is not the truth of the Lord that remaineth with the people in such ceremonies as this. Such devotional demonstrations stifle all serious Christian thought and

[1] *Evening Telegraph.*

inquiry, and those ecstatic parades come eventually to satisfy every aspiration of the benighted minds of our womenfolk. What would Jesus think of the condition of the poor Catholic children of Dublin if He were to reappear on earth to-day ?

The kind of patriotism inculcated under the auspices of the Discalced Carmelites may be gathered from the following. Mr. J. G. is delivering "a lecture on the battle of Clontarf"—a favourite theme—"to the members of the juvenile Irish class, Father Ignatius, O.D.C., presiding." The lecturer said "that it would be waste of time if they did not learn something from the study of the Irish history at the period of the eleventh century."[1] I agree with him, but I fail to see what we can learn from it, except that at that time and ever since we might have had more sense. The lecturer asked, "Would it be possible nowadays for a female to pass through Ireland, nay, through Dublin, without being insulted ? He was afraid that the conduct of some of these would-be young men led them to think the contrary, and evidenced in a lamentable manner how disreputably low the morality of the country was as compared with the time called 'the dark pages of Ireland's history,' and he believed *the cause of all that was the intercourse with England.*" There I differ with him. I attribute "the disreputably low morality of the country" to the vast army of priests, secular and regular, who have been misguiding us, nagging at us, and obstructing us at every stage of our lives and all periods of our history since the days of Brian Boru, keeping from us the goodness of God and the best virtues of Christianity. It is part of the priests' business to uphold the race hatred between Ireland and England. It is from them in the schools that the children learn it. The

[1] *Evening Herald*, August 7, 1901.

animosity felt by Roman Catholics for their Protestant fellow-citizens is one of the levers by which our Church works on thoughtless British statesmen. Father Corbet pointed out that "the greatest lesson, perhaps, from the consideration of the battle of Clontarf, was that of unity and order. If they would but cultivate Irish songs and Irish sentiment, they would soon present to the world a happy picture, and the historian of the opening years of the twentieth century may have to chronicle the return of that morality, the loss of which is so deeply deplored." If the Discalced Carmelites deplore the loss of morality amongst Irishmen, and especially amongst Irish women-folk, why do they not induce the virtuous ladies of their district and the well-intentioned and active laymen to take some measures to purify the moral tone of the city in their immediate neighbourhood? Our priests, save by some dramatic act like the cleansing of North Street in Cork, cannot take the lead in any such movement with permanent success. I attribute no worse motives to them than ignorance and incapacity to deal with the question. It is well to find a lecturer in Catholic Dublin who has the hardihood to speak on morality. If the laymen had a voice in church government, much might be done in this direction; but, as we see, the priests are ever at hand to soften down and hush up and take the edge off the layman's energy, turning the discourse from morality to "Irish songs and sentiment" and "unity and order," as Father Corbet does.

The nature of the labours of the Dominicans—otherwise the Order of Preachers—in Dominick Street may be gauged accurately from the following examples:—

"The annual retreat for the members of the Grocers' Assistants' Sodality was commenced last evening in

the Church of St. Saviour, Dominick Street.[1] The devotions commenced at 8.30 o'clock, at which hour there was a very large attendance of the members of the sodality, which has done much to further the religious interests of the Publicans' Assistants in Dublin."

Most publicans' assistants are destined to become publicans, and, as a rule, they are generous subscribers to the priests. The rivalry between the Dominicans in Dominick Street and the Jesuits in Gardiner Street for lucrative societies, like this sodality, was never more humorously exemplified than in the struggle between them for the spiritual patronage of the grocers' assistants. First the Dominicans announced in all the papers that they were going to start a sodality for the Grocers' Assistants, and summoned by advertisement all the assistants to take part in the great, new, and original, and only genuine society which was to be founded in their sole interests. They started their society accordingly, and the above paragraph records one of its meetings. But the Jesuits thereupon announced that they had already an old-established Grocers' Assistants' Sodality in existence, and they issued advertisements in the papers, calling upon the grocers' assistants to be true to their old spiritual guardians, the Jesuits. For many months afterwards the rival Grocers' Assistants' Sodalities gave considerable amusement to those who took notice of the occurrence. The result of the competition between the Jesuits and the Dominicans for the control of the young publicans was that the Carmelites in Whitefriars Street publicly announced the foundation by them of a third Grocers' Assistants' Society; and now the spiritual interests of the future publicans

[1] *Irish Daily Independent*, January 6, 1902.

of Dublin are competitively catered for by three orders of regular priests. It may be safely asserted that not one of those competing orders advises the young men to seek any other way of living, or to be in any respect less keen in pushing the sale of drink when they become masters than they would be if they had not joined the sodalities.

The Dominicans keep up a round of requiem masses, festivals, and other celebrations at their church, of which we will take the following as an instance :—

"Yesterday requiem mass was celebrated for the repose of the soul of the Very Rev. J. D. Slattery, who was a member of the community, and who died in Trinidad, West Indies, last month. Very Rev. J. D. Fitzgibbon acted as celebrant; Very Rev. T. A. Tighe, Prior of Waterford, acted as deacon; and Rev. H. S. Glendon, of St. Saviour's, as sub-deacon. The Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, O.P., Bishop of Cork, presided."

Then follows a lengthened list of priests who attended.

The Dominicans also send out priests to preach charity sermons, in return for a fee, for other "charitable" institutions of a religious nature in Dublin. And Dr. Keane, O.P., is as fiercely indignant as Father Wheeler the Jesuit, that any of the 50,000 insufficiently clothed and fed young Roman Catholics of Dublin should be helped by kindly Protestants. If ever a Jesuit makes a strong statement which attracts public notice, one of the Dominicans always feels bound to say something stronger on the same subject. Dr. Keane is reported as saying :—

"They knew when the bland speech was on their enemy's lips of fair promises, and hands filled with gifts proffered to the man who apostatised from his allegiance to the revealed religion. The rude pro-

gramme had been abandoned, the persecuting fires had been extinguished, but Satan's aim was always the same. He had a ministry of war in this city; they knew the institution which now enshrined his spirit and his work; they knew it under the foul name of the proselytising system, and only the divine mind which fully comprehended the value of an immortal soul could measure and weigh accurately the meaning, the purpose, the air, and the spirit of the thing called the proselytising system. It was Satan's act. It was an appalling description to utter of work done by human beings who brushed past us in the streets of the city. It was true, and it was for God's honour that its truth should be recognised and realised. Their work was the devil's work: it was work designed to destroy the soul."[1]

It is stated that one of the objectionable Dublin sacerdotal weekly prints either belongs to, or is inspired by, the Dominicans. Sometimes it is said to belong to the Jesuits. But as there is so little difference between the sentiments of either of those competing bodies of priests, it is not vital to us to know which of them it belongs to or takes its inspiration from. But its persistent denunciations of the "Sour-faces," as it calls the Dublin Protestants, would seem to be a chip off the same block as Father Keane's denunciation of the acts of Satan and "devil's work" done "by human beings who brushed past us in the city."

The Dominicans do not omit to celebrate the feast of St. Dominick with *éclat*. On the occasion of that anniversary last year, we are informed:—

"Solemn High Mass was celebrated at 12 o'clock by the Rev. Father Hanway, O.F.M.; Rev. Father O'Reilly, O.F.M., deacon; Rev. Father White, O.F.M., sub-deacon; and the Rev. Father Butler, O.P., master of

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 17, 1902.

ceremonies. There was an overflowing congregation, large numbers being, no doubt, attracted by the announcement that the panegyric of the saint would be preached by the cultured author of 'My New Curate,' the Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P., Doneraile. Nor were those who expected a rare intellectual treat disappointed in Father Sheehan's eloquent discourse, which was listened to with rapt attention."[1]

Father Sheehan preached a panegyric of St. Dominick; and he is reported as having condemned "the gospel of savage strength and ferocity, of furious pride and rebellion, of Satanic malice and ingenuity—the flower and the fruit" of which were "such heroes as Luther, Mahomet, and Cromwell." That is almost as hard as Father Keane, or the priests' weekly paper, on the "Sour-faces"! Father Sheehan writes for the *Rosary*, the Dominican counterblast to the Jesuits' monthly known as the *New Ireland Review*. His novel appears to have been read by Protestants in the belief that they found in it a true representation of the Catholic priest. It is such an unusual thing to get a readable description of a priest's life and work from a priest, that Father Sheehan has naturally got many readers. Now, nothing is farther from my intention than to disparage Father Sheehan. He writes fiction: I write fact. But I am quite as competent to speak about Ireland, to put it mildly, as Father Sheehan is. I have lived all my life in Ireland. He, I understand, has not done so. And I feel it my duty to state that there are no such estimable priests in Ireland as the priest in Father Sheehan's book. Father Sheehan tells us at the opening of one of his other stories, that he was "indulging in a day-dream" when he received a letter from his printer in America asking him for copy. I can well believe him.

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, August 5, 1901.

His books have all the appearance of having been written by a man who was "in a day-dream" when he wrote them. It is, to me, a satisfactory discovery to find even one Irish priest spending his day-dreams in writing something readable. So many other priests in Ireland dream away their days in questionable and often reprehensible work. But if the ideal priest in Father Sheehan's book be an Irish priest, then our priest is double-faced, and keeps his best face for the edification of the stranger and his disagreeable face for Ireland.

The Jesuits, fearing lest some advantage should result to the Dominicans from their connection with Father Sheehan, also took to booming him in a publication of theirs[1]—a childish magazine, issued in connection with their University College. Father Sheehan, interviewed by one of the Jesuits' contributors, is reported as saying that he has received "numbers of letters, from clergy of various denominations in England and America," thanking him "for giving them an entirely new revelation as to what a Catholic priest really is." Just so, his priests are quite different from the priests that we meet, and they are a "new revelation" not alone to Protestants, but to Roman Catholics. Father Sheehan is urged on by his interviewer to "give to non-Catholics an insight into the ethos of our religion as it is represented by the Irish priests." That is to say, he is invited to idealise *the religion* for the edification of non-Catholics in the same way as he has idealised *the priest*. Father Sheehan is further represented as saying: "What I fear is that my writings may be read by the ignorant, and, perhaps, perverted to evil purposes." There speaks the real Irish priest. If he had written only what he believed to be good and true, how could he fear that his writings

[1] *St. Stephen's*, February 1902.

might be perverted to evil purposes? There he shows the real Irish priest's terror of seeing knowledge and truth come to the ignorant.

"If I had to acknowledge any master, it would be rather Shelley," says Father Sheehan. "I mean the poet, not the atheist." Thus, in our sacerdotal novelist's opinion, Shelley was also a double-faced man who could doff his religious convictions to suit his poetry. Let me close my remarks about Father Sheehan, which are solely attributable to his appearance in a Dominican pulpit in Dublin—and whom I have no intention of disparaging—by a quotation from himself: "And now if you will allow me," he said to his interviewer, "I should like to show you my garden, for it is my great delight, and I think if I were tempted to pride myself it would be more on account of my begonias than my books." Father Sheehan's fictitious priests are as unlike the real priests as his begonias are unlike the daisies and dandelions of Doneraile.

The Dominicans recently started an institution known as St. Kevin's House, at Rutland Square, the rear of which abuts a lane at the back of their priory. Rutland Square was once inhabited by wealthy people, but is now being rapidly deserted like Gardiner Street. The Dominicans appear to have purchased two of its fine houses with the object, in their own words, "of providing a residence for respectable Catholic girls living in Dublin, either as employees, or as students, seeking to qualify themselves for one or another of the various employments now open to women."

I have carefully considered this Dominican venture. But I cannot see why those bachelor regular priests should consider themselves qualified to set up a boarding-house for young Catholic girls away from home. I should implore, if my words could reach

them, the parents of such girls to put them under respectable lay custody. I attribute nothing in the shape of "devil's work," to use Father Keane's words, to those Dominicans in respect of this house. The worst that I attribute to such a policy is, that sacerdotal domination over those girls will probably break their spirits, enervate them, and make them failures in life. Catholic business girls are well able to take care of themselves. It is from their "friends" only they need to be saved. Was it not an impropriety to start such a house? The city is full of nuns; and the undertaking would have more appropriately devolved upon one of our numerous orders of nuns in connection with one of their convents. I find from the report of this St. Kevin's House which is published,[1] that it is not nuns who are kept in it as managers; which is a strange circumstance, seeing that the priests are continually advocating the installation of nuns in our county institutions, such as workhouses, asylums, and so forth. Archbishop Walsh appears to me to display his episcopal inexperience of everything connected with women by given this Dominican boarding-house for girls his blessing. I am inclined to put everything of this sort in the most charitable light, not alone for Archbishop Walsh, but for every priest in Ireland, owing to the system under which they are trained. But it surprises me that he should be found present, supporting by a long speech this novel Dominican venture. He has not a word to say in explanation as to why the Dominicans should have charged themselves with such a delicate duty as the custodianship of young Catholic girls away from home. He is vapoury about his voluminous correspondence, about his exacting duties as censor of stage plays, about the revival

[1] *Evening Telegraph*, 1901.

of the Irish language, and other inane trivialities, but he leaves the root of the question untouched.

Why are there not Roman Catholic Young Women's Christian Associations under combined lay and clerical management? What a picture the establishment of this house presents, by inference, of Catholic Ireland! In this Roman Catholic city of Dublin, containing so many respectable Catholic families, is it insinuated that decently bred girls cannot safely come up to the city to transact their business or pursue their studies without being placed under the special protection of the bachelor priests of the Dominican Order? I think the establishment of this novel house touches a high-water mark in priestly interference with secular affairs in Ireland. Indeed one could not set limits to the presumption of our priests, if they were not checked by some independent criticism. I happened to be speaking recently to a man who carries on his business not far from this Dominican church—an unpretentious, well-informed Catholic. His words to me were: "If it were not for the check put upon our priests by the intelligence of large cities like Dublin, they would run such a rig with themselves that we would have a revolution in the country in a very few years. Their behaviour, both as to church building and as given forth in their public utterances, is ostentatious and nonsensical, and they stand badly in want of criticism from the better-class Catholics!"

The Franciscans at Merchant's Quay claim the honour of belonging to an order, of which the superior-general at Rome is an Irishman, the Rev. David Fleming, who "enjoys the distinction of being the first Irishman yet elected as head of the great Franciscan Order, and is one of the most distinguished living sons of the seraphic patriarch. Father David is

the 104th successor of St. Francis Assisi as Superior-General of the Order of the Friars Minor. His subjects at present will be over 16,000 friars, of whom 10,000 are priests." The Irish Catholics, in their pitiable condition, cannot feel much elation at Father Fleming's promotion. How will it console them for their own position? It reminds me of a story told to me by an Irish lady, still living, of an experience she once had at Assisi. She had been travelling in the Apennines with her sister, and found herself at Assisi. Her sister was unexpectedly compelled to go to Rome, and the lady was left to her own resources in the town of the seraphic patriarch. She determined to go north to Perugia, having got tired of the poverty and wretchedness of the locality. The only sight worthy of notice was the army of brawny, fat young monks in their brown habits marching out of the large monastery every morning, with their empty begging sacks on their arms, and dispersing themselves all over the country; and their return in the evening with their full sacks containing the day's gleanings on their shoulders. The people in the locality were infinitely poorer than in any part of Ireland; but the monks were fat and rich. She determined to depart from Assisi, being weary of the wretchedness of the place; and presented a Bank of England five-pound note to the hotel-keeper to settle her account. He was unable to change it. He tried every shop in Assisi for change, but without success. The lady herself took the note to the railway station, but the station-master could not change it. There was not two pounds' worth of Italian money in the town. At length the hotel-keeper suggested that Father Seraphino at the monastery should be tried. I do not give the prior's real name. Accordingly the lady betook her-

self to the gigantic establishment of the seraphic patriarch. She spoke Italian well, and, in an interview with the prior, explained her position and asked for change. He at once gave her the money, and when she offered him a gratuity for the order he refused it, exclaiming: "Yerra, Erin go Bragh! Aren't you from Ireland like meself? Let us talk English. My name is O'Hoolahan [I do not give the real name], and I'm glad to see any one from the old sod. Shake hands!"

The Congregation of the Holy Ghost at Blackrock and at Rathmines own remunerative boarding-schools and day-schools. They employ a certain number of laymen as teachers in those schools, and their pupils earn larger result fees for them than any priests' pupils in Ireland at the Intermediate examinations. All priestly schools keep Irish laymen out of work, and give an education which, if we may trust Bishop O'Dwyer, produces those "*déclassés* Catholic young men" at whom he sneers. The French priests hear confessions, say masses, and do the formal priestly work of the other orders; they "do the needful," as Father Ebenrecht once publicly described his own action at a *mêlée* at Glasnevin cemetery.

The Society of Jesus in Upper Gardiner Street does a large business in confessions, masses, retreats, and confraternities. The same society, at Milltown Park, devotes itself to training the novices of the order, and in giving retreats both to "lay gentlemen and to ecclesiastics," as they put it in their advertisements. They have, at that place, a fine demesne and gentleman's residence, called Milltown Park—one of the many gentlemen's residences which have fallen into the hands of religious orders in Dublin—and there, for a given sum per week, any "commercial or

professional gentleman" may be boarded, and have all the wants of his soul attended to besides, by the Jesuits. They advertise their retreats at this place with great energy, and they have their regular *clientèle* of customers like a fashionable boarding-house or sanatorium. They give separate retreats "for the clergy" and for the laity; and, at certain seasons of the year, the grounds of this demesne will be seen full of country priests taking gentle exercise in its avenues and lawns, and thereby making reparation to God, in the most comfortable way possible, for all the iniquities committed by them during the previous six or twelve months. The advertisement of one of those retreats reads as follows:—

"As all the rooms are now engaged for the Ecclesiastical Retreat, beginning 9th September, an extra one will commence at the above address on Monday evening, 16th September. To prevent disappointment, early application for cards of admission is requested."[1]

The Jesuits, not to be outdone by the St. Kevin's House branch of the Dominican business, started a branch of the Society for the Protection of Catholic Girls, a London institution, in Dublin. The Jesuits had the astuteness to bring the French Sisters of Charity into the scheme along with them, and Father Thomas Finlay, S.J., sparing a few moments from the Royal University and Technical Instruction department, moved:—

"That a general committee be appointed, consisting of the following ladies, who had kindly consented to act: Lady Castlerosse, Lady Margaret Domville, Lady Dease, the Hon. Mrs. Ross of Bladensburg, Lady Cruise, Mrs. Carton, Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Brown, Miss Boland, Mrs. Aliaga Kelly, Mrs. Charles Martin, Mrs. Moore, Miss

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, August 24, 1901.

POOR ROMAN CATHOLIC WOMEN, DUBLIN

"The thousands of dejected, poor Roman Catholic women who live upon the Dublin pavements in misery" (p. 351).

POOR ROMAN CATHOLIC WOMEN, DUBLIN

"Bachelors, bred in Maynooth, they discover no sympathy with the struggling, distraught fathers; ailing, hopeless mothers, &c." (p. 330).

A. Mooney, Mrs. Mulhall, Mrs. M'Grath, Miss O'Connor, Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Pratt, Miss Power, Mrs. Plunkett, Miss Scallan, and Miss Scully."

If those ladies had taken the initiative in this matter themselves, and if they had really intended to do any practical work in connection with the society, why could they not act without the Jesuits? And, oh, why are they never called together to do some real good to the thousands of dejected, poor, Catholic women who live upon the Dublin pavements in misery? The object of this society seems to be to watch better-class Catholic girls who leave Ireland for America and the Colonies, hunt them up at their own homes before starting, put them under priestly custody, and hand them over to the priests' care in the lands to which they emigrate—a foreign and colonial branch of the business of which St. Kevin's House represents the home department. The end assured is, that the girls remain pliable subjects, under the priests' influence even when they get out of this Irish pandemonium. Father Delany—a possible provost of the new Priests' University—drew an awful picture of "an individual" who was arrested on board one of the German Transatlantic liners, in the act of kidnapping "two quite young girls." This "individual" had "over 20,000 francs in his possession, and also jewellery to at least equal value." Why should Catholic girls be so especially weak, so particularly destitute of capable friends and relatives to advise them? It is amazing that Catholic ladies of position can be found ready to be drawn into every undertaking which our regular priests find it to their own advantage to take up. If the priests gave our Catholic ladies and laymen the management of the hospitals of Dublin, or some representative and responsible share in any important matter

connected with their own church, it would be well for the community. But instead of playing the game in most of those priestly schemes, our ladies are dead pawns on the sacerdotal chessboard.

The Jesuit Society at Stephen's Green conducts the remunerative institution known as the University College. Five of the Jesuit priests have been appointed, without examination, to the position of Fellows of the Royal University, at the combined salary of £2000 paid out of the national purse. It is stated that a Jesuit once presented himself for examination for a Junior Fellowship, which is equivalent to a studentship, and was beaten by a young lady who secured the prize, £200 a year for a given number of years. It is also stated that the Jesuit was soon afterwards appointed, without examination, to a Senior Fellowship at £400 a year! As half the entire number of Fellows of the State-subsidised Royal University teach at this Jesuits' College, receiving £400 each per annum for so doing, the result is that the lectures and courses of study at the place are crowded with students about to present themselves for examination at the Royal University, knowing that they stand a good chance of being examined by the lecturing Fellows. There is, as may be supposed, no representative or lay authority in this college. Though it is supported by Government money it is entirely managed by the priests; and the Catholic lay Fellows of the Royal University who teach in it, have no place in its governing body.

Things are done in Ireland which are done nowhere else out of Bedlam; and the endowment and management of this Jesuit emporium afford an illustration of the fact.

The Jesuit Society has a very large school, called Belvedere College, at Great Denmark Street—one of

the many noblemen's houses which now belong to religious in Ireland—which acts as a feeder for their University College at Stephen's Green. Both institutions are lucrative, and deprive the Dublin Catholic laymen of much sadly-needed employment. Poorly paid lay teachers do the hardest work in all priestly schools, but the priests get all the honour and profit. The priests do *their* work, amongst other things, in saturating the boys' minds with blind "faith" in sacerdotal infallibility.

Illustrative of the Jesuits' "work" in their chapel at Gardiner Street, I happened to attend a meeting held in one of the side-chapels there one evening. It was a meeting of young men, and was addressed by the "spiritual director" of the guild or sodality. After formal prayers had been gone through—the recitation of the rosary at lightning speed, I think it was, and the singing of a hymn—the spiritual director addressed the meeting. He said:—

"There are two members of our community, two devoted priests, two saintly and holy men, lying dead in this church to-night; but though their bodies are dead, their souls are in heaven with God, to live in bliss there for ever as the reward of their saintly lives upon earth. Oh, the holiness, the piety, the sanctification of those two good priests! What do not the people of Dublin owe to them? Their life was one continual act of glorification to God. Many of you who are listening to me, and if not you, then others who are not listening to me, perhaps owe your baptism to the ministrations of those two holy priests. It was they who received you into the Church and cleansed you from the stain of original sin. How grateful you should be to them, to those holy priests, who, at that early stage of your existence, saved you from all the consequences of your first parents' fall. And then, when you became a little older, it was they, perhaps, who heard your first confession and granted you absolution, and enabled you to

make your peace with God after you had offended His majesty for the first time. And then, again, whenever you chanced to fall it was to them you came to get absolution and forgiveness, so that you might be saved from the natural punishments of your sins. And when your soul was cleansed after the pronouncement of absolution, it was from their hands that you received the body and blood, soul and divinity, of Christ in the holy sacrament of the altar. From their hands, the hands of those two pious priests, you received the divine body and blood of our Lord Himself into your very beings. Perhaps it was by the efforts of those two holy priests, by their prayers and by their holy masses offered up to God, that the souls of your beloved fathers, mothers, or other near and dear relatives were speedily released from the fires of purgatory. Perhaps, too, it was by the ministrations of those two holy priests that your fathers, or mothers, or dear deceased relatives received extreme unction and participated in the all-powerful rites of our holy mother the Church, which enabled them to go before their last Judge with confidence. Oh, what do you not owe, what do not thousands of others owe to the ministrations of those two holy priests who are now lying dead upstairs! What nobler or grander life could be imagined than theirs, offering up masses every day of their lives, at which the stupendous miracle of transubstantiation was performed times without number, glorifying God, absolving sinners, and administering sacraments! Their whole life was one act of praise and glorification of Almighty God. May they rest in peace!"

If all this had been merely said once, and if he had gone on to give the young men some practical instruction, there would not be so much to object to. But every statement was repeated a dozen times, and he dawdled, like a beagle dwelling on scent, over the praises of his two colleagues, who had chanced to die on the previous day. The moral of it for the young men listen-

ing to him was that, if all the miraculous work done by those two priests was necessary to secure an entrance into heaven, then assuredly the bulk of those present had a very small chance of ever getting there, except by the intervention of the priests. The Jesuit invited the assembly to kneel down and *pray for* the repose of the souls of the two dead priests; and then he said that they might assume that the priests were in heaven, and he asked the young men to join him in *praying to* the priests, and asking the priests, from their position close to the throne of God in heaven, to help the young men in their struggles in life! Carlyle somewhere defines paganism as "a bewildering, inextricable jungle of delusions, confusions, falsehoods, and absurdities, covering the whole field of life." It has often occurred to me, after hearing such sermons as this Jesuit's, that our Roman Catholicism, as preached by most of our priests, is equally bewildering and confusing. An outsider might be inclined to think that the young men who attended that meeting went away with confused minds upon the subject of the dead priests. But that is not so. When they put on their hats at the church door they instantly forgot all about the incident. "Theirs not to reason why!" They must march into the valley of death without ever exercising their reasons upon such questions.

Father Kane, the Jesuit whom we have quoted from before, is reported[1] as uttering the following words in the course of "an impassioned appeal" in Upper Gardiner Street pulpit. It will serve as another illustration of Jesuit work. He is dealing, in a special sermon, with the subject of the eucharist, and there is not a single member amongst his congregation, or in the region surrounding Upper Gardiner Street Church, who feels inclined to dispute any of the dogmas preached in reference to the

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 28, 1902.

holy eucharist. Yet he beats the empty air with idle hands and brings all the passion and power that he possesses, as if he were speaking to an audience of erudite sceptics, to bear upon the threadbare statements of Catholic belief:—

"He would make three statements—No. 1, showing his hand, he would say, 'this is my hand'; No. 2, showing a statue in the street, he would say, 'this is O'Connell'; No. 3, showing a large note, he would say, 'this is £5.' Statement No. 1 was a plain statement of plain facts in a plain way. Granting Christ's omnipotence, His statement, 'this is My body,' was a plain statement of a plain fact in a plain way. In statement No. 2, he would not say that the bronze was O'Connell, because he was not talking about the material of the statue, but about the likeness. It was the thing represented by the thought that was O'Connell, for by the very nature of things a statue was a sign of something else. Now, was bread a statue or likeness of Christ's body? Was bread, by the very nature of things, a sign of Christ's body any more than it was a sign of anything else? No, certainly not; and therefore Christ's words were not like his, when he said in the presence of a statue, 'this is O'Connell.' As to No. 3 statement, 'this is £5,' a bit of paper was not £5, but men had come to an understanding that certain bits of paper, stamped and marked in the lawful way, were value for money."

I am quite sure that any Jesuit is even a keener authority on stamped paper than he is on sacerdotal dogma. But, in this case, he is flogging a dead horse in thus expending his force in Upper Gardiner Street upon "an impassioned appeal" to prove the real presence of Christ in the eucharist. Nobody listening to him doubts it. There are hundreds amongst his audience, such is their "faith," who would believe him if he elaborated a chain of reasoning to prove there was no

such thing as poverty or ignorance or vice in Dublin. If there be a few masculine people listening to him who do not quite believe all he says, they are indifferent people, and do not really care whether his statements are true or false. They think it highly probable that what he says may be true, but they cannot see how it affects them one way or the other whether it is true or false. Father Kane goes on:—

"This should be thoroughly understood beforehand, and explained in the most clear, emphatic, and unmistakable manner. Did Christ explain beforehand in a way absolutely clear and utterly unmistakable" as referring "to the bread over which He spoke with such strange love, and with such solemn mystery these divine words, 'This is My body,' that they were only the same as with the bank-note? The mere thought of it was to the mind absurd, and to the heart blasphemous!"

Father Kane will not entertain the possibility of there being an honourable difference of opinion—a phase of mind characteristic of ignorant and bigoted people. It appears to me that it is "to the mind absurd, and to the heart blasphemous"—I say it without calling the truth of the doctrine into question—that our priests should be preaching such unnecessary and threadbare trash, trying to prove things which nobody wants them to prove, and denouncing unbelievers who do not care a rap about their denunciations; while there is so much practical Christian work undone, and human degradation crying aloud to Heaven for amelioration in their immediate neighbourhood. The effeteness of sacerdotalism is well exemplified by such polemics. They show us the priest at his real work. It is not because Christ instituted the eucharist, on the awful night preceding His crucifixion, that the believers in Christianity

in the Mecklenburgh Street area should continue as they are, while rich Orders weave their rhetorical spells, with no other consequence than the collection of money from the credulous people attending their churches? Granted that the sacrament is really the body and blood of Christ. What then? What have the Jesuits got to do with that fact any more than the rest of us? That is no reason why priests should shirk their proper work and make money by idle, useless speechifying, while tens of thousands of lay Catholics for whom they are responsible, as they boast, fester in unhappiness and vice before their eyes. Granted that every Roman Catholic doctrine is true; that is no reason why priests should be idle, rich and comfortable, while thousands of our Catholic people are miserable and vicious all around us. Granted that God created the world, and created man; granted that our first parents fell; granted that God redeemed the world; granted that the Blessed Virgin was conceived without original sin; granted that God is really present in the sacrament of the altar, the institution of which was one of the most formal and least practical acts of His life; granted that Pope Leo XIII. is ninety-three years of age; granted that he has twice renewed the College of Cardinals; granted that the Duke of Norfolk is a Catholic; granted that the Earl and Countess of Fingall are Catholics; granted everything which the priests gesticulate and orate about, why should *they* claim credit for the existence of those facts? Why should those facts relieve *them* of the onus of performing Christian work; for ceremonial is not Christian work? If Christ and the Apostles had been arrayed in shining broadcloth, drinking expensive wines, smoking high-priced tobacco, walking through life on velvet, while a Mecklenburgh Street area, peopled by Christians, one of the

"most immoral dens in Europe," reeked under their nostrils in Palestine, would the best men on earth worship Christ to-day? If Christ and the Apostles had been intriguing with Pilate and his wife, temporising with Caiaphas, fleecing instead of feeding the multitudes, encouraging the people to revolt against Pilate and the Empire he represented, while they boasted of their secret influence with Pilate in securing pay and place for their friends, who would be low enough to reverence Christ and His Apostles to-day?

What a fall from the humility and self-sacrifice of Jesus to the body of men who style themselves the Society of Jesus, for instance, in so many parts of the world to-day! What a fall from Him to all the Irish priesthood as a body. How many legacies did He receive from dying believers in His divinity? What building contracts did He sign? What price did He charge for His mediation with His Father?

Our Irish public boards exult in lauding the achievements of great men and nations whom they flatter but do not imitate. Those boards have ample duties of their own; yet we continually find that they neglect them. So do our Roman Catholic secular and regular priests behave towards Christ. They have Christlike duties to perform and many useful functions in the social system. But they do not discharge them. They make free with His name; but they do not imitate His conduct. Indeed, if divine justice decided to destroy the Mecklenburgh Street area, the priests of Dublin could not secure exemption by presenting a self-audited account of their stewardship. If a search were made in that *imperium in imperio* for a number of just men, for whose sake the region might be saved from impending doom, the presence of the duty-shirking priests alone would hardly save it from destruction. I am

quite sure there are many just men, and women too, in the neighbourhood; but the priests, by their indolence and bigotry, would have a doubtful claim to consideration. But to resume—it is not a pressing duty at this age of the world's history to prove, by "an impassioned appeal" made in a Dublin church, that Christ is present in the sacrament. That is an axiom of Catholic faith. But all priests find it easier to deliver "impassioned appeals" upon abstract subjects, which audiences will accept, than to do Christlike work by elevating the poor Catholic people who are wallowing in sin at their thresholds. "*Listen to Luther, an apostate priest,*" again cries Father Kane, "*Mrs. Luther being a runaway nun. . . . Listen to Zwinglius, an apostate priest who had been expelled from his parish for his immorality.*"[1] Who can prove the preacher's chastity for us? I do not impugn it. But, if Luther was bad, which I do not believe, we must not forget that Luther was a priest, and that every slur cast upon him is an aspersion on sacerdotalism.

The Marist Fathers at Lower Leeson Street keep a paying day-school, attended by a number of pupils, taking work and wages thereby from the laity, and fastening the rule of the priests on the children.

The Oblates of Mary Immaculate at Inchicore work at a routine of confessions, absolutions, communions, masses, and confraternities; but pride themselves especially upon their success in organising pilgrimages from Dublin to Rome. The Order has its novitiate in one of the loveliest positions in the vicinity of Dublin, at the top of Galloping Green Hill, outside Stillorgan, and the junior Oblates, before they are fit for the glories of Inchicore, pass their time at Belcamp Hall, Raheny, both sites being gentlemen's places purchased by the Order.

[1] *Irish Catholic*, March 1, 1902.

The business of the Oblates may be gathered from the following samples of their work :—

"Church of Mary Immaculate, Inchicore. Visit the entombment. On view in the Crib building every day until Holy Saturday. The representation of the entombment of the Lord consists of fourteen life-size figures made by the French artist who modelled the famous group for the Inchicore Christmas Crib."[1]

The Oblates make a specialty of waxwork and plaster exhibitions, arranged on the principle of Madame Tussaud. At Christmas time it is the Crib, representing the birth of our Lord in the stable at Bethlehem; at Easter time, as we have seen, it is the entombment. Even at Madame Tussaud's I have always felt that such exhibitions are misleading, and a familiarity with great personages which only a showman could be guilty of. How much grosser is the familiarity when the actors in those scenes, represented in wax and plaster, are the most sacred personages in Church history, and when the events dishonoured by such celebration are the birth and death of the Redeemer of the world. But, notwithstanding, we hear that—

"the beautiful Church of the Oblates was crowded yesterday with large congregations at all the masses. . . . The Crib was, of course, a great centre of pious devotion during the day. Crowds visited the building in which it is arranged from the hour at which it was opened until the divine service had concluded. It is truly a wonderful sight. The principal picture group is artistic in its completeness and perfection. The figures of the various personages who had the inestimable privilege of coming face to face with one of the grandest mysteries of the Church, and of seeing the Redeemer of the world in the lowly stable at Bethlehem, stand out lifelike and real amidst surroundings redolent of the atmosphere and the magical charm of the East."

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, March 1, 1902.

Thus the incarnation of God the Son, instead of being a divine fact, is claimed as "a mystery of the Church." What rubbish! but what an amount of money it must draw into the safe-boxes at Inchicore! Another sample of the Oblates' work, and we are done with them:—

"After 12 o'clock mass to-morrow, two new altars of the Sacred Heart, and of St. Joseph and the Holy Souls, will be solemnly blessed. The new altars are magnificent specimens of Irish workmanship. The high altar, unlike many modern high altars, is in perfect proportion to the church, and does not dwarf the chancel. It is composed of specially selected Sicilian marble, with tabernacle and throne in purest Carrara, and shafts of columns in various coloured marbles. . . . Above the tabernacle is the throne, which is a gem in itself. It consists of a carved octagon cap and moulded base in Carrara marble, with an octagonal shaft in most delicate marked Mexican onyx. The altar of the Sacred Heart has been erected by Mr. J. O'C. as a family memorial. The altar of St. Joseph and the Holy Souls is a memorial to the Rev. Father Brady, O.M.I., erected by the Women's Branch of the Immaculate Conception, and by friends of the Oblate Fathers. The statues of the Sacred Heart, of St. Joseph and of the angels at the high altar, as well as the beautiful tabernacles, are the gifts of various benefactors."

The Inchicore women could have employed the money expended on this altar more advantageously in the interiors of their homes. The Oblates also go in for outdoor processions every Sunday in the month of May, in which the children of the neighbourhood take part, and at which thousands of idle people attend to hear the brass bands and while away the afternoon. Collections are made, and a great deal of money is received on such occasions.

The Passionist Fathers at Mount Argus spend their time in the same way as the other Orders:—

"During the week large congregations attended the services of the Mission at the above church, and great numbers approached the Sacred Tribunal of Penance.[1] On this evening a special sermon will be preached on the 'Sacred Heart,' after which the congregation will be solemnly consecrated. The Mission will conclude on Sunday evening next with renewal of Baptismal Vows and imparting of the Papal Blessing."

Their great specialty consists in outdoor processions on Sundays during May in honour of the Blessed Virgin, at which brass bands and hundreds of poor children attend, as at Inchicore.

Like Cardinal Vaughan, they go in for keeping "relics," and set great store by them.

I happened to be in the smoke-room of the House of Commons one night in company with a group of Irish members, who belonged to the party of Mr. Parnell. It was at the time when Mr. Parnell was at the zenith of his power, and he was regarded by the general body of the Irish members and the great mass of the Irish people much in the same way as Napoleon Bonaparte was regarded by the French. Irish affairs are petty compared with the affairs of the French nation; and the position of Mr. Parnell, great as it was, was insignificant compared with that occupied by Napoleon. But I believe the inferiority did not lie in Mr. Parnell as compared with Napoleon; one man, opportunities considered, was as capable as the other. But the Catholic Irish are immeasurably inferior to the French, and that made all the difference. When a Catholic Irishman emancipates himself from the fear of the priest or from *the hypocrisy of fear*, which is worse, and from the superstitious practices inseparable from that fear, he becomes a good

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 28, 1902.

man. But the mass of stay-at-home, Irish Catholics, who live and die in the shadow of the example and teaching of the priests, are so contemptible a body politic that, looking over their past, many sincere Irishmen deeply regret that the accident of birth and descent should have made them members of such a nation. The group of Irish members were talking as they sat around the well-known stove in the smoke-room of the House of Commons. Mr. Parnell suddenly came in, pale, erect, self-centred; and those who were in the vicinity of the stove arose instantly to their feet. He did not address any of his colleagues, or appear to recognise them; but he took the chair which was vacated for him in front of the stove and sat down. A waiter came up to attend to him. He ordered a lemon-squash, and, when it arrived, he placed it on a ledge near the stove. He then put his hand into the tail-pocket of the morning-coat which he happened to be wearing, and pulled forth a bundle of letters. I was quite close to him, and I noticed that the letters were all unopened. An awestruck silence supervened amongst the members of his own party, with whom I was sitting. If they ventured to make a remark it was in a whisper, and they seemed quite cowed by the close presence of Mr. Parnell. I was very young at the time, and I felt a great respect for Mr. Parnell, as I do at present for his memory; but I was not so overawed as the members of Parliament. Mr. Parnell placed the letters in his lap and went through them one by one, examining the writing on the envelopes, and, in some instances, feeling a letter between his thumb and fingers. He selected two or three letters from the bundle, and placed the rest on the top of the stove. He opened and read the selected letters, and then burned them. He then took down

the bundle of unopened letters from the top of the stove and placed them carefully in the centre of the stove fire, ramming them in with the poker until he saw the entire mass of unopened correspondence in a red flame, undistinguishable from the lighting coals. It occurred to me at the time that some of those letters might have covered remittances by cheque; but the members dared not make any comment. Having done so much, Mr. Parnell paused for a moment, took a sip of his lemon-squash, and then he condescended to look around and scrutinise his neighbours. Having apparently recognised them for the first time as members of his own party, he addressed one of them, the late Mr. Peter M'Donald, member for Sligo, and said, "Good evening, M'Donald." Mr. M'Donald replied with the greatest deference, "Good evening, sir." Mr. Parnell then said, "Have you heard anything recently about X.?" At that time Mr. X. was acutely ill, and doubts were entertained as to his recovery. He was one of Mr. Parnell's ablest lieutenants, but is not now a member of the Irish party. Mr. M'Donald replied, "Oh yes, sir; the accounts I had to-night were that he is much better, and that hopes are entertained of his recovery." Mr. Parnell then inquired what doctor Mr. X. had, and Mr. M'Donald informed him that it was Dr. Kenny, who at that time was a member of Mr. Parnell's own party, and who after the Split, as it is called, was one of his most enthusiastic supporters. Dr. Kenny was one of those few straightforward, if impulsive, Catholic Irishmen who had the courage to express their conviction that the priests were the great and abiding cause of Ireland's distress and trouble. He was for many years physician at Maynooth College, and must have known many things worth telling. He used to say that he would not have a Catholic

University, if its control were placed in the hands of the priests. He was universally respected, and, to its credit, the Dublin Corporation elected him to the position of City Coroner, despite, or in consequence of his hostility to the priests.

Mr. Parnell then said, "I think X. ought to have the best advice procurable in Dublin. I would not depend on one doctor entirely. I always make it a rule myself, and I think every man should do the same, if I get ill in a strange place, always to find out from the general opinion of the place who is the best doctor in that particular place; and I send for him. X. ought to have the best advice procurable in Dublin." Parnell did not mean to depreciate Kenny, but to convey that he ought to have the best assistance in consultation. Then Mr. M'Donald said, "I am informed in to-night's letter, sir, that Father Charles from Mount Argus visited X. last week, and brought the relics of St. Paul of the Cross to the house with him, and I am told that, since the relics were applied, X.'s condition has materially improved."

This Father Charles was a well-known member of the Passionist Order at Mount Argus. He was a Dutchman, who had been resident in Ireland for over a generation, and he used to "give out the relics," as it is styled, at Mount Argus, on a stated day every week. Crowds of people used to come to touch those relics; just as people visit the Prophets' Tombs in the East, or make pilgrimages to Knock in the county Mayo; and the cures effected by the "relics" at Mount Argus were not less marvellous than those claimed for the Prophets' Tombs, or for Knock.

I carefully watched Mr. Parnell's countenance when Mr. M'Donald informed him of the bringing of the relics to Mr. X. It betrayed a half-suppressed

smile; then, as if recollecting himself, he looked with intent seriousness at the tumbler of lemon-squash, and he said slowly and deliberately, "I believe, yes, I believe that if a man believes in that kind of thing, then, when he is in a very low condition of health, that sort of thing will very likely do him good. It will soothe his nerves."

I agree with Mr. Parnell, that if a man intensely believes in such things, they may help towards his recovery in an illness. The gentleman to whom they were applied in this instance is now one of the most parasitic flatterers of the priests' organisation in Ireland. There is no sacrifice which he is not ready to make for them. Was he cured by the relics? I can well believe that their application eased his mind, gratified his longing, and, therefore, did him good. It has been so in every age. Every religion that was ever heard of provides numberless instances of where its nervous votaries have been cured by means of that kind. But the whole body of evidence on the point only proves that nervous diseases, acting upon the mental condition of the patient—even when a politician —and being for the most part highly imaginary, are operated upon in turn by imaginary cures.

If Mr. Parnell had succeeded in obtaining political domination in Ireland, under the Home Rule Bill, he probably would have given Father Charles free play with his relics; but he would have kept him out of the school, and would have excluded him from the technical instruction committees and asylum boards; and would have taken away his endowments under the Industrial Schools Act, and encouraged lay schools to obtain the endowments under the National and Intermediate Education Acts. The weak strand in Mr. Parnell's character was hatred of England, impatience with

Englishmen—envy of Englishmen, if you will. And there he found himself in agreement with the priests.

I too received, and wore for a while, a relic from Mount Argus. It was a drop of the blood of St. Paul of the Cross enclosed in a heart-shaped nickel trinket. The priests seemed to have an abundance of these trinkets with drops of blood which they gave away or sold. How they could all be genuine drops of blood was and is now a mystery to me. But enough of the Passionists.

The position of the Vincentians at Phibsborough, owing to the fact that there is no parish church near them, resembles that of secular priests. The locality is not a bad one, and they are now engaged in completing their church at a large expenditure. They pride themselves upon their organ and their choir. At Castleknock the Order conducts a remunerative and a rather well-kept Catholic boarding-school, to which I have the same general objection that any one who loves his country must feel to all priest-governed schools. Though I spent three years at school with the Vincentians at Cork, I judge them by their public behaviour and utterances, and not at all from personal experience, and should be inclined to say they are the least objectionable of the many different classes of regular priests in Ireland. They have a novitiate at Blackrock for the young Vincentians; and such is the confidence reposed in them by the bishops that they are the official confessors at Maynooth. It is they who manage All Hallows College at Drumcondra, in which priests are educated for the Foreign Mission; and they also manage the new training college for the Catholic National teachers at the same place, bringing up the future State-paid teachers in a spirit of undue subjection to the priests, which is bad for the teachers, the pupils, and the country.

It is easy to understand from the foregoing summary why the work done by our secular and regular priests neither alleviates nor decreases the vast amount of vice, poverty, and misery found coexistent in Catholic Dublin with such a large force of clerics. The better-class Catholic laity have no option but to delegate all responsibility for the condition of their poor brethren to the priests, monks, and nuns.

The laity are, to use Milton's expression, "church-outed" by the priests. There is no church organisation in which philanthropic laymen may find a scope for active benevolence; they are only called upon for money. If a committee of complacent parishioners is formed when a building is in progress, its members may only ratify the decisions of the parish priest, and have no real authority.

The laity can never discuss such questions as the morals, or the conditions of life under which the poor majority exist. The well-to-do Catholics are altogether estranged from the poor of the parish, and take no interest in them. The priests avoid the poor as if they were infected. A priest, as a rule, does not wish to be seen in friendly conversation with his poor parishioners; nor would a poor parishioner, when in trouble, dare to accost his parish priest.

The members of the Catholic parish entirely lack that cohesion and community of interest which are so characteristic of church organisations in the Reformed Churches. Our poor, therefore, remain derelict; or, what is even worse, they are exploited in orphanages, industrial schools, workhouses, and hospitals for the profit of the priests.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS AND A STORY

The Christian Brothers give a religious and general education at their eleven schools in the city of Dublin. They are laymen who have taken a vow of chastity, and live in community; and they are saturated with Italian ideas, unctuousness, superficial holiness, and all that sort of unmanly behaviour, which makes Roman Catholics in general so unintelligible to members of any of the Reformed Churches. I rather feel for the Christian Brothers, and find it hard to say anything against them. But I should like to see them try the experiment, now that they have gained a reputation with the community, of converting themselves into ordinary laymen, while maintaining their organisation, and continuing to conduct their schools, even on their present lines. They do not take vows for life, and there are a great many Dublin laymen, teachers in priests' schools, and in other positions, married men and fathers of families, who were at one time Christian Brothers.

The Christian Brothers' schools ought to be self-supporting, or there should be some business-like arrangement by which this order of men who do the important work of giving primary and superior education to thousands of Catholic children, whose parents are prepared to pay for them, might be saved from the necessity of mendicancy. In my native town our parish priest had a difference with the Christian Brothers and ordered them to leave the town. The Catholic popula-

tion objected; a large new school and residence having been built for the Christian Brothers, and several acres of ground enclosed for their use. The parish priest persisted, and introduced an incompetent, elderly "classical teacher" into the town, to whom he recommended parents to send their children, there being no Catholic National school. The principal parishioners met to consider the difficulty, and they guaranteed an annuity to the Brothers on condition that they remained in the town. The guarantee was accepted; the Brothers remained; and no begging appeals were thenceforth made in the parish on behalf of the Christian Brothers. The parish priest refused to allow the parishioners' committee to make an annual collection at the chapel gates, so they used to place their collecting tables on the roadside at some distance from the gates at mass time on a given Sunday. The schools continued to flourish; and the only fault, looking back over a long distance of years, which I can find with the Brothers, is that they inculcated too much respect for the priests into the boys who attended their schools. They literally heaped coals of fire upon the head of the parish priest, who is now dead, and who tried to do the Brothers all the injury in his power.

But the Christian Brothers are becoming infected with the spirit of beggary; and they will, in course of time, I fear, become a body of money-hoarding mendicants.

A doctor of philosophy from Maynooth, Father Sheehan, delivering a charity sermon on the Brothers' behalf in a Dublin parish, is reported as thus putting their cause before the public:—

"The Christian Brothers had, by their chivalrous loyalty to religion, a special right to the name they bore. In their schools were to be found the crucifix, the images of the saints, the statue of Our Blessed

Lady, and very often an altar, which at certain times of the year, within the octaves of the great Feasts or during the month of May, was adorned with flowers and lights. During the day prayers were recited several times, and a suitable religious instruction was given. If a pupil of the Christian Brothers did not leave school with a spiritual constitution proof against the microbe of irreligion, no one could blame them for his fall." [1]

I believe that it is the excessive importance accorded to altars and statues and the materialistic ministrations of priests which causes the large desertions from Roman Catholicity amongst the Irish in England and America? When the Roman Catholic goes abroad, and does not bring his statues and his priest with him, he gives up the religion of the statues and the priest. And how worthless a religion must be, when a man, face to face in a strange land with new difficulties and fresh surroundings, discovers that his creed is not part of his life, but only an incumbrance, which it is his interest to shake off. The doctor of philosophy is profuse in his flattery for the denizens of Catholic Ireland, who are so generous to his profession :—

"Irish people had grown so accustomed to the blessing of faith that they often failed to appreciate it. Let them look to the lands where faith was on the wane; they would find society being dragged down to the filth of Roman paganism, they would find the anarchist whose dagger was dripping with the blood of president or king."

A stranger would naturally be led to infer that we had never known the curse of the assassin's dagger dripping with blood in Catholic Ireland. Would that such was our happy history!

I find that the Christian Brothers are reported

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 24, 1902.

as being dealt with by the Dominican, Father Keane, in a charity sermon on their behalf in another part of the city, as follows:—

"The learned preacher took his text from the Canticle of Canticles, 'Thou art all fair, oh my love, and there is not a spot in thee.' In the course of an eloquent and powerful appeal, he said there were thousands of millions of degrees distance between all these saints and the Queen of Saints, whose spotless sanctity the universal Church was honouring that day. After years of striving, of generous self-denial, of generous correspondence with God's abundant graces, other saints at the close of life reached the perfect acceptability in God's sight of having their souls immaculate. It was there She began. Her giant strides in the course of Her unimaginable sanctification commenced with a perfect spotlessness."[1]

That seems a far-fetched beginning for a charity sermon in aid of the Christian Brothers' Schools in North Brunswick Street, Dublin. But the Dominicans are famous—if one may use such a word in connection with them—for that kind of introduction. The well-known Father Tom Burke is said to have once commenced a sermon on behalf of the Jesuits by a most original exordium. I have heard the reprehensible story told a thousand times, always amongst ourselves, and sometimes in company with priests, but never accompanied by a word of disapproval. It is narrated that the Jesuits entertained Father Burke at dinner before the sermon, which was an evening one, and the company partook, not of German beer, but of vintage wines, of which the Jesuits are connoisseurs. Some of the elder Jesuits—possessed of that "hard head," or capacity for drinking without getting drunk, which one of Father Sheehan's characters recommends

[1] *Evening Telegraph*, December 9, 1901.

Irish priests to acquire before they go into society—feared that Father Burke was not in a fit condition to enter the pulpit. They are said to have remonstrated with him, and one of their number offered himself as a substitute to preach the intended sermon. Father Burke is said to have become violent and indignant that any suspicion or doubt should be entertained as to his "hardness of head," and he threatened to create a scene if they persisted in preventing him from entering the pulpit. This would have been a subject worthy of a historic picture; the "hard-headed," sly Jesuits, in their black soutanes, remonstrating with the big Dominican in his robes of white and black. Father Burke was a large man, with jet-black hair, and a very florid face, and the Dominican used to preach in the showy robe of his order. The dispute in the sacristy ended in the Jesuits giving way to Father Burke. I should be inclined to say myself that the Jesuits would not have been particularly sorry to have seen this distinguished Dominican making a fool of himself in the pulpit, if it had been in another church. Father Burke strode out into the church and ascended into the pulpit, and found the building was crowded. The "hard-headed" Jesuits arranged themselves in trepidation in all sorts of holes and corners close to the pulpit. We can well understand that they were exceedingly nervous lest the dreaded misbehaviour of the preacher should do injury to their business.

Imagine, then, their consternation when Father Burke, standing up in the pulpit and pulling back his sleeves, bared his wrists, and commenced operations by thumping the ledge of the pulpit with the clenched fist of his right arm. And he bellowed forth in stentorian tones, as he brought his hand down with a thud,

"Damn the Jesuits!" And he struck the pulpit again and cried out, "Damn the Jesuits!" The audience became intensely excited, and one might have heard a pin fall in the church. It is said that one of the most "hard-headed" Jesuits had his foot upon the first step of the pulpit stairs, about to go up and remonstrate with the preacher. And Burke again cried forth, in the most pointed way, swinging himself right and left in the pulpit, "To hell with the Jesuits!" It now seemed as if Burke was going to denounce the Order which, in so many respects, was a rival to his own, and was going to utilise the Jesuits' own pulpit for the purpose! The poor Catholic lay congregation listened awestruck, waiting for the development of these adjurations. For them, of course, nothing that could emanate from the pulpit would ever sound wrong. And they knew nothing about the dinner. Their faith assured them that the apparent inexplicability of the situation was bound to be satisfactorily unravelled. But the lurking Jesuits round the corners, looking through their spy-holes in the passage doors, and who knew all about the consumption at dinner, can have had no such comforting assurance. Burke, however, relieved the tension by proceeding to speak somewhat in this vein: "Yes, my dearly beloved brethren, *To Hell with the Jesuits!* that is the irreligious cry which is now ringing throughout Europe. That is the unchristian cry which is now ringing throughout atheistical France. *Damn those holy men, the Jesuits; down with the Jesuits;* yea, and other more ribald and even more impious curses than those I have mentioned, on the heads of the worthy Order which is one of the principal pillars of the Church." And then he proceeded to preach an eloquent panegyric of the Jesuit Order, which succeeded in its purpose of eliciting the required subscriptions

from the congregation; for Burke had a great flow of words, and, though a wag, was not a fool as are many men and women possessed of that gift.

The Dominican, Father Keane, with whom we are now concerned, thus tortuously makes his exordium germane to the body of his discourse:—

"Gazing upon Her that day, on Her beautiful feast, the Christian heart found some manner of consolation in looking down from the great Mother of God to the one department of ordinary humanity in which they might rejoice to find an immaculate condition of soul, he meant the dear little children over whose spirits and whose lives the dark cloud of sin had not yet come to lower. Any child whom they might see in any of the streets or lanes adjoining the church was the child of the Eternal God. From all eternity God's Imperial Mind conceived the design of him, and it was the power divine of God's Right Hand that created him. He was the veritable child of the all-holy and all-perfect God. Before he was three days old he became God's child in a higher and holier sense. When the baptismal grace shed its beauty on the child's fresh young soul an angel bright and fair immediately took his stand beside that young soul to be its guardian during life. As the child was being conveyed away from the church he could imagine the Sacred Heart of the Incarnate God in the Tabernacle sending a smile and a message of ethereal love down the church after him. He could imagine a battalion of heavenly spirits sweeping down from the clouds and coming in at the church door to look upon the new beauty which the touch of God's Hand in the Sacramental Benediction had invested the child with."

I scarcely think Father Burke would have spun off such high-flown hyperbole as that; but the extract gives a fair idea of the staple oratory of the Dominican Order of to-day. Is that all the Dominicans can do for the deserted, starved Catholic children of Dublin?

POOR DUBLIN ROMAN CATHOLIC CHILDREN

"The opening of a new oratory in honour of the divine child, Jesus of Prague" (p. 337), will not serve these poor children.

POOR DUBLIN ROMAN CATHOLIC CHILDREN

"What would Jesus think of the condition of the poor Roman Catholic children of Dublin if He were to reappear on earth to-day?" (p. 338).

The roaring Dominican next proceeds to thunder forth his contempt for kings, more especially for English kings:—

"Perhaps next year the monarch of the realm would visit the metropolis. If they bore him from Dublin Castle to the Viceregal Lodge, and if his way was along the northern quays, if there were a poor hunchbacked, starved child in Hammond Lane or Bow Street, they might stop the monarch's progress, *ask him to get down from his gilded chariot, and, standing before the baptized child, take off his jewelled crown and bend his knee and adore a greater than he was*—the Everlasting Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, within the breast of the poor little child."

Why is the King thus disrespectfully invited to kneel down in worship before the destitute Roman Catholic children of Dublin? Such language is not an incentive to our poor to elevate themselves in the scale of life, but rather to continue in degradation. It is the priests, not the King of England, who claim, and make money by, the custody of such children. One of the first acts of the King's reign displayed his generous thoughtfulness for his poorest subjects. This Dominican gospel of dirt-worship and starvation-worship and deformity-worship is not kindness, but cruelty to the poor. Groping his way to the subject of his sermon, Father Keane is further reported thus:—

"If they were to look for a child of to-day a thousand years hence they should look for him either on one of the gilded thrones of heaven or in the dismal pit of eternal hell. Therefore the solicitude of the Church, which has been charged by her divine Founder with the care of the everlasting welfare of souls. She drew her flaming sword and defended the soul of the child, or she strove to do it, against all things that contained the most shadowy possibility of imperilling its everlasting interests."

Is Father Keane's ranting the "flaming sword" which the Church draws to protect the child? If so, it is an effete weapon. Those who draw the sword shall perish by the sword; and the children live and die in misery despite the sword of the Dominican tongue.

At length he arrives at the Christian Brothers, and it would be hard to imagine anything more derogatory to the claim of that body of men upon public support, as instructors of youth:—

"Chief amongst the agencies whereby her motherly zeal displayed itself towards the child was the Christian school. He pleaded to them that day for the Christian Brothers' Schools in North Brunswick Street, where nearly four hundred children daily received a Christian education. Who could so well impart to the child a thoroughgoing Christian education as the man who, in his young life, consecrated himself to God by religious vows and gave his body and his heart and his brain and his soul and all his life to the service of God in the teaching of the young? In that description they recognised the devoted Christian Brother. They were schools where the children *could pray when they liked*, and no officer of the Government could come in and say, 'How dare you pray at this hour!' In the Christian Brothers' Schools they taught for God, and through and through the school there was the Christian spirit. *The child's everlasting welfare was first of all*, and his training was of such a sort that the grace which the Lord shed upon his soul at the baptismal font might remain with him to his dying hour."

And the preacher, we are told, closed his discourse by referring "to the expenses incidental to the carrying on of the school work, and he made a powerful appeal to the congregation to give generous aid to the Brothers in the continuance of their magnificent educational labours."

It is to be hoped the day will arrive when the Christian Brothers, or whatever body of men may hereafter happen to be in charge of the better-class primary education of Catholic Dublin, will be saved from the necessity of having to engage the service of such advocates.

The industrial school, which the Christian Brothers conduct at Artane, is one of the great glories of clerical Dublin. The boys are marched through the city on every possible pretext, in ranks of two deep, sometimes accompanied by their band, and, whenever they appear, they form a most striking demonstration. One hears nothing but admiration expressed on all sides for the appearance and turn-out of the boys. They defile past the astounded Dubliners like soldiers on parade. It has often occurred to me that such an enormous brigade of boys demonstrating through the city, instead of being a subject for congratulation, should be a subject for lamentation to the citizens. Assuming that they are all boys who have been *genuinely* convicted for vagrancy and begging before a magistrate, should we not regard it as a standing reproach to our city that such an army of young vagrants can be maintained in permanent strength from the delinquents of its population. But, assuming that a great part, or the majority of them, are boys who have been *spuriously* convicted of vagrancy and begging, is the display not even still more lamentable? It is bad enough to have real beggars in our midst, but it is far worse to have numbers of people who can work, but won't; parents who can support their children, but will connive at having them committed for crime to such institutions so that they may be supported by the State. One can realise how the labourer, overburthened with a numerous family, must wish that one or two of his boys could

join the smart regiment of Artane as it defiles before him under its clerical officers, and preceded by its band!

The Christian Brothers own a large quantity of valuable land in the district of Fairview, Clontarf, and Artane. They have, as we know, three important buildings on this land. The superior-general's residence, at one time Lord Charlemont's; the O'Brien Institute; and the Artane Industrial School; and they are erecting an expensive novitiate. They carry on extensive farming operations; and must be in a position to utilise the labour of the boys for the cultivation of their land. That would give them an advantage over the ordinary county Dublin farmers, with whom they are to be seen competing at the Dublin cattle market on Thursdays, the corn market and the hay market. In one of his official reports I find that the inspector of those industrial schools criticises the conduct of the religious managers of those establishments in acquiring more land than is necessary for the purposes of the institutions. A reason for excessive acquisition of land would be that the soil can be worked by the free labour of the boys in the schools, and that, in consequence, money can be earned by farming, in addition to the profit which is made out of the Government and municipal stipends allowed for each boy. But the Brothers at Artane are not content with the Government grant, or the Corporation subsidy, or the revenue from their fertile lands in the county Dublin—the richest to be found in all Ireland. They also make a house-to-house canvass in the city of Dublin for subscriptions. On the begging mission, the mendicant Brother is usually accompanied by a couple of plump orphans, who are in as prime condition as the fat cattle which, perhaps at the same time, one of the other Brothers is

engaged in selling at the highest market price on the North Circular Road!

All that sort of procedure is bad public policy. The lay Catholic population suffer in the competition with the religious orders, but they never make an effective or straightforward protest. The following represents, perhaps, a typical cry from the thinking Dublin tradesmen. It occurs at a meeting of the Irish Industrial League, held at 47 Dame Street, on the 21st August 1901, at which the president of the branch delivered a lecture in answer to the question, "Are industrial institutions an industrial evil?"[1] We are told that

"the lecturer replied with a strong affirmative, and in the course of his remarks he protested against the manner in which the boys of the Artane Industrial School were enabled to compete with the legitimate Dublin trader. The Artane boys, he said, were paid little or no wages, and the goods were sold in the Dublin shops much under the ordinary trade price, to the great detriment of legitimate manufacturers, who had to pay regular wages. There were ten labour members in the Corporation who had promised on their election to see that those matters would be rectified."

Those ten Catholic labour members dare not seriously criticise anything done by a religious institution. Indeed one finds that Catholic labour members in Parliament and in corporations seem to be the least competent to effect any substantial reform in connection with the interference of religion in the secular affairs of life in Ireland. The lecturer went on to say:—

"The Corporation should withdraw the 5s. per week per boy which was now paid to the Artane institution, unless a guarantee was given to sell goods only at

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, August 22, 1901.

trade prices. He suggested that the boys should be apprenticed to local tradesmen, who were, in many cases, much in want of apprentices."

In 1900 the Dublin Christian Brothers had 882 vagrant boys under their charge at Artane and Carriglea, and they received from the State £16,372, 16s. 11d. for their maintenance, or an average of about £20 per boy per annum. It stands to reason that if those boys were distributed as apprentices to local tradesmen, it would be much better for the community, better for the boys, and better for the tradesmen, than to have them herded up in the barracks of Artane, working under the direction of a religious order.

The Christian Brothers have establishments in no less than 57 Irish cities and towns, in which they assert that they teach 28,980 pupils. They own four industrial schools, receiving a total grant of £22,626 per annum. They draw large capitation result fees under the Intermediate Education Act. They receive numerous and substantial legacies, and appear to be growing rapidly rich. We may learn from the sermons of Dr. Sheehan and Father Keane that the strongest points in their educational system are the statues, altars, and prayers at any hour; and they produce a class of adult Irishman who remains a profitable and docile subject of the sacerdotal aristocracy to the end of his life. Last, and worst of all, they deprive the lay Catholic community of a vast amount of employment and emolument.

Before entering upon a consideration of the nuns of Dublin, let us travel through the province of Leinster and study the influence of the priests upon the people.

CHAPTER XX

IN THE PROVINCE OF LEINSTER

WHILE the population of the country has been steadily falling the number of Roman Catholic clerics has been just as uniformly increasing. Let us take seven of the Leinster counties, the full particulars of which at the census of 1901 are now before me. Carlow in 1871 had a population of 51,650; and its religious organisation in that year consisted of 121 priests, monks, and nuns. In 1881 its population had fallen to 46,568; but its religious establishment, consisting of priests, monks, nuns, and theological students, had risen to 187, an increase of over 50 per cent. In 1891 the number of the people had further fallen away to 40,936; but the strength of the religious establishment remained the same—187. In 1901 the people had diminished to 37,748; but the priests, monks, nuns, and theological students had increased to 327, or by over 75 per cent. While the people have decreased by 13,902 since 1871, the religious have almost trebled their strength in the county of Carlow. The county of Kildare had a population of 83,614 in 1871, and its religious then numbered 599, including priests, monks, nuns, and theological students; in 1881, when the population had fallen to 75,804, the religious had risen to 617; in 1891, when the population had further fallen to 70,206, the number of religious had increased to 732; and in 1901, when the number of people had shrunk to 63,566, the number of religious had risen to 852. That is to say,

while the people have decreased from 83,614 to 63,566—a diminution of over 20,000 since 1871—the strength of the religious organisation has increased from 599 to 852. In the King's County in 1871, when there were 75,900 people, the priests, monks, nuns, and theological students numbered 154; in 1881 the people were down to 72,852, but the priests were up to 201; 1891, the people were further down to 65,563, while the priests were up to 230; and in 1901 the people are only 60,187, but the priests are 257. That is to say, while the population has fallen from 75,900 to 60,187—a decrease of 15,715—the priests' strength has risen from 154 to 257. In Longford in 1871 there were only 48 priests and nuns, when there were 64,501 people; in 1881, when there were only 61,009 people, there were 88 priests and nuns; in 1891 the people had further decreased to 52,647, but the priests had gone up to 114; and in 1901, when the people have fallen to 46,672, the priest has risen to 127, or nearly treble what his strength was in 1871, when there were 17,829 more people in the county than there are at present. The case in Louth stands thus: year 1871, people 84,021, clerics 171; year 1881, people 77,684, clerics 233; year 1891, people 71,038, clerics 250; year 1901, people 65,820, clerics 273. In the county Meath in 1871, when the population was 95,558, the priests, monks, and nuns were 131; in 1881, when the population had fallen to 87,469, the religious had risen to 154; in 1891 the population sank to 76,987, but the religious went up to 168; and in 1901, with the population further down to 67,497, the religious stand at 193. In the county Westmeath there were 116 priests, monks, and nuns in 1871 when the county had a population of 78,432; in 1881, with a diminished population of 71,798, the county had the same number of religious; in 1891, when the population had sunk to

65,109, the religious had gone up to 151; and in 1901, when the population is only 61,629, the religious number is 192. So it is all over the country, and with all classes of institutions with which the priest has to do. Orphanages, asylums, workhouses, ecclesiastical colleges, monasteries, and convents have an increasing population, while the inhabitants of the country are diminishing with fatal rapidity. Mr R. B. Balfour, one of the governors of the Dublin Lunatic Asylum, at a meeting of magistrates recently held in Dublin, said "that morning he heard from the medical superintendent that there were 2380 patients in the institution. A few years ago the number was about 1500, and since then there had been an increase of from 100 to 150 each year."[1] The safest policy is to assign this growth of lunacy and all other crime to drink; but, I ask, what about religious insanity? Was it not responsible for the burning of Bridget Cleary, the murder of James Cunningham, and the Cappawhite infanticide?[2] Must there not be increasing worry and anxiety of mind for the remnant of the poor lay Catholic population outside the institutions who have to support the expanding sacerdotal organisation?

The excessive terror of hell and purgatory operating upon the minds of the laity, which is proved up to the hilt by their disposal of their savings on their deathbeds, must produce its effect in drunkenness and lunacy.

The county Longford is a backward Catholic county situated in the middle of Ireland, on the upper reaches of the Shannon, and its people have little opportunity of enlightenment from without. They are in the hands of the priests, through whom, or through whose newspapers, each detail of information about the outside

[1] *Freeman*, May 16, 1902. [2] "Five Years in Ireland."

world must filter before it reaches them. The result is that the energetic young people of Longford emigrate whenever they get the opportunity. In 1881 the population was 61,009, and in 1901 it had fallen to 46,673, a decrease of over 25 per cent. in twenty years. The area of Longford is 256,458 statute acres, in addition to which there are 12,950 acres under water; the county being full of small lakes and rivers. The acreage under crops is 62,965. The pasture amounts to 142,760 acres; woods account for 3549 acres; turf, bog, and marsh account for 35,000 acres. There are no mountains in Goldsmith's county, and for that reason it is uninteresting to travellers, being a flat land dotted with unremarkable lakes, intersected by streams, and cold and damp in the winter. The same description applies to its neighbour, Leitrim, in which flourishes the Drumshambo Convent of Perpetual Adoration, containing 39 nuns, engaged in "intercessory prayer for the conversion of Jews, infidels, heretics and sinners, day and night," amongst other numerous curiosities of religion. How different would have been the fate of those counties if the Protestant settlement had been planted on the banks of the Shannon, instead of on the banks of the Foyle, Bann, and Lagan. Then, in all probability, that noble Irish river, which now runs its course idly and unprofitably to the sea, would be busy with commerce and industry. Its great water-power would be utilised instead of being useless, as it is at present, and the Catholic city of Limerick, far from being a topic of ridicule for the community, would command a great transatlantic trade, instead of sulkily treasuring a "violated treaty" and maintaining a Bishop O'Dwyer.

Bishop Hoare is the spiritual monarch of this Longford region, which is in the diocese of Ardagh. He and his predecessor have succeeded in building an

expensive cathedral in Longford town, which is known as St. Mel's. The strength of his clerical army in this backward county consists of 47 priests, 1 (?) theological student, 68 male teachers, 79 nuns, and 68 female teachers.[1] To this we may add the 36 resident pupils at the Ecclesiastical School, known as Mel's College, Longford, most, if not all, of whom are destined for the Church; and, as camp followers, the 114 girls at the Newtownforbes Industrial School, under the Sisters of Mercy—total, 413.

The imperial and local Government establishments, including civil service officers and clerks, male and female, 48; police force, 130; municipal, parish, union, district, and other local and county officials, 46—show a total of 224. Thus the effective force at the command of Bishop Hoare, and without reckoning the industrial school girls, is greater by one-third than the force at the disposal of the imperial and local Governments combined; and, as in all the other counties in Ireland, those forces at Bishop Hoare's command draw a great deal of taxpayers' and Government money in various shapes and forms.

The strength of the military army in the county, including retired officers, militia, pensioners of all ranks, non-commissioned officers and men, amounts to 228, being again only three-fourths of Bishop Hoare's army, without the industrial girls, while for efficiency and power there is no comparison whatever between the influence of the bishop's army and the king's army in the county.

There are 6 members of the legal profession in Longford, 13 members of the medical profession, and 5 engineers and surveyors—total, 24; or only one-thirteenth of the clerical establishment. There is no

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1901, Part I. vol. i. No. 6.

industry in the county worthy the name; and a more helpless community it would be hard, indeed, to find in a district inhabited by pure white men. While there are 79 nuns in the county, there are only 2 midwives to attend to the 6396 married women in the community.

The religious denominations in the county Longford stand thus: Catholics, 42,742; Episcopalians, 3408; Presbyterians, 256; Methodists, 202; all others, 68. Thus we find that the Catholics number over nine-tenths of the population, and it may be truly said that their lives, physical and mental, secular and religious, are entirely under the influence of Bishop Hoare and his priests.

Here is the will of a county Longford farmer, which speaks for itself:—

James Maxwell, late of Forgney (Moyvore), in the county of Longford, farmer, deceased, who died on the 4th of November 1901, by his will dated the 29th day of October 1901 bequeathed to the Rev. Patrick Curry, for the purpose of having masses said in Roman Catholic chapels open for public worship in Ireland, for his (testator's) soul and for the souls of his (testator's) parents—

(*a*) The balance after payment of all rent, taxes, Crown duties, and necessary disbursements of—

1. The profits of his (testator's) two farms at Forgney, county Longford, one containing 50a., I.P.M., and the other 26a., I.P.M., derived from the setting of same for grazing on the eleven months' system, until second term Judicial rents should be fixed on both of them, the former from the date of testator's death, viz. the 4th day of November, 1901, and the latter from April, 1902, and also,
2. Of the proceeds of the sales by Public Auction of said two farms when such second term rents should be fixed.

(*b*) The balance, after payment of all his (testator's)

funeral and testamentary expenses and expenses incidental to the administration of his estate, and of his debts (if any) other than rents, of the proceeds of 24 National Bank Shares.

Dated this 8th day of February 1902.[1]

The industrial school at Newtownforbes is conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, and at it there are 113 "vagrant" girls maintained out of the rates at the cost of £2788, 6s. 11½d. per annum, being equal to a pension of £23, 18s. 4d. per girl, which is rather higher than a well-to-do county Longford farmer would be willing to pay for the education of his daughter.

The Convent of Mercy, in the town of Longford, has charge of the Workhouse Hospital; and we may expect to find a request presented to the Local Government Board to convert that institution into a "District" Hospital, for the reception of paying patients. The Sisters of Mercy in their principal convent in Longford allege that they have a "shirt, lace and hosiery factory, where a number of poor girls are profitably employed."[2] I can well believe that they are "profitably" employed—but not for the girls themselves. And the nuns consider themselves labouring under a sore grievance, inasmuch as "the convent has no Government or other endowment." That is an unusual state of things for an Irish convent nowadays; but they should approach the Jesuits.

There can be no greater slur cast upon the energy of our population than this general taking up of amateur secular industries by our religious institutions. Whether it be the Cistercians, with their flour-milling and farming at Roscrea; or the Sisters of Mercy, with their hosiery at Longford; or the Sisters of Charity, with their woollens at Foxford—all are evidence of the

[1] *Freeman*, May 16, 1902. [2] *Irish Catholic Directory*, 1902.

incapacity of the lay body politic in Catholic Ireland. We, lay Catholics, will subscribe money, either by voluntary subscription or through the taxes, for religious bodies, and we assent to Government giving them grants, but we have not the grit to take up the development of our manufactures and industries ourselves. It is true that we are incapacitated by the teaching of the priests; and that we labour under this disadvantage as compared with the religious communities, namely, that lay folk could not carry on industries and practise mendicancy and receive Government endowments all at the same time. But the fact remains that the Irish Catholic in his own soil is a puzzled slave, gaping with mouth open wide at the religious communities, male and female, who have hypnotised him, and who have taken possession of the land.

The number of the Catholic male youth of the county Longford receiving a "superior" education amounts to 95, and of these 36 are resident at the Ecclesiastical School of St. Mel's, leaving only 59 of the general Catholic youth of the county receiving a "superior" education. The number of females receiving a "superior" education in the county is returned at 4, while there are 79 nuns within its boundaries. What a low standard of education this shows! But if the numbers of children at "superior" schools were ten times as great, it would not benefit the people; for education under priests' control does not mean mental improvement.

Let us now spend a short time in King's County. And let me begin with the following brief sketch written while my impressions were fresh. In the centre of Ireland, on the banks of the rushing Brusna, a tributary of the Shannon, and in King's County, is the village of Clara. It consists of half-a-dozen shops, and

a prosaic but comfortable street of labourers' cottages. The visitor approaching it by rail sees no spire or other indication of that militant religion which so obtrudes itself upon the spectator all over Ireland. Comfort, quietness, solidity, industry, are the characteristics of the place. No scenery, nothing whatever remarkable about it for one to go and see. If you walk up to one end of the town you come to some large flour-mills. You are struck by the perfect repair in which the buildings are, no less than by their size, and you hear the steady rumble of the machinery within. How can these mills pay down here? Has not American flour killed the millers of Ireland? Have you not seen the ruins of flour-mills all over the country? You walk on along the pleasant country road. What house is that? So comfortable, so homelike, so neatly kept, flourishing like a rose beside the mill? Who lives there? The passing peasant answers "Mr. Goodbody." You walk on into the country. Another pretty house that looks a veritable home, where generations of boys and girls may have been reared! Who lives there? Whose house is that? The chance passer-by answers "Mr. Goodbody." Yet another creeper-covered, bow-windowed, homelike house! Who lives there? The answer is "Mr. Goodbody." They are not squires' houses with lodges, avenues, and plantations. They are close to the road, smiling out upon you, right in the midst of the people, open to the light of day. Back through the little town again, and out on the other side. What factory is that? What is that big place doing down here? What village of workmen's houses is that? I thought there was no trade in this part of Ireland. Here, boy, what place is this? "Goodbody's, sir." What do they make here, then? "Jute goods, sir." What village is that? "Those are the houses of the

factory hands, sir." How many hands? "Over six hundred, sir." Making all sorts of jute goods down here! How is that? What religion do the factory hands belong to? "All Catholics, sir." Is Mr. Goodbody a Catholic? "No, sir." What is he? "He's a Quaker, sir." Are all the Goodbodys Quakers? "They are, sir." How many of them are there? "A whole lot, sir." Long here? "Always, sir."

A hard nut to crack. How can we solve it? Ever hear of any Goodbodys in Parliament? Can't remember. How did they manage it? Honesty and attention to business. Rubbish! Can those virtues bear fruit in Ireland? Does not the brutal English Government crush and nullify all the efforts of honesty and attention to business? Can't make it out!

Back into the town. Whose trap is that? "Mr. Goodbody's, sir." Who are those people in it? "The Goodbodys, sir." Who is that man on the bicycle flying along the side-walk of the main street? "Mr. Goodbody." Who is that on the outside car? "Mr. Goodbody, sir." Who made this town? "Mr. Goodbody made the most of it." What would you do without him? "We'd do badly, sir." Have the Goodbodys any church? "No, sir." What is that new building up the byway on the rise? "The new chapel, sir." Who put that up? "The parish priest, sir; it isn't finished yet." Who pays for it? "We all do, sir."

This new and costly chapel, with its stained glass and mosaic, is the barren contribution of religion to the prosperity of Clara; while these mills and factories upon which Clara lives are the work of Quaker brains.

I went into the hotel for a chop, and found a young priest, just out of Maynooth, after ordination, and with him a lay friend, taking, amongst other refreshments, biscuits, tea, chop, potatoes, stout, whisky cold and

whisky hot—smoking cigars and snuffing. What an appetite—particularly the young priest! He is qualifying for the position of "a fatling of the flock," as Bishop Gaffney would say. Must talk to him.

"Just ordained?" I venture.

"Yes," he replied, with a smile.

"What diocese?"

"——," which I had better not disclose.

"What do you think of the National Synod recently held at Maynooth?" I ask seriously.

"I think we had mortal sins enough already without their making any more for us," he replies with levity.

"What do you think of Cardinal Logue?" inquiringly.

"Oh, he's not a bad sort of a man; he's a great man for taking snuff; a very independent man; when he was dining with her Majesty at the Viceregal Lodge, and the whole time he was in her company, he never stopped taking his pinch of snuff." He meant to take me aback by this evidently.

"H'm! That wasn't good form. Snuffing is a dirty habit, and I think he might have stopped," I said, and his face betrayed his confusion at my remark.

"Ah, just so. I only heard the remark passed that he wouldn't be put down by the queen or anybody else. But you're right enough; it wasn't good manners, maybe," he said demurely.

"The Quakers have no cardinals, nor archbishops, nor bishops, nor even priests, yet they are remarkably good people?" I said seriously and tentatively.

"Ah, yes, just so!" and he opens his breviary and begins reading his Latin office, just as his lay friend returns to the room.

No sermon, no lecture, no speech, no treatise upon the cause of Catholic Ireland's misery could have so burned into my mind, as what I saw and heard in those few hours

on that autumn day in Clara. The young priest was reading his Latin. "*No man,*" thought I, "*being a soldier of God, entangleth himself with secular business.*" And I started for a drive. Such multitudes of berries and wild apples I never saw on a roadside. While wondering at the elderberries, the haws, the blackberries, and wild apples, far out in the country, on the Kilbeggan road, I came upon a well-built house of cut limestone, surmounted by a cross. I ask the driver what it is. He says it is "The Monastery," and tells me that it is inhabited by a community of Franciscan monks, who, as I gather, are not priests; that they keep a school from which they derive some revenue, but that their main income comes from land.

Across the road facing the school I saw an enormous rick of oats, the biggest I had seen on my way from Dublin. The labourers were building it up, and I saw a monk superintending. I noticed also a fine herd of cattle, which I was informed were the property of the community. It was a healthy-looking place, this monastery—or monstrosity, as one could not help thinking it—open to view, as if the example of the Friends had infected even the Franciscans: no dark corners, no high walls, no room apparently for mystery. But, despite the abundance of the monkish corn and the fatness of the monastic cattle, I am quite sure the struggling, individual Catholic farmers around contribute much from their own hardly-earned competences to the enrichment of that monastery of holy farmers—"Soldiers of God," no doubt, in their own esteem, herded together for self-preservation, both in this world and the next.

When crops fail, these monks can beg all over the country. The married farmer with a large young family cannot fall back upon that resource.

I have read of a poor Queen's County farmer sentenced

to a month's imprisonment for begging in Kingstown; but monks, nuns, and priests can beg from shop to shop and door to door with unblushing effrontery, and the police authorities dare not say a word against it. A shilling given to the poor farmer, reprehensible as his conduct was, would be better spent than a shilling given to æsthetically-arrayed professional beggars from a fat community of priests, monks, or nuns, who have their lands and their cut-stone houses, their pastures, their corn and their cattle, their gardens, and their big bank accounts. The poor layman begged on the small scale, and was sent to jail; those others beg on the grand scale and in a masterly way, and are rewarded with endowments from the Government. In Ireland the priest and the nun may truly say to the layman and laywoman: "*I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.*" Contrast the riches of the Friend with the riches of the priest or monk. If the Friends are rich, have they not enriched and made comfortable hundreds of their fellow-creatures in accumulating their riches? If the monks of Ireland are rich, whom did they enrich by their money-grubbing? Whom, rather, that they received money from, either at christening, wedding-day, or deathbed, did they not impoverish—yea, and impoverish their heirs and relatives as well?

But of this begging by monkish communities for secular purposes, let me give a modern instance, for which I shall ask you to cross the border into North Tipperary.

At Roscrea, in county Tipperary, there is also a monastery on a much grander scale than the little one at Clara. It belongs to the Cistercians, and has a lord abbot and all the attendant grandeur which surrounds such a personage. These Cistercian monks took over a derelict flour

mill in the neighbourhood, and began to work it for profit. That it should be left to a community of monks to do this, demonstrates the helplessness of the priest-educated, Irish Catholic laymen. The Cistercians claimed credit in all the Catholic papers for "reviving the milling industry," and thoughtless scribes were found in plenty to boom the energy of the monk and inferentially to expose the pitiable helplessness of the laymen. Well, whether from penuriousness (which is likely) or from an overweening confidence in the special protection of Divine Providence, I know not, those ghostly millers did not insure their mill against fire—so secure were they against fire, as they thought, both in this world and the next. But the mill, notwithstanding, was burned to the ground! If such a calamity happened to a layman, he would have to bear it as best he could. But this body of monks, to whom it really was no material loss, for their home and way of living were still secure, at once issued a begging appeal to the country. They called upon every one who had ever "made a retreat" in their monastery to come to their aid with money to enable them to rebuild their mill and purchase new plant. Leading articles were written in all the papers, spurring up "holy Ireland" to come to the rescue of these priestly "nation builders," who had so heroically "revived the dying milling industry of Ireland." The cause of Irish industry was at stake! Public meetings were held in Dublin; the Cistercians went on the warpath, begging, canvassing, whipping up, in every corner of the city. Subscription lists were published, and the pecuniary help, which would be denied to the most deserving layman that was ever crushed by an unmerited calamity, was liberally bestowed upon this community of bachelors, out of the pockets of married men, many of whom are unable to support their own

wives and families in a fit and proper manner. The triumph of the mendicants is thus described :—

"The proceeds of the fund which was started a few months ago in the city to assist the Mount St. Joseph's monks to rebuild their mills, which were unfortunately destroyed by fire early in January, have been handed over to the abbot."

And the committee of lay folk who lent themselves to the audacious beggary did not go without a reward and due *éclat*.

"Several members of the committee and other well-wishers and subscribers, including some lady friends, having expressed a wish to be present on the occasion, as well as to enjoy the pleasures of a day amidst the beauties of this charming retreat, a party of twenty-four was formed and a recent Sunday excursion to Roscrea was availed of. A saloon car—one of those modern, spacious, bright and comfortable railway coaches that make travelling nowadays a luxury—was placed at the disposal of the committee and their friends."

The beauties of that charming retreat, the luxurious saloon car and all that Sabbath morning's work which is unrecorded, might well make the members of the committee ashamed of themselves, and I am glad to see they had enough of saving grace to suppress the publication of their names.

"The morning was bright and sunny as the train steamed away from the Kingsbridge. Our hearts grew light and spirits bright, so that every face looked pleased and happy. Two hours' quick running brought the party to Roscrea station. Here cars met them, and after a spanking drive of twenty minutes, they reached the front entrance to the monastery grounds. The abbey can be approached by two roads, either of which

indicates—for the interesting country is simply grand as you pass through—the surprising charms of Mount St. Joseph."

Hearts light! Spirits bright! Faces pleased and happy! On their way to enjoy "the surprising charms of Mount St. Joseph"! Let us hear what the charms of the place are. I have been there myself and can vouch for the truth of the description:—

"As you reach the railway bridge a fine view presents itself to the weary spirit looking ahead to that perfect peace, rest, as well as spiritual and bodily recuperation sure to be found there. In among the copper beeches, chestnuts, and drooping ash, and on the right side of the lodge gate, you catch a glimpse of the ladies' house, a fine handsomely-constructed building of red brick and limestone hedged in with flowering shrubs, furnished in every detail most comfortably, and presided over by an accomplished lady, who caters for the comforts of her visitors."

How lucrative must be the trade done by those Cistercians to warrant the erection of such "a ladies' house," presided over by "an accomplished lady." Oh, weak, deluded Irish women! In vain you go for rest to the mendicant millers of Mount St. Joseph.

"It is a full English mile from the lodge gate to the monastery, and as the party drove up the fine avenue through stately elms and beech trees there was nothing but praise and admiration for the richness and variety of the scene. Directly, and in front of us, comes into view the guests' house, a fine old mansion built some three hundred years ago, imposing in appearance, with its minarets and towers, and at one time the home of revelry and Protestant ascendency. What a contrast there is here to-day presented. The cowled monk is seen silently moving about invoking God's grace and blessings on all who come there seeking peace and consolation."

Lawrence.

ROMAN CATHOLIC WOMEN, FISH-CURING. WORTHIER SUBJECTS FOR BENEVOLENCE THAN CISTERCIAN MILLERS

What a magnificent abode for mendicants! Protestant ascendency may have been bad, as all religious ascendencies are; but, at its worst, it was preferable to the ascendency of the sacerdotal organisation whose members now fatten upon the ebbing life-blood of the people. The evicting landlord was more amenable to reason than will be the cowled monk.

"Standing on the doorsteps, one sees before and around him the great church and monastery buildings where once stood the stables of the horses and kennels of the hounds, and was heard the horn of the hunter. Now is to be heard the solemn chant of the monks and the tone of the monastery bell."

Better the tongue of a foxhound and the neigh of a hunter than the chant of an effeminate monasticism which saps the vitality of a credulous people. Better the Ireland of Lever's novels, bad as it was, than such an Ireland as the priest now gives us.

And the clerical scribe thus eulogises the Irishman who endowed the monkish mendicants:—

"And what a princely gift—no doubt, an inspired gift—from a noble Irish gentleman, Count Moore, to these good old Cistercians, the faithful followers of St. Benedict, of this fine old mansion and six hundred acres, given for the glory of God and old Catholic Ireland."

If there are any other such men in Ireland, I implore them not to allow themselves to commit the crime of following the example of "Count" Moore, Chamberlain to his Holiness. "Count" Moore would have done a deed which would redound to his credit through all the ages, if he had split up that six hundred acres of prime land into twenty holdings of thirty acres each, and presented the freehold of each to twenty industrious farmers of good character. The spot would, in twenty

years, be like an oasis in the land, and the donor's fame would deserve to live for ever. Such a benefactor, instead of having a spurious, valueless title for his reward in this life, and the equally valueless intercessions of the Cistercians in the next life, would truly deserve to be called a regenerator of his country. But thus it is in every sphere of life that priestcraft distorts our really good intentions, and soaks up all the benevolence of the Irish Catholics like a sponge.

"The party's arrival having been duly announced, they were soon in the hands of the guest-master, Father Benedict, Father Joachim, and others of the community, and after partaking of refreshments, were received by the good abbot in the large dining-room, where they handed him over the results of our efforts to help him in his difficulty. . . . After dinner, which was served by the monks, and to which ample justice was done, several nice little speeches were delivered, the abbot, in words full of eloquence, repeating his sincere thanks. . . . The return journey was very pleasant. At Roscrea they were met by several friends, who further entertained them before starting. On the way up in the train songs and recitations were rendered galore, until they reached Kingsbridge, which closed a day of real pleasure and good works."[1]

What a Sunday's work! We may rely upon it there was no "real pleasure" in that train, and as for "good works," there were none whatever. The work upon which those people spent their Sunday was the work of cajoling themselves, wasting their time, and degrading their race and country.

Roscrea, the scene of that episode, is only about thirty miles from Clara. What a contrast between the flour millers in the two towns! In Roscrea, it is milling with muddling and mendicity. In Clara, it is mainly self-

[1] *Evening Herald*, August 24, 1901.

help, business capacity, and quiet trustfulness in God. Which of the two women "grinding at the mill" would it benefit Ireland to see "taken," and which, think you, would it be well for her to have "left"?

The King's County occupies the most central position in Ireland. It contains the large area of 493,999 statute acres, of which 109,963 are under crops, 239,612 are in grass, 7052 in woods, 98,240 in turf bog, 10,124 under marsh, 7093 in mountain, and the balance, 20,720, under roads and fences. The population of this fine territory in 1901 was 60,187, of which 53,806 are Catholics, 5513 are Protestant Episcopalians, 353 Presbyterians, 392 Methodists, and 122 members of all other denominations, including 62 members of the Society of Friends.[1] The population of the King's County sixty years ago, in the year 1841, stood at the high figure of 146,857, and since then it has been steadily decreasing, until last year it reached the lowest figure on record, namely, 60,187. In consequence of the settlement of the Society of Friends in the county, there is a little rational and profitable industry carried on within its bounds. The pauperism of the county had increased from 1 in 44 in 1891 to 1 in 32 of the population in 1901. There are within the King's County 76 priests, 21 monks, and 38 theological students; total, 135. There are 122 nuns. The teachers under Catholic clerical control amount to 77 male teachers and 91 female teachers; total, 168. The entire total of the Catholic clerical profession and subsidiary teaching profession amounts to 425.

The Government and Municipal establishment in the county, including civil service officers and clerks, prison officers, police, municipal, union, county and local officials, male and female, only amounts to 372 persons.

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1901, Part I. vol. i. No. 5.

Thus we find that the priests have at their control in this county, as well as in Longford, an organisation which is more important than the Government establishment, and which is to a great extent supported by Government money.

While there are 122 nuns, there are only 14 midwives to attend to the 7408 wives within the county.

The legal profession numbers 24; the medical profession 27; the engineering profession 4. Thus we find that the total for the three professions, 55, is only one-eighth of the strength of the Catholic clerical establishment.

The proportion of rational industry which is being successfully carried on in the King's County under the heading of "hemp and other fibrous materials," is mainly found in Clara; the number of male hands employed being 156, while the number of female hands employed is 354; giving us a total of 510. How much more useful for the county, and for the country, are not those 510 male and female workers in hemp and jute than are the clerical army? It may be safely said that the 500 hands so employed contribute to the support of nearly 2000 people. It may be asserted with equal certainty that the clerical establishment puts a strain upon every family in the county for its support.

Out of 85 males receiving a "superior" education, 38 are returned as theological students, or close upon 50 per cent. of the whole. And there are only 54 girls receiving a "superior" education, as compared with the establishment of 122 nuns which we find in the county.

There is a Catholic reformatory school, styled St. Conleth's, in the county; it is in charge of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate; and its 254 boys cost the State £5844, 5s. 6d., or £22, 19s. 10d. per head per annum.

There is also one of those "Industrial" schools in the county, in charge of the Sisters of Mercy at Birr, containing 72 girls, at a cost of £1431, 18s. 9d., or £20, 7s. 7d. per head per annum. The total of the children attendant at these schools—namely, 342—might be well added, in the capacity of camp followers, to the clerical army of 425, which we have given in contrast with the Government establishments on another page, making the total strength of the clerical forces in King's County 767.

The nuns at Tullamore Union Workhouse, in the King's County, are an expensive boon to the ratepayers, as they are everywhere else in Ireland where their services have been retained, or rather, where their rule has been submitted to. I find, that at a meeting of the guardians held

"to consider the letter of the bishop with reference to the salaries of the nuns in the institution, the clerk said that the three sisters appointed had £20 a year each, but no rations. The board was unanimous in considering the amount too small. Mr. Kelly suggested that the extra sister be paid £20. The clerk said it would be more advisable to increase the salaries of those appointed by the board, and not to consider the fourth sister.

"Mr. Kelly—We should not be niggardly about this thing, because no matter what treatment they get they never complain. They would suffer anything before they would make a complaint.

"Clerk—In Drogheda Union they get £45 a year each, in Trim £35, in Mullingar £30, and in Navan £30.

"Mr. Kelly gave notice of motion that he would move that the three existing salaries be increased by £10 a year."[1]

[1] *King's County Independent*, February 8, 1902.

It is not necessary for the nuns to "complain," when the bishop can do it so triumphantly on their behalf. I make no imputation; but, seeing that all those sisters have taken a vow of poverty, it should be divulged whether it is into the purses of the Irish bishops these moneys, paid to nuns out of the poor-rate, find their way. Are such increases of salary an addition to the episcopal stipends?

The existence of distilling, brewing, and malting in addition to the hemp and other industry, within the confines of King's County, gave the members of its County Council the courage to reject the scheme of technical education put forward in the interests of the priests by the so-called agricultural and technical instruction committee. The King's County people in Clara and Tullamore do something for themselves at practical manufacture, and they know that such public money would be only a fresh endowment for the clerical establishments, male and female, and their friends. As an instance of how time-serving and humble a Catholic bishop can be when he is firmly opposed by laymen possessed of common sense, let me quote Bishop Gaffney's letter, written to the *Westmeath Independent*, on this point:—

"MULLINGAR, *January* 28, 1902.

"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have been too much engaged with pressing business since the Technical Act was floated to follow it in close detail. *Hence*, I am not an expert in any sense. Even if my opinion were entitled to respect, I should be very slow to express it with any reference to the action of the King's County Council in their late decision, which is the subject of your query.—I am, dear Mr. Editor, very faithfully yours,

✠ "MATTHEW GAFFNEY,
"*Bishop of Meath.*"

It is a point gained to get a Catholic bishop to admit that he is not an expert on technical education or on anything else in which there is money.

The priests may lie low for a while, but all the forces they can bring to bear on the County Councillors will be brought into play during the next twelve months to induce that body to tax the county, so that there may be an annual grant to divide amongst the convents. The pluck of the King's County Council may be explained by the fact that the county lies partly in four dioceses, and that three of the bishops live at a long distance from the county. If it were all in one diocese means would quickly be found to get the money voted for the religious orders under the pretext of advancing technical instruction.

Bishop Gaffney's version of the history of Ireland, in his last pastoral letter, is worth quoting:—

"Looking back to the past, it would be easy for an apologist to find much to plead, if not in justification, at least in mitigation of forbidden systems. The people were driven into them by iniquitous laws, and took their own desperate remedies. Open rebellion, secret societies, the ransom of revenge, embodied in one shape or other, appeared by turns to be crushed on the field of unequal battle, or by the gibbet or dungeon. The Constitution did not acknowledge Catholics except to persecute them; their religion debarred them from its benefits, and when emancipated and admitted within the Constitution it was not justice but fear that extorted any concession."[1]

It is a far cry back to the penal laws. The Catholics were admitted to the Constitution in 1829; and whatever may have been the motive which induced the majority of the United Kingdom to so admit them, it was the duty of our ancestors to avail them-

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 11, 1902.

selves to the full of the privileges then obtained. They have not done so; they have been deterred and mystified by their priests into not doing so, and nearly three generations of Catholics have passed away since emancipation, and we have not yet reaped those benefits which our English fellow-citizens intended we should win from admission to all the privileges of the British Constitution. It is Bishop Gaffney, the Pope, and the priests who have gained by Catholic emancipation, not the laity of Meath. Bishop Gaffney next discusses our Parliamentary representation:—

"We got representation, but it was a travesty. The cause of Ireland pleaded before the Imperial Parliament with all the resources of logic and rhetoric made as much impression on it as the pleadings of *a fatling of a flock* for its life would make on wild beasts."

Bishop Gaffney is unhappy in his simile. Our Irish members were never at any period of their history "the fatlings of the Irish flock." The designation is especially inappropriate to-day, for it is the bishops and priests of Ireland who are "the fatlings" of the flock. Do they not look it? And they are what they look.

Bishop Gaffney goes on to say that "it was the dread of smouldering revolution which would not again take the field to be slaughtered, but attacked England in her strongholds under her prison walls by dangerous and deadly methods, that opened the eyes of the greatest statesman of the last century to the appalling condition of affairs."

I cannot imagine a more pernicious doctrine than this, or a tirade more uncalled-for by existing circumstances. It exemplifies how our idle bishops, with their "contrasts, analogies, and similitudes," perplex the poor laity. Referring to the passage of Mr. Gladstone's Land Acts, Bishop Gaffney says:—

"There was such a howl raised that one would imagine the land was created for a class, and not for the benefit of all, but he (Mr. Gladstone) was a skilful pilot. He saw the ship of State overladen in heavy seas, and pitched over some of the freights to lighten the burden."

And he thus describes the present condition of political affairs:—

"An intolerant minority, hardly a tenth of the population, holds the Government in the hollow of its hand, and justice and equity must be flung to the winds. If a minister wants to make a speech of a certain kind, he must go to Belfast for an audience; if he wants to sport his rhetoric in pleasant flashes, he may venture in Dublin."

I possess some slight knowledge of the condition of affairs in Ireland, but I am quite unable to understand who the minority is, forming "a tenth of the population" that holds the Government of the present day in the hollow of its hand. Mr. Justin M'Carthy once boasted that he held Lord Rosebery's Government "in the hollow of his hand," and no benefit to Ireland followed from his so holding it; but, unless Bishop Gaffney alludes to Father Finlay and the Jesuits, I know of no small minority who seem to hold the Government in the hollow of its hand in Ireland.

And I will not believe that the Jesuits are as powerful as they boast they are.

"If Heaven sent us a minister," says Bishop Gaffney, "who would be strong and honest to redress inequalities, even if he perished in the attempt, he would leave a noble record to posterity, and pave the way for future victory, but, no, the whole system of Government is a pantomime, and we are asked to take their mimic attempts as serious."

Would that a strong, honest man could be found anywhere at the present day, to undertake the management of affairs in Ireland for a period of ten years certain; a strong man, who, unlike many henpecked statesmen of recent years, would squarely face Bishop Gaffney and the powerful clerical army of which he is one of the generals; and, careless of popularity or unpopularity, set himself to the heroic work of doing real justice to the lay men and women who form the labouring, trading, and farming classes of Catholic Ireland. The priests' satellites and flatterers, who are now so noisy, would desert them speedily in such a conjuncture, and something might be done at length for the Irish lay Catholic in his own land. The cardinal point to which such a strong man ought to direct all his efforts, should be the education of the youth; and he should be rigorous in insisting that no priest should ever have a hand therein. The priest has chapels enough in which to give the youth of Ireland all the religion that they require, but he should be kept out of the school, and the minds of the young men should be given a chance of developing in straight, honourable courses, instead of following the tortuous bent which they now receive under the misdirection of the priests.

Bishop Gaffney's reference to the Catholic University is worthy of notice:—

"There is a question of vital importance to three-quarters of the population and tax-payers of this country, and for half a century they are dallying with it and cornering it. We refer to the University question. Forsooth they taunt us with ignorance and incapacity to fill the offices of the State, and affect regret. We know the taunt, but yet we ask them to throw open to us the fountains of learning, and let us drink from its pure waters. We want no ascendency,

but *we want equality*, and demand it in the name of the nation."

The fountains of learning have been thrown open to the Irish Catholics since the foundation of the Queen's Colleges in 1845, and since the abolition of the Test Acts in Trinity College, Dublin. We have got equality. There is not a country in the world which is better equipped for giving sound, excellent, unsectarian university education than Ireland is, and has been for the past fifty years. But the priests have deliberately prohibited the ignorant Catholic laity from taking advantage of that equality. They desire, not equality, but a University under complete priestly control. The "equality" they ask for means *an equality of cash to be handled by the priests*, which would result not in equality, but inferiority of education, for the students.

Scotch Presbyterians should observe that Bishop Gaffney describes the invitation recently sent by the University of Glasgow to the Pope, as the successor of Pope Nicholas V., its founder, as "a sublime interchange of courtesy between the Pope and the University, and a lesson to the bigot on whichsoever side he arranges himself." Do the people of Glasgow, and especially the Presbyterians of that great business city, wish to injure us Irish lay Catholics? Do they, whose ancestors so nobly freed themselves from the thraldom of priestcraft in secular affairs, seek to tighten the grip of the sacerdotal snake which is strangling Ireland to death? I cannot believe it. The Marquis of Bute, whose conversion to the Roman Catholic Church has been so belauded by the priesthood, may have been generous to the Glasgow University; but I ask the Glasgow people, are they prepared to set up the Marquis of Bute as an example to them-

selves and their children? Would they be prepared to surrender their own wisely-exercised civic rights to the control of a Bishop Gaffney, a Cardinal Logue, or a Bishop Clancy? I should be inclined to say that in any interchange of civilities between Glasgow and the Vatican, the balance of advantage will be found to the credit of Glasgow. That is not the case in the intercourse between Ireland and Rome. There all the advantage, both in cash and kind, lies with the Italian organisation, and all the disadvantage and loss, pecuniary, mental, and moral, are suffered by Ireland.

The Glasgow people may learn from the intensity of the opposition given by their own kinsmen in the north of Ireland to the further endowment of priestcraft for educational purposes, in our unfortunate country, how they would be likely to act themselves, in this Priests' University business, if they were face to face with the enormities of sacerdotalism in Ireland. It may have been a flourish on the part of the Glasgow University to send an invitation to the Pope, which they knew would never be accepted; but let them take note that their action is being used for the purpose of riveting the chains of sacerdotal obscurantism in education and in secular affairs upon their Catholic fellow-countrymen, of whom I am one, in Ireland. The world has a right to expect better things from the University whose name is associated with that benefactor of mankind, the famous Lord Kelvin.

The way in which the priest interferes in connection with the solemn act of child-birth well reveals his incapacity to understand the condition of things at that vital moment of human existence. For him that great natural event in the lives of two human beings is but a question of religious "shop"; just as everything else with which he is concerned. If there is one more out-

standing fact than another in connection with midwifery affairs in Catholic Ireland, it is that vast numbers of our better class Catholic women are positively afraid to be attended by a Catholic doctor; and one result is, that few, if any, Catholic doctors have attained to a position of lucrative eminence in the midwifery branch of the profession. I do not say that all our Catholic midwifery doctors work with the priests in this business. I know some of them who certainly are too well-informed to lend themselves to the grossness and incapacity of the priest in such a vital concern. But I know of other eminent Catholic midwifery doctors who, for the past forty years, have been persistently boomed by bishops and priests; but who, notwithstanding, have not been able to make money by their practice, owing to want of confidence in them on the part of Catholic matrons. It is a well-known fact that the priest lays it down for the Catholic midwifery doctor that, whenever it is a question of saving the life of either the parturient mother or of the unborn child, then it is the mother's life which must be sacrificed, on the pretext that the child may be born alive and saved from hell by baptism! They base their *locus standi* on their professed zeal for the administration of the rite of baptism. It reminds one of the conduct of the Spanish friars in South America, who used to baptize the Indian infants, and then hurl them into the air to fall upon the upturned points of the bayonets of the Spanish soldiers. One of the Catholic midwifery doctors who, despite priestly advertisement, did not succeed in making money by his profession, was said to have invented a mechanical appliance for baptizing the infant in its mother's womb, and thereby enabling him to reconcile it to his conscience to save the mother's life, if it were found impossible that the child should be born alive.

I have often considered why the priest should take up that objectionable position in midwifery cases. Inbred coarseness, want of sympathy, and ignorance of such matters may be the immediate explanation; but I have tried, as conscientiously and as charitably as I could, to trace the real origin of this priestly interference in such a solemn and purely secular crisis of human life.

I have endeavoured to trace up the origin of the priest's carelessness of the mother's life, and I believe it is a legacy from the vicious habits of the priesthood in Italy and other continental countries, and that it is connected with the well-known saying, "every priest christens his own child first." I believe that the mothers of the illegitimate children of the priests in those countries were freely sacrificed at child-birth; and that a kind of law and lying logic on the subject were manufactured by the continental priests, and were borrowed at second-hand by our Irish priests, the lower class of whom adopted them, those continental priests being the worst exemplars our Irish priests could follow.

Let us see how this illegal dogma works out in practice. At a meeting of the Tullamore Guardians, held on 4th February 1902,[1] there were two candidates before the Board for the vacant position of medical officer for the Philipstown dispensary district. One of the candidates was Dr. W., a Catholic; and the other was Dr. T., a Protestant; and some of the Catholic guardians supported Dr. T. For instance, Mr. Adams is reported to have said:—

"Are we now going to stultify ourselves by saying that because a man may be a Tory and a Protestant we will not elect him? Are we going to brand ourselves with bigotry, and banish this young man out of the country because he is a Protestant? . . . I will

[1] *King's County Independent*, February 8, 1902.

insist on my right to analyse the claims of the two gentlemen that are before us. If we take our religion into question in appointing doctors——"

Mr. Adams was here interrupted by Mr. Geraghty, who said, "*God help us if we don't!*" and Mr. Molloy, who said, "*We want no Orangemen!*" Mr. Adams went on to say that

"despite all this intimidation he would go on. The claims of one man were known, but no one knew what the other doctor was. Dr. T.'s father is a benefactor to the country and to the working-classes. The applicant's father has built up an industry and has created employment, and thus put money into circulation. He is about to expend £5000 to extend his place in Tullamore."

Mr. Adams was frequently interrupted at this point, but he persisted with his remarks, and he said:—

"Is your Catholic spirit at stake at this election, or is one Protestant doctor out of the whole lot going to contaminate you? Four doctors out of the five are Catholics, and now you are going to brand yourselves before God and man as bigots and tyrants, simply because a Protestant man who was born and reared amongst you comes looking for a position. In years gone by, when there was poverty in Tullamore, Dr. T.'s father, arm in arm with the bishop, went through the town, opened his pockets, and generously gave his £5 and £10 notes. Into every lane and byway in Tullamore he went, and relieved the wants in the poor homes, and it is the son of this man you are trying to hound down to-day."

But it was in vain for Mr. Adams and some other Catholic guardians who supported the claims of Dr. T. One of the guardians, a Mr. Kelly, had the following bomb-shell, which he did not hesitate to throw into the midst of the Board, in favour of Dr. W., the Catholic candidate. He is reported to have said:—

"It is taught to Protestant doctors that in dangerous confinements it is proper and right to save the mother by destroying the child. Of course no Catholic doctor would destroy the life of the infant coming for the sake of the mother, because it would be actual murder. (Sensation.) In the case of baptism, Protestant doctors do not look upon it as a sacrament, whereas we do. If the child only lives a few minutes it is absolutely necessary to have some one near to administer the sacrament."

"Mr. Adams—You seem to be very high up in the Church."

"Mr. Kelly—I graduated long ago, and if you make any more remarks like that you will bring me back to my school days. I have a letter here from our learned and revered parish priest, and fearing you might think I might add to or diminish from it, I will ask the clerk to read it."

The letter which is now about to be read, for the purpose of getting the guardians to elect the priest's candidate as doctor for the Philipstown dispensary district, is well worth reproducing. I do not impute to the candidate himself any cognisance of this letter. I should be loth, indeed, to think that any Catholic young man with a medical qualification would consent to receive such ignominious aid in securing his election to a public position in Ireland:—

"My dear John,—I hope you will do your best with your fellow-guardians to elect a Catholic doctor to-day. In the first place, because it is taught in Protestant schools of medicine that it is lawful sometimes to practise craniotomy. In other words, if a doctor finds a woman at her confinement in danger of death from the infant in her womb, the Protestant doctors have been taught that in such a case it is lawful to take the life of the child in order to save the life of the mother; and I have known it to be done. Of course, if a priest was near the place it would not be attempted. Needless to say, the Catholic Church does not tolerate such a

crime. In the next place, it frequently happens that infants die almost immediately after birth. Now, if a Catholic doctor be present the child will be baptized, whereas if a Protestant be present the child will not be baptized at all; or if, to please the mother, the doctor should attempt to do so, in all probability there will be some omission or mistake, which will render the sacrament null, because Protestants do not believe in the necessity of baptism for salvation. These reasons against voting for a Protestant bind not only priests, but all Catholics. May God bless your work to-day.—Yours sincerely, J. BERGIN, P.P."

Would this represent the medico-theological creed of a midwifery school in a statutory university under priests' control? Let Archbishop Walsh, Cardinal Logue, Cardinal Vaughan, and certain British statesmen whom I shall not name—for I cannot believe that their anticipated guilt will become an accomplished fact—euphuise as they will about university education, about bimetallism, about naval chaplaincies, about immoral literature, about Earls and Countesses of Fingall and Dukes of Norfolk; that letter represents sacerdotal Roman Catholicism in one branch of secular affairs in Ireland, as it really works out in practice. If I were a guardian, and if a young doctor came before me posing as a disciple of the priests' midwifery creed, I should not only not vote for him, but I should do everything which lay within my power to compel him to leave the county in which I resided. I should not like to be looked upon as belonging to the same order of mammals as that doctor. Jobbing, bachelor priests, selfishly trained in isolation at Maynooth, have no right to obtrude themselves into so delicate and solemn a crisis as that of childbirth. They do not profess to be fathers of children; they are not husbands of wives. The publication of that letter would,

in any other country, sound the death-knell of interference by unmarried priests in the appointment of poor law medical officers.

It is a discreditable epistle, alike to its writer—from whom no better could have been expected—and, even more so, to the guardian who promulgated its contents for the purpose of influencing an election at his own Board. It is discreditable to the entire Board of Guardians who allowed such an epistle to be read at one of its meetings. And, finally, it is a lasting stigma upon Catholic medical men, from the contamination of which intending medical students who have a sense of honour should studiously keep themselves aloof.

I find that the actual voting at this election was 14 for Dr. T. and 34 for Dr. W. I consider that those fourteen guardians—Messrs. D. Kane, D. O'Brien, J. Corcoran, Quinlan, Butterfield, J. Molloy, J. Adams, J. Kearney, W. Duffy, M. Power, C. J. Clavin, M. Corbett, P. J. Molloy, and J. Sullivan—deserve the admiration of the country for their protest against sacerdotal undue influence in secular business.

Like the minority of the guardians at Wexford, who protest against handing over the pauper children to the nuns, we can truly say of them that it would be well for Ireland if the majorities of all our Boards were composed of such men.

Let us now devote a little attention to the Dublin nuns, and then we shall return to the country districts of Leinster.

CHAPTER XXI

THE NUNS OF DUBLIN AND THEIR WORK

The nuns of Ireland act as jackals to the priests. Those well-meaning communities of ladies do not, I believe, hoard up all they receive. They are under the direct control of the bishops. May not the lords spiritual draw, when in want, upon the tender-hearted nuns? The nuns encourage piety in the laity, and in that way indirectly increase the revenue of the priests wherever their convents are established. For instance, the laity will more frequently pay for special masses for private objects in districts where there are many convents than in those localities where the convents are few in number. Directly and indirectly, priests must get a substantial amount of pecuniary help from the nuns.

Let us now consider, taking them at their own estimate, the numbers and varieties of the nuns quartered in the city of Dublin, where the condition of the poor Catholic majority of the population is such a disgrace to our religion.

There are nine Carmelite convents in the city and its vicinity: Blackrock, Delgany, Tallaght, Drumcondra, Stillorgan, Roebuck, Ranelagh, Rathmines, and Harold's Cross, containing 143 professed Carmelite nuns. We find that they do practically no work, being engaged in what is called "primitive observance," with the exception of their house in Tallaght, in connection with which there is a State-endowed National School, at which 80 children attend.

The convent of the Most Holy Redeemer at Drumcondra contains 35 professed nuns, and we are told of it that "the nuns live in strict enclosure, and devote themselves to a life of reparation and intercessory prayer." They do no work, but are constantly engaged in religious exercises. There are six Presentation convents, four being within the precincts of the city: George's Hill, Terenure, Clondalkin, and Warrenmount; one at Maynooth, and one at Lucan. The numbers in some of these convents are not admitted, but, in those whose inmates are given, there are 86 professed nuns. They all receive grants under the National Board, and conduct convent National Schools. There are fourteen convents of Sisters of Mercy in the diocese of Dublin, of which eleven are in the city; Baggot Street Convent, 50 professed nuns; Carysfort Park, Blackrock —a nobleman's demesne recently purchased—80 professed nuns; Booterstown Convent; St. Patrick's Refuge, Kingstown; St. Vincent's Golden Bridge; the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, 36 nuns; to which is attached a convalescent home at Drumcondra, the number of nuns at which is not given; Jervis Street Hospital; St. Joseph's Night Refuge; St. Michael's Hospital, Kingstown; and South Dublin Union Hospital. The number of inmates in many of these convents is not admitted, but the total number of nuns acknowledged by this Order in Dublin is 231. The Sisters of Mercy keep a sectarian Training College for female National teachers, for which a large Government grant was given last year, and in which female National teachers are being brought up in the doctrine of complete subservience to sacerdotal ascendency. They also receive the National Board's money for their convent National Schools. They conduct the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, Jervis Street Hospital, and St. Michael's

Hospital, Kingstown, all of which must be profitable institutions, under the complete control of the Sisters and, through them, of the bishop of the diocese. We may infer from the vast sums received in legacies what must be the total cash receipts of those houses from all sources. The practical work in the three hospitals is done by lay people, both men and women. The nuns are there to assert the supremacy of the ecclesiastics over the institutions. If you wish to know what is thought of their competence as managers of such hospitals, you had better ask in a friendly way one of the medical men attached to any of the hospitals. The Sisters of Mercy are also employed at a remuneration in the South Dublin Union Hospital. They have Industrial Schools at Booterstown, Golden Bridge, and Rathdrum, which are endowed by State to the extent of £4418, 4s. 8d. per annum. Their St. Joseph's Refuge in Brickfield Lane is said to give breakfast, supper, and shelter to the homeless poor, a very laudable work; but it makes beggars of the poor in its locality, and founds thereupon its urgent appeal for large subscriptions to the charitable Dublin public. Poor Law Guardians will tell you that its existence does not diminish the claims of the community upon the South Dublin Union, which is quite close to it. The Sisters of Mercy keep, at Kingstown, one of those nun-managed Magdalene Asylums in which fallen girls are confined, and work, without wages, at the remunerative employment of laundry, until their remains are consigned "to the nameless graves in the cemetery."

There are 16 convents of Sisters of Charity, all of which are in the precincts of the city: Milltown, nuns 18, novices 70; Industrial School, Stanhope Street, nuns 28; Magdalene Asylum, Donnybrook, nuns 19; Upper Gardiner Street, nuns 25; Sandymount, nuns 17;

St. Vincent's Hospital, nuns 23, and to this hospital must be added all the private houses in Stephen's Green and Lower Leeson Street, which are being continually absorbed for the profession of remunerative nursing by this order of nuns; Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, nuns 27; Asylum for Female Blind, Merrion, nuns 23; Orphanage, Mountjoy Street, nuns 18; Convalescent Home in connection with St. Vincent's Hospital at Blackrock, nuns 12; Baldoyle, nuns 12; the Children's Hospital, Temple Street, nuns 12; St. Laurence O'Toole's, nuns 11; Little Bray, nuns 10; Howth, nuns 6; James's Street, nuns 10; admitted total of Sisters of Charity, 341. They receive the National Board's grant, and carry on Convent National Schools, at which poor Dublin children attend. They have Industrial Schools at Sandymount and Merrion, endowed by the Government to the extent of £3918, 12s. 6d., or over £20 per child per annum. They manage an asylum for the blind—a laudable work—which receives handsome support from public subscription and legacies. They manage a hospice for the dying, which is also handsomely supported by the public. And last, and most important of all, they are, under the bishop, the proprietors of the hospital known as St. Vincent's, in Stephen's Green, which must be a most remunerative institution, judging by the vast sums of money it receives, and by its continuous absorption of expensive private houses to accommodate the ever-increasing number of paying patients who extend their custom to this religious order. They also conduct a Magdalene Penitentiary at Donnybrook, in which they do a large laundry business, and get the free labour of a hundred penitents. The bedroom doors of the poor penitents are locked at night, and they are bound to stay in that penitentiary at

the hard work of laundry for the best years of their lives; and should they ever leave it, they find themselves in a world in which they are more helpless than they were on the day of their birth.

Why do the proprietors of those penitentiaries fear inspection if all is right within their walls? Should they not rather court it? I visited one of those penitentiaries, and saw the poor Magdalenes in chapel; and a more distressing sight I never saw. They were dressed as outcasts, and *they looked outcasts.* And a more melancholy existence I could not imagine than theirs; changing from the soapsuds in the steam laundry to the confession-box, or the chapel, which is the only recreation they get. Far, indeed, would it seem to have been from His thoughts to have condemned the original Magdalene to such a life as the poor galley-slaves in these penitentiaries lead.

There are 6 convents of Dominican nuns in the diocese of Dublin, of which 5 are within the precincts of the city. They are, Muckross Park, Marlborough Road, recently transferred from Merrion Square; Cabra Boarding School and Institution for Deaf and Dumb, in which there are 50 nuns; Kingstown, 47 nuns; Sion Hill, Blackrock, 33 nuns; Eccles Street, 19 nuns. The sixth Dominican Convent is at Wicklow, and in it there are 40 nuns. Admitted total of Dominican nuns for the city, 156; for the diocese, 196.

The Dominican nuns manage their profitable boarding schools and college, and their National Schools, endowed by Government; and they have charge of an Institution for Deaf and Dumb, which receives a great deal of money.

There are 7 Loreto Convents in Dublin. They are: Rathfarnham, 126 nuns; North Great George Street, 30 nuns; Stephen's Green, 34 nuns; Charleville House, Rathmines, 12 nuns; Dalkey, 30 nuns; Bray, 44 nuns;

and Balbriggan, 34 nuns. Admitted total of Loreto nuns, 310. They conduct National Schools, endowed by Government; and superior boarding and day schools, which must be very profitable.

The Sisters of the Holy Faith have 13 convents in the diocese of Dublin: viz. Glasnevin; St. Brigid's Orphanage, Eccles Street; Clarendon Street Convent; Little Strand Street Convent; Coombe Convent; Lower Dominick Street Convent; Clontarf Convent; Haddington Road Convent; St. Michael's Convent at Finglas; Skerries Convent; and there are outside the precincts of the city, but in the diocese of Dublin, convents at Celbridge, Newtownmountkennedy, and Kilcool. It is claimed for this particular Order of nuns that, like the Christian Brothers, they have refused to take money under the National Education Endowment, and they state, as a claim to public sympathy, that *they employ "no secular teachers" in their schools.* They also give no account of the strength of their communities. They manage a profitable boarding school, their Orphanage in Eccles Street, which receives a great deal of money, and their Primary Schools, in which they employ no secular teachers. They take no Government money, but of course their maintenance is levied off the Catholic laity. The Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul have 6 convents in Dublin diocese—North William Street, 16 nuns; Fairview, 18 nuns; North Dublin Union Hospital, 21 nuns; Cabra, 14 nuns; Henrietta Street; and Celbridge, attached to the Union Workhouse. So far as we know then, the total of the French Sisters of Charity is 73, within the city. They manage State-endowed National Schools, own a well-supported Orphanage, keep a private Lunatic Asylum, and are installed at handsome stipends in the North Dublin and Celbridge Unions.

The religious of the Sacred Heart have 2 convents in Dublin, one at Mount Anville, Dundrum, which was at one time the famous Mr. Dargan's house and demesne; the other at Lower Leeson Street, which occupies Lord Ardilaun's town-house and grounds. The strength of these communities is not given, so that the total of Sacred Heart nuns is unknown. They have a lucrative boarding school at Mount Anville, and a day school in Lord Ardilaun's house at Leeson Street, which must also be a very profitable concern.

The Order of our Lady of Charity of Refuge owns High Park, Drumcondra, in which there are 65 nuns. That institution is, perhaps, the largest and most lucrative public laundry in the city of Dublin. Its vans are to be seen delivering washing and collecting money in all parts of the town. It is a Magdalene Asylum, in which it is stated that there are 210 penitents giving their services free until the "nameless graves in the cemetery" claim their poor bodies. There is a girls' reformatory attached to it, in which there are 26 children for whom the State pays £24, 18s. 5d. each per annum. This Order works another Magdalene asylum in Lower Gloucester Street, within the Mecklenburgh Street area, in which there are 13 nuns who keep 90 fallen women at work at the profitable laundry business. Admitted total Sisters of Charity of Refuge, 78.

There is the St. Clare's Convent at Harold's Cross, in which there are 18 nuns admitted, known as "Poor Clares," and who own an orphanage which gets substantial public support.

There is the convent known as Mount Sackville, Castleknock, in which there are 30 nuns and 12 postulants, conducting a remunerative boarding school.

There is the Convent of the Bon Secours nuns at

Lower Mount Street, in which there are 24 nuns, who allege that they take charge of the sick.

There is the Convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor, called St. Patrick's House, Kilmainham, in which there are 23 nuns, and who keep a home for aged people. They are well supported by the public, receive large legacies, and have erected a most expensive and spacious block of buildings in a splendid position.

There is a Convent of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God at Portland Row, in which there are 9 nuns, and this Order is also installed in the Rathdown Union with 8 nuns—total, 17. They keep an asylum for aged females, and draw a great deal of money from the Dublin public, by legacy and otherwise.

Then there is the Convent of the Adoration at 54 Merrion Square, Dublin, in which there are 11 nuns. It is said of this convent that "the religious employ themselves in endeavouring to promote a greater love of our Lord in the adorable sacrament of the altar, in making vestments, both for poor churches and to order, and in visiting the sick in hospital." They do no work, but are employed, as their name implies, in the adoration of the sacrament of the altar, and whiling away their days in one of our fashionable Dublin squares.

The Order of the Daughters of the Heart of Mary owns an orphanage, in connection with which a number of ladies recently met "for the purpose of organising a bazaar to defray the debt of £1000 incurred in erecting steam machinery in the laundry, which has been the principal support of the orphanage for many years." Thus, like the Roscrea millers, they get the public to instal their new machinery for them.

There are also the Little Sisters of the Assumption, at Lower Camden Street, 21 nuns; and at York Street, Kingstown, the strength of the community not given.

OUTSIDE THE CONDEMNED CELLS, DUBLIN POLICE COURT

"Who can fathom the misery of the poor women of Dublin? Where is female happiness at so low an ebb, or the tender sex so little prized?" (p. 425).

AT AN OLD CLOTHES MART, DUBLIN

"The poor Dublin mother of a large family finds it almost impossible to clothe herself and her offspring" (p. 433).

They allege that they are engaged in nursing the sick poor in their own homes, and they receive a large amount of public money.

There are, in fine, 93 convents of nuns in the diocese of Dublin, and they are all, with a few exceptions, situated within the city and its immediate neighbourhood.[1] They draw large sums of money from the public: (*a*) in Government endowments; (*b*) in the form of deathbed gifts and legacies; (*c*) in annual subscriptions, collections at charity sermons, and by personal appeals for alms. The professed nuns in the city convents, whose strength is admitted, number 1649. To that total we must add the Orders of the Sacred Heart and Holy Faith, whose strength is not disclosed, and several Orders whose strength is only partially admitted. The total, even then, would not include novices, except in two convents, or postulants, or the numerous subsidiary people, not including pupils, who live in the convents. If all were added together it would be found that the female inhabitants of the convents in the diocese of Dublin would be numerous enough to people a fair-sized town, and would be over 3000 souls.

If all the money and employment monopolised by those nuns were legitimately distributed amongst the laity, our Catholic womenfolk would be bright and contented, instead of being unhappy. Those 3000 female religious, housed in their comfortable fortresses, away from the temptations and struggles of life, deprive our Catholic laywomen, in various degrees, of legitimate occupation, emolument, and happiness.

Who can fathom the misery of the poor women of Dublin? Where is female happiness at so low an ebb, or the tender sex so little prized?

[1] *Irish Catholic Directory*, 1902.

CHAPTER XXII

THE NUNS IN THE SCHOOLS, POORHOUSES, HOSPITALS, AND MAGDALEN ASYLUMS

The nuns have ousted laywomen from the honourable employment of teaching in Ireland, for the benefit of the religious, priest-governed communities; but to the mental ruin of Irish Roman Catholic womankind. Our children get religion in the convent National Schools in all its most superficial and least essential forms. They are taught, for instance, to reverence the statue of the Blessed Virgin—robed and starred as she is said to have appeared at Knock. Her statue, or one of St. Joseph, is kept enclosed in a kind of spring-closet during the hours of the day which *must be* devoted to secular teaching; and then, at the hour for religious instruction, the closet doors spring magically open, and the Blessed Virgin's statue—the Blessed Virgin herself, indeed, for many of the little children—springs forth for their homage and admiration. We hear a great deal about idolatry nowadays, and indignation is expressed that we should be accused of it; but what is idolatry if it is not the paying of extravagant respect to images? We regard it as idolatry on the part of the ancient Romans to have honoured the statues of their innumerable gods; but an ancient Roman looking on at the proceedings in a convent National School—when the magic statue of the Blessed Virgin suddenly springs into view and prayers are offered up before it—could

not regard nuns or children as farther advanced in religious evolution than he himself was.

With regard to the better-class teaching done by those thousands of Dublin nuns, the result is even worse, for the respectable girls remain in the nuns' charge longer than the poor girls. Therefore, when they leave the convents, they find themselves more helpless even than the National School children. They have been trained under the direction of unpractical women, who, either from devotion or cowardice—both words often mean the same thing—have left the world in despair. The only knowledge of the world available to nuns is derived from reading bishops' pastorals, which describe "the immoral literature," the "dens of seductive vice," the "irreligious treatment of the dead at wakes," the "drunkenness and delirium tremens," and all the other horrors of life in the outside world. The result of a convent education is that many of the more emotional and sensitive of our Catholic girls become nuns themselves from sheer fright, as the easiest way of solving the horrible problem of life thus presented to them. The ideas of convent-bred girls at the present time about men are shocking. Both in the confessional and in the convent they have been taught to take it for granted that all men are immoral; and I have more than once been amazed to find Catholic young ladies, educated at the best of those convents, taking the existence of the Mecklenburgh Street area as a necessity and a matter of course, and being as essential a part of Dublin life as the Two Rock Mountain or the Liffey itself. How many nice, kind-hearted, intelligent Catholic girls have I not seen emerging from those convents and finding themselves like fish out of water when their school-days were over. They had lost touch with their parents; they had lost touch with the

world; and the only way they knew of occupying their time was to continue the round of religious exercises which they had been going through for so many years at the convent. As for turning their energies to anything practical or taking a sensible part in household duties, such a thing was out of the question. What a flutter those nice girls just out of convents find themselves in! What wildernesses have their virgin minds grown into!

It has for many years been a subject of complaint amongst Catholic men that the spread of conventual education is ruining our Irish womankind. When I was a youth of twenty, and in the office of the pious *Freeman*, I remember that articles were written, facts collected, and all prepared for a circumstantial attack upon the system of conventual education by nuns in Ireland. At that time the public were just beginning to awake to the evils of the convent system. The contrast between the non-convent-reared girls and the convent-reared girls was striking and fresh in the minds of parents. During the interval of nineteen years that has elapsed, the freshness of that contrast has died away. We cannot contrast non-convent-reared girls now with convent-reared girls, because all are, alas, reared in convents!

Once a girl goes into those convent schools her parents have lost all influence over her. If she be a well-looking girl, or a clever girl, or a rich girl, she is fooled and flattered and made a snob of; and all her energies are dispersed upon the silliest and most mind-killing pursuits. If a girl be an orphan, and if she happen to have means, she is certain to be enticed into becoming a nun, and making her fortune over to the community.

Imagine a bevy of fresh little Irish girls, verdant as grass, pure as mountain air, and plastic as potter's clay, trooping along a convent corridor, on their way

to class, or meals, or recreation, and passing by a statue of one of the innumerable crowd of so-called saints. Behold the first girl tipping the statue's feet, rubbing her fingers reverently against the pipeclay, and then pressing her fingers against her own fresh young lips—acting, in fact, as we have seen the thread-bare people doing in the Augustinian Church. And, behold all the other girls following suit, like ewe-lambs! O fathers of those girls, why do you allow it? Those girls were intended for a nobler destiny than this degrading clay-worship will lead them to. Behold, O fathers of those girls, the whole convent gathered together on parade in the convent chapel! For what purpose? For the adoration of the cross! Not for the adoration of God, who died upon it; but for the adoration of the cross itself. Behold that chip of wood under a glass case, in front of the altar. Behold your daughters filing up, one after the other, and behold them kneeling before, and adoring, that piece of wood, and reverently pressing their young lips against the glass case which covers it. Was it to waste their young days thus that those children were born alive into the world? Is that the moral of the crucifixion and resurrection? Is that a fit training for the future mothers of the nation? Is that the way to rear the mothers of brave sons? Rather, is it not the way to stamp cowardice towards God and man into the very bowels of a race? Is it not blight to their intellects, death to their budding energies, and blight and death to unborn generations? Of course it is; and so it has been. O fathers of Ireland, save your children! Do something to preserve the Catholic Irishman from being the byword of Europe! Save your children from being manufactured into cowards, whose main business in after-life

will be to support an idle priesthood at home and abroad. Your children will become Children of Mary, as a matter of course, in the convents, and the following will be their frame of mind:—

"A Child of Mary writes: As the third Sunday after Easter is the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph I am making a novena to him, and ask all who read this to say a pater and ave for my intention, and a Hail Mary to St. Expedit, St. Anthony, and Blessed Gerard."[1]

What place does God—Father, Son, or Holy Ghost—occupy in that child's mind? The feast of the Resurrection is forgotten in the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. And what place has God the All-powerful, or Christ the incarnate God, in the minds of the following advertisers, all of whom represent types of Irish convent-bred girls, who have their pet gods and goddesses, like the old pagans — men and women apotheosised after death?

"Unworthy, *according to promise, wishes publicly to thank the Blessed Virgin,* Saint Joseph, Saint Benedict, Saint Anthony, Our Lady of Good Success, and Blessed Gerard, for restoration of a friend to health, also for the obtainment of a much-needed temporal favour, and asks all readers to say a Hail Mary in thanksgiving, and also one for another much-needed favour."[2]

"A. M. asks readers to say three Hail Marys to Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, St. Joseph, St. Stanislaus, and Blessed Gerard for the restoration to health of a young girl who is almost the sole support of a mother and sister; also for a very urgent temporal favour. *If granted, will publish it.*"[3]

"J. M., according to promise, *desires to publish* that she has been cured of a very sore throat after invoking the intercession of St. Blaise."

[1] *Irish Catholic*, April 1901. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

"A Grateful One (St. Johns, Newfoundland), according to promise, thanks the Sacred Heart for many favours received after making the Nine Fridays. The intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, Blessed Gerard were invoked. Blessed Gerard has obtained many favours for the writer, particularly three temporal ones. The obstacles in the way were at once removed *when a promise was made to give a donation towards his canonisation.* The writer begs of all who read this to have great confidence in Blessed Gerard, and to offer up a little prayer of thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for the great favours bestowed on Blessed Gerard."[1]

Why may not we Catholics, who profess to be Christians, pray to God, the Almighty, the All-knowing, as Christ has adjured us to do in words which a child may understand :—

"But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do, for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye, therefore, like unto them; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him. After this manner, therefore, pray ye: Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name."

What vain repetitions our careworn, misguided Irish girls use! Even when they do pray to the Redeemer, it is to "His Sacred Heart," or even to "His Holy Face," or in some other such idiotic, priest-invented way, or they place Him after St. Anthony and others of their pet deities :—

"Unworthy Sinner publishes, according to promise, thanks to the Holy Face for spiritual and temporal favours, and asks readers to say one Our Father and Hail Mary in thanksgiving to the Holy Face."

"J. H. wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Lady of Perpetual Succour, St. Joseph,

[1] *Irish Catholic*, June 1, 1901.

St. Patrick, St. Expedit, Blessed Gerard, and the Holy Souls for a temporal favour, and asks all readers to say one Hail Mary in thanksgiving."

"Client of St. Anthony wishes to return thanks to St. Anthony, the Holy Infant Jesus, and St. Joseph for favours received. Asks all who read this to say one Hail Mary in thanksgiving."[1]

"As the 19th April is the Feast of St. Expedit, writer is making a novena in his honour, and asks all who see this to say three Hail Marys for my intentions, and one Hail Mary to St. Anthony and Blessed Gerard."[2]

O Irishmen and Irishwomen, save your daughters! You may not be able to leave them riches or store of knowledge, but you can at least save them from being priest-ridden cowards and mothers of cowards.

Let us now take into consideration a third branch of the work of those Dublin convents, and endeavour to find out whether it benefits or injures the country, that is, the Convent Industrial Schools, in which the nuns have 461 children under their charge, for whom they receive an annual grant of £8561, 14s., or about £20 per child per annum. Those children are procured for the convents in one or other of two ways: either the children are genuine, deserted waifs, who are *bonâ-fide* arrested for begging or vagrancy by the police, and committed by a magistrate to some one of those nun-managed industrial schools. If that were the only method of procuring inmates, those industrial schools would be full of children of the lowest class in the community. But the nuns, or rather the priests outside, who are the force behind the nuns, desirous of getting a better class of child, are constantly guilty of the subterfuge of prompting fatherless or motherless children of a rather better class to go out on the streets

[1] *Irish Catholic*, April 13, 1901. [2] Ibid.

to beg; and a friendly policeman is brought upon the scene to arrest the particular child, charge it before a magistrate, and have it committed to some industrial school which is suggested to the Bench. These bogus proceedings are in general practice all over Ireland. The result is that the *bonâ-fide* waifs do not find their way into those industrial schools, and, despite the existence of so many of those expensive institutions, our streets remain crowded by daring young beggars and vagrants, who are sharp enough to defy detection and arrest by the police.

The work done by the nuns does not alleviate the volume of misery and poverty. There are lay societies, such as the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the Police-Aided Children's Clothing Society, which do something effective, though they enjoy neither sacerdotal nor Government patronage nor endowment. Her Excellency Countess Cadogan took the chair at the annual meeting of the last-mentioned Society on 25th February 1902, and so little countenance did the pious *Freeman* extend to the meeting, that no report of it appeared in that paper on 26th February. Mrs. Tolerton, the secretary to this Society, tells us that "the Association had clothed 1500 children during the year 1901. Many of the children could not possibly have attended school without the clothing lent by the Society. In several cases the children were so naked, that it was quite impossible for them to attend school. They had been reproached, because they clothed the children whose parents had earned enough to clothe the children if they chose. But the reason was that those children had bad parents."

The poor Dublin mother of a large family finds it almost impossible to clothe herself and her offspring.

"They had arranged with the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to take up the cases of such bad parents, and to have them prosecuted. . . . They wanted very badly to clothe the children that went to school. During the past year they had an increase of 498 children clothed over the previous year, and they had no corresponding increase in their funds."

Amongst the Catholics present at this meeting was Mr. Joseph Mooney, J.P., Chairman of the South Dublin Union, and he deserves due credit for having attended. He said, "He was a Poor Law Guardian of one of their largest Unions for a good many years, and he regretted to say that during the sixteen years he had been a member of the Board, there had been an annual increase of the inmates, and this year there were over 4000 in it, which was an increase of 300 on the same period last year. . . . The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of which he was a member, found that *the number of poor to be relieved was increasing every year.* It was not for them to examine into the causes of these most unpleasant facts, but there was really a very large amount of destitution in the city, from whatever cause it proceeded, and the aim of this Society was one which must commend itself to any person with a spark of human feeling or sympathy."

It would be an eminently useful work for Mr. Mooney to undertake "an examination into the causes of these most unpleasant facts." The duty is cast upon him as a lay Catholic of unusual intelligence to inquire into it. The duty is cast upon me, as a lay Catholic also, to do my part in awakening public interest and stimulating inquiry; not an inquiry by the Governors of Ireland for the time being conducted in hugger-mugger with the bishops and priests, as if, forsooth, *they* represent the true wants of the Irish Catholic

laity; but a genuine, truth-seeking inquiry by Catholic laymen, independent of the priests, men who work for their livings and who have to rear and support their families, as well as contribute their due proportion to the maintenance of priests, monks, and nuns, and derelict vagrants.

Mr. Mooney went on to say: "It was true that a good deal of the money of the Society was what was called Protestant money, but the vast majority of those relieved were Catholics." He might safely have said that *all* those relieved were Catholics. "The greatest care was taken to prevent anything like proselytism. Two-thirds of the Committee were Catholic ladies, and every possible safeguard was taken to preserve the Society from any charge of that kind." How condescending!

What credit ought we not to give to the 100,000 Protestants in Dublin city and county? What admiration should we not feel for them? In the face of priest-inspired insult and misrepresentation of the grossest kind, in the face of outrage upon their ministers of religion, occurring even at the present day in our midst, they still continue to subscribe their money freely, and to devote their time and energies to the betterment of the poor, neglected Catholic people of Dublin.

While our thousands of priests and nuns are immured in their new, cut-stone palaces, going through the selfish formalities of their religion, the bright, energetic Protestants are thus doing all they can—all they dare—in the world outside to comfort and elevate our poor lay fellow-Catholics and their children!

Mr. Brougham Leech, Registrar of Deeds, who attended this meeting, is reported as having said: "There were 50,000 children insufficiently clothed and fed in Dublin, and requiring the aid of the Society." The fifteen hundred poor children, who wear the clothes lent to

them by this one Society, are thereby enabled to attend the convent and monastic schools, and the capitation grant is thus secured for the religious who manage those institutions! I find there are only 1525 children returned as being inmates of all the lavishly[1] supported nuns' orphanages and industrial schools in Dublin. What of the remaining 48,475 destitutes?

The nun, as the agent of sacerdotalism, makes money on the poor outside the poorhouses; but not content with that source of revenue, she is ordered to pursue them into the poorhouses and draw salaries therein.

Wherever the nun goes, like the priest her master, she is on the scent of money. She is an expensive luxury in Dublin as well as in country Unions. At the South Dublin Union, "Mr. J. Byrne, pursuant to notice, moved: 'That the nuns' residence be enlarged; and that the consent of the Local Government Board be requested for execution of the work, and for our borrowing the sum of £3500, the estimated cost thereof.'"[2]

Despite all the Roman Catholic priests, monks, and nuns, and all the religious and so-called charitable institutions maintained in the city and county of Dublin, there are few districts of the same population in Ireland which contain a higher proportion of paupers. The population is 447,266; the valuation £1,620,037; the number of people relieved in the four Poor Law Unions in 1900, indoor and outdoor, was 59,467, at a cost of £132,780, the mean poor-rate for the year in the four Unions being 1s. 5¼d.

A contrast will illustrate the excessive pauperism of Dublin. The city of Belfast and county of Antrim have a population of 526,240, and contain seven Poor

[1] *Irish Catholic Directory*, 1902.
[2] *Evening Herald*, August 28, 1901.

Law Unions, the valuation being £1,970,347 in 1900, but the number of persons in receipt of relief, indoor and outdoor, in 1900 was only 48,836, at a cost of £85,740, the mean poor-rate for the year in the seven Unions being only 8¾d., that is to say, half the mean poor-rate for the city and county of Dublin.

Dublin is crowded with thousands of priests, monks, and nuns, whose establishments throw everything else into the shade; while Antrim, except in Belfast and its vicinity, is altogether free from them. In Dublin the recipients of poor-law relief are almost entirely Catholics; in Antrim, the percentage of Catholic paupers is far higher than the proportion of Catholics in the population. What truthful explanation can we give of the prosperity of Antrim and the adversity of Dublin, except the difference of religion, education, and church government in operation in the respective localities? None that I can discover.

And, furthermore, were it not for the enormous civil service expenditure in Dublin, the metropolis would be the most impoverished area in the country. Belfast and Antrim receive no Government money, therefore the figures for that city and county represent the actual condition of the population.

But in Dublin the position looks better than it really is; for if the civil service expenditure were withdrawn, and the city and the county left to their own resources, the community would be almost bankrupt. There are in the city of Dublin no less than 3983 civil servants, police and municipal officers! In the county outside the city there are 2729. This gives us a total of 6712 officials in the city and county. The military and naval establishments number, in addition, 6566 persons; grand total Dublin civil servants, 13,278!

If we follow the nun into her hospitals and Magdalen

Asylums, we shall find that it would be better for the public if she were dispensed with. The Protestant hospitals give employment to numbers of well-paid lay people. Their government is vested in boards of citizens—medical doctors included—representative of the subscribers to their funds. Their accounts are published. Their prime object is to discharge hospital functions. The reverse of all these things is the rule of the nun-owned hospitals of Ireland. They give a minimum of wage and employment. The nuns govern like autocrats, without representative boards. They ask medical men to hold office at their pleasure, and sign agreements which, in the opinion of the *Lancet*, no self-respecting practitioner should submit to.

A doctor attached to a nun-owned hospital informed me that the house was without indispensable drugs for weeks at a time, and his prescriptions were compounded and dispensed, by direction of the nuns, *without* the chief drugs he had ordered! Nuns have falsified a certificate of character and competence which was given by the doctors to a hospital nurse and entrusted to the nuns' custody, because they discovered that the nurse had become a Protestant! When the doctors insisted on giving the nurse the excellent discharge to which she was entitled, a written agreement was drawn up for their signature, in which they were asked to consent to summary dismissal at the will of the nuns. Some of them signed; others resigned.

The Nuns' Magdalen Asylums do not decrease female immorality. They are devoted to lucrative laundry work, which must enhance the wealth of the religious. And they appear to draw only a sufficient supply of recruits from the immoral reservations to maintain their staffs!

Let us make another brief excursion into Leinster.

Lawrence.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, KILKENNY

"Whereas the people have diminished by 28 per cent. in forty years, the strength of the priests' establishment has increased by 110 per cent." (p. 439).

Lawrence.

ST. KIERAN'S COLLEGE, KILKENNY

"If there be British statesmen who meditate a further endowment of the Irish priesthood, let those figures give them food for reflection" (p. 439).

CHAPTER XXIII

IN THE PROVINCE OF LEINSTER (*continued*)

KILKENNY is a typical county of southern Leinster. Its population in 1871 was 109,379; and, in that year, its *admitted* force of priests, monks, and nuns was 192. In 1881 the population had fallen to 99,531, but its *admitted* sacerdotal establishment had increased to 308. In 1891 the people further dwindled away to 87,261, but the *admitted* strength of the clerical force rose to 328. In 1901 the inhabitants only numbered 79,159; but the priests, monks, nuns, and theological students had further risen to the record total of 403.[1] In other words, whereas the people have diminished by 28 per cent. in thirty years, the strength of the priests' establishment has increased by 110 per cent.! I lay stress on the word "admitted," because, in my opinion, the census returns do not give the full numbers of the inmates of clerical institutions.

If there be British statesmen who meditate a further endowment of the Irish priesthood, under the deceptive pretext of improving education, let those figures give them food for reflection. The priest has been running riot in the county of Kilkenny; the result is that the minds of the people have become degenerate, and a fine stretch of country, liberally endowed by Nature, is languishing in the hands of a stupefied and decreasing population. There are only 4349 members of the Reformed Churches in the county, the remaining

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1901.

74,830, or over 94 per cent. of the population, being Roman Catholics.

The ancient city of Kilkenny, so centrally and well situated, affords an example of continuous urban decay which is to be found nowhere else in the British Isles but in Catholic Ireland. It contains a Catholic cathedral and four churches; a Dominican Priory; a Capuchin Friary; three establishments of Christian Brothers; a Presentation Convent with 36 nuns; two nun-managed "industrial" schools, containing 276 children, for whom the nuns draw £5098 of public money per annum; a Loreto Convent, in which there are 26 nuns; an establishment of Sisters of Mercy in the poorhouse hospital; a convent of the Sisters of St. John of God, containing 48 nuns; a settlement of the same nuns in the Fever Hospital; a sacerdotal college, St. Kieran's, of which I give an illustration, and in which there are 14 priests. I do not know the strength of the Dominicans and Capuchins; but I find there are, in this unfortunate and historic city, in addition to the foregoing clerics, 12 secular priests in the parishes, besides the 14 secular priests in the college, and the bishop himself, all resident in the town.[1]

If the rule of the priest in Ireland is to be judged by results, then assuredly the condition of the city of Kilkenny is a living (or dying) witness for its condemnation. The priest has had it all his own way in "the marble city" for the past fifty years; he has painted the town red with his churches, convents, and other institutions. He has been enjoying himself, like the boy in the fable, stoning the frogs. Meantime, the poor Kilkenny people sometimes croaked, protesting it was death to them, and they returned a Parnellite member

[1] *Catholic Directory*, 1902.

in 1892, in defiance of the priests, finding courage in the polling booths. But the priests continued to bleed them and smother them with stones—St. John's new, unfinished church,[1] for instance, which might well be called Brownrigg's Folly. And the priests have since made their own of the whole Irish party, Parnellites and all, reducing it into subservience by their subscriptions to the parliamentary fund, leaving the last state of Catholic Ireland worse than the first. In 1861 there were 17,717 people in the parliamentary borough of Kilkenny; to-day there are only 13,722. In 1861 there were 3162 houses in the borough, to-day there are only 2356; and its industries are dead.

In the county of Kilkenny, outside the radius of the city, there are a Carmelite Friary at Knocktopher; an Augustinian Friary and a settlement of Christian Brothers at Callan, which is the only municipal town in the county except Kilkenny. Picture to yourself the priest-ridden little town of Callan. Its population in 1881 was 2340; in 1891 it had fallen to 1973; and in 1901 it was only 1840, 248 of whom were in the poorhouse. In addition to the Augustinians and the Christian Brothers, there is a large convent of Sisters of Mercy in Callan, containing 35 nuns. Attached to this convent is the St. Brigid's Missionary School for the "training of girls desirous of becoming nuns." It is stated, on behalf of this school, that "some of the Foreign Missions provide free places for talented subjects." I trust the inducement may not entice a single Irish father to send his child to such a school. It is, so far as I know, the only school which professes to educate children to become professional nuns; and it represents Kilkenny's inventive power in the religion-business of Catholic Ireland, in which the county takes

[1] "Five Years in Ireland."

such a leading part. The Sisters of Mercy are, of course, installed in the Callan poorhouse. There is a convent of Sisters of Mercy in Thomastown; and the Sisters of St. John of God are installed in the poorhouse there. There is a convent of St. John of God in the workhouse hospital at Castlecomer—the place where the lime was thrown in Mr. Parnell's eyes—and a Presentation Convent in the same place. There are also Presentation Convents at Kilmacow and Mooncoin. The Sisters of the Holy Faith have a convent at Mullinavat; and there is a Convent of Daughters of the Sacred Heart of Mary at Ferrybank.

Bishop Brownrigg's admitted clerical establishment in Kilkenny consists of 115 priests, 17 monks, 36 theological students, 235 nuns, 111 male teachers, and 210 female teachers; total, 724. If we add the 276 children in the industrial schools as camp followers, we get a clerical army of 1000 souls, and not counting the novices, postulants, and subsidiary religious people in the convents, monasteries, and institutions. The imperial and local government establishments, including police, civil servants, male and female, county, parish, and municipal officers, only number 519 persons, or, as in the case of most other Irish counties, only half the strength of the sacerdotal organisation.

It would be impossible to find a more degenerate race of people, inhabiting a fertile tract of country, than one meets in Kilkenny. Out of its total area of 508,670 statute acres, only 11,684 acres are returned as barren mountain, 444,274 acres being under grass and crops. If the priests, monks, and nuns could be removed from Kilkenny for ten years, the face of the country would smile like a land of promise.

I have already given the ratio of the growth of the clerics and the shrinkage of the people in the counties

of Kildare and Carlow, which adjoin Kilkenny. Let me now devote a few pages to them. "Sweet Kildare, the county of the short grass," as the natives call it, is remarkable for the famous Curragh of Kildare, renowned for its horse-racing and its soldiers.

I happened to be a traveller one morning by train from Dublin to Kilkenny, and when we arrived at Kildare station, a number of priests were standing on the platform. A Carlow man happened to be in our carriage, and he said that the priests were going to Carlow to celebrate the Month's Mind of the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, who had died during the previous month; and he added, pointing to a stout, self-assertive priest, who stood in the midst of a crowd of admirers, "There's the Bishop-elect; that's him, that's Father Murphy!" And the man seemed quite swelled out at the importance which accrued to him from being in a position to recognise Father Murphy. I inquired if the priests had elected a bishop. He answered that they had not.

"But," said he, "if you wanted to make any money over it, you would have to lay odds against Father Murphy. There is five to four on him amongst every one that is in the know. I was in Carlow last week, and Father Foley is a strong favourite there; but at this side of the diocese they are all for Father Murphy. I could get evens about Father Murphy in Carlow, but if I was in Kildare I would have to lay as much as two or three to one against him."

"But," said I, "nobody knows anything about the matter. The laity have no voice in the election. It is entirely a matter for the parish priests of the diocese."

"Oh, bedad, that is so," he replied. "We know as little about it as we do about the Cesarewitch or the Cambridgeshire."

All this conversation took place within a few miles of the Curragh, so that the betting phraseology was appropriate to the locality. Indeed, it may be said that most people in Kildare and Carlow sum up everything in betting fashion. With them it is *Five to four on; A thousand to twenty-five against; Evens on the field;* or, *Ten to one, bar one!* And the speculation rife throughout the entire diocese, while the election of the bishop was pending, was nearly all of the nature of this conversation in the train. Hundreds of bets were made about the election, and tips were eagerly sought from parish priests and curates. If a Kildare man succeeded in making a few pounds over the election, he was content; and was less concerned about the personality of the new bishop than about that of the winner of the Cesarewitch or the Grand National.

When we arrived at a wayside station beyond Kildare, a distinguished-looking, elderly gentleman was seen standing on the platform. We now had a number of priests in the carriage with us. It was one of those open second-class carriages, containing two or three compartments with low partitions between them. The priests, who had been either dumb, immersed in their newspapers, or conferring in restrained tones between themselves, now jumped to their feet at the sight of this elderly gentleman, and the cry rang out through the carriage, "There is Mr. Dease! there is Mr. Dease!"

Some of the priests did not know Mr. Dease's appearance, and those who did know him pointed him out to their brethren with as much self-importance at having recognised him as the Carlow man had shown at having recognised Father Murphy. Fresh priests got into the carriage at this station, and each one of the priests who were in the carriage, exclaimed to the new arrivals:

"I saw Mr. Dease on the platform;" or, "Did you see Mr. Dease outside?" And the newcomers, with great importance, informed us all that Mr. Dease was going to the Bishop's Month's Mind at Carlow. The acquisition of Mr. Dease to the assemblage seemed to be looked upon as an extraordinary blessing; and as the train moved on, in the snatches of conversation amongst the priests, I could hear the name of Mr. Dease bandied about on every tongue. The train steamed through the well-farmed country about Athy, and stopped at a wayside station; and I heard each fresh sacerdotal arrival being informed by his friends that "Mr. Dease was in the train"; and before we reached Carlow, I heard the following dialogue repeated at least a dozen times between priests:—

Our Priest. "Oh, how do you do? Fine morning."
Newcomer. "Right well, thanks. Glad to see ye. Have you room there for a small fellow?"
Our Priest. "Mr. Dease is in the train!"
Newcomer. "Is that so? Is he coming to Carlow?"
Our Priest. "He is; he is coming to the Month's Mind at the Cathedral."
Newcomer. "Oh, I wonder, could I see him? If I went out, would I have time before the train starts? Which part of the train is he in?"

The amount of joy and self-satisfaction they evinced at having a Catholic gentleman bent on the same mission as themselves cannot be described in writing. At Carlow, when all the priests got out, lightening the train and blackening the platform by their presence, I could see Mr. Dease's tall, gentleman-like figure making his way between them, recognising none of them, but admired and stared at by them all. From this incident, which I saw myself, it can well be understood why our Catholic gentry do nothing to diminish

the power of the priests, though they keep studiously aloof from personal contact with them.

Kildare possesses 99 priests, 20 monks, 526 theological students, 73 male Catholic teachers and assistant teachers, 207 nuns, and 115 Catholic female teachers and assistant teachers. This gives a total of 1040 persons, male and female, devoted to the service of the sacerdotal organisation in Kildare; and this large force draws a great deal of taxpayers' money, in addition to the subscriptions extracted for their maintenance from the people. Contrasting it with the other establishments in the county, we find that its power and numbers are out of all proportion to the means of the people. The imperial and local governments maintain in the county, civil service officers and clerks, 60; police, 177; municipal, parish, union, district, local and county officials, 73; female civil service officers and clerks, municipal, parish, union, and district officers, 73; total, 383, which is not much more than one-third of the Roman Catholic sacerdotal establishment. There are, besides Maynooth, two other colleges conducted by Regular priests—namely, the Jesuits' College at Clongowes Wood, and the Dominicans' at Newbridge, having 345 students—many of whom should also be described as "theological students."

The Jesuit advertisement says: "The Religious training of the boys in Doctrine and Morals forms the main feature of the Jesuit educational system. A course of religious instruction is obligatory on all."

The neglect of Catholic female education receives a striking exemplification in Kildare. There are only 84 girls receiving a so-called "superior" education in the county, while there are 207 nuns. There are, on the contrary, 884 young men receiving a "superior" education, and, out of that total, there are 504 at

Maynooth College studying for the priesthood, and, in addition, a considerable number studying for the priesthood also, though not so specified, at Clongowes Wood and at Newbridge. I should be inclined to say that out of the 884 youths receiving a "superior" education, under priestly direction, in the county of Kildare, at least 650 are studying for the priesthood!

Carlow is a fertile, well-watered little county, and contains the important town of Carlow, which has a population of 6513. Catholic ecclesiasticism is fashionable, dapper, and influential there—it, in fact, sets the mode. There are in the county 65 civil service officers and clerks, male and female, 99 members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and 72 soldiers; total, 236. There are 20 municipal officers, male and female; and 27 county and local officials, male and female; total, 47. The professional classes consist of 9 solicitors, 20 doctors, and 4 civil engineers; total, 33. Let us contrast these figures now with the clerical forces of our Catholic "Church" in this county, which are as follows: a bishop, 42 priests, 20 monks, 142 nuns, 123 theological students, 46 male Catholic teachers under clerical control, and 58 Catholic female teachers; total, 432 persons. We thus find that while the Government only requires an establishment of 236 persons, including civil servants, constabulary, and military of all ranks, to manage the county, the clerical portion of our Church possesses an effective force of priests, monks, theological students, nuns, and male and female teachers under clerical control, amounting to 432 persons, or almost double the Government establishment; while it is almost ten times the municipal and county official establishment, and thirteen times all the other professions put together. In the county of Carlow there are

a costly cathedral and diocesan college; Presentation convents at Carlow and Bagenalstown; a convent of St. Bridget at Tullow; Sisters of Mercy at Carlow; Poor Clares at Carlow-Graigue; and three settlements of Christian Brothers.

It would be hard to find a sensible and promising lay population more soaked in ecclesiastical ideas than are the Catholics of Carlow. While there are 143 nuns, there are only 7 midwives in the county to attend to the 5018 wives which inhabit it. No gloomier life can be imagined than that of the Catholic Carlow farmer, shopkeeper, or labourer. His sole source and store of intellectual amusement and information lie in the priests. He lives in a fog of constant doubt and periodical dismay from the cradle to the grave; his inner life being one of subterfuge and self-deception. The Barrow, his bounteous native stream, flows idly past him to the sea, all its facilities unused; his land is what a Lincolnshire farmer would consider only half-tilled, and he does not earn half as much from his produce as he might if he were awake. Yet, like all ignorant and backward peoples on the face of the globe, he is sensitive and self-satisfied —proud, he thinks himself—occupying himself with religious or political baubles, like the mind-killing propaganda of the Gaelic League, a priestly institution; or enrolling himself in confraternities and sodalities, all of which are in reality but sops thrown to him by the priests to keep him quiet and to prevent him from rousing himself to a realisation of the immense power that is in him, and the glorious possibilities that are within his reach. It is not illiteracy—the mere non-ability to read print and to write down the alphabetical signs—which keeps him as he is. The schoolmaster is abroad in Carlow; but the

schoolmaster does the Carlow man little good, and will only teach him whatever will not in the slightest degree tend to emancipate him from the fog of dogmatic rhetoric, which is ringing in his ears during his entire life. For the priest has got himself into the school, and, under the sanction of our Government, is the schoolmaster's master! The most stupid and hopeless people in Ireland, more incorrigible than illiterates, are to be found amongst those who have been to the priests' National School, and can read and write.

The mischievous activity of the priests in reviving the teaching of Irish in the national schools is a grave abuse of their position; especially in Carlow, where there is not a single person in the county who speaks Irish exclusively, and where, out of the entire population of 37,748, only 123 are able to speak a smattering of Irish, using English for all practical purposes. The so-called "superior" education of the county is entirely sacerdotal; it consists of the Ecclesiastical College, St. Patrick's College in Carlow town, at which there are 131 resident students, 123, as we have seen, being theological; a school under a religious order at Tullow, St. Patrick's Seminary, at which there are 44 students receiving a "superior" education; a Christian Brothers' school at Carlow, at which there are 247 students, of whom 58 get a "superior" education; and a monastic school at Bagenalstown, at which there are 18 students.

Thus we see that of the 251 Catholic youths receiving a "superior" education in the county of Carlow, the priests have claimed 123 for their own profession—a large sacrifice of national ability on the altar of sacerdotalism! There is a convent school at Carlow, at which there are 32 girls, and a convent school at Tullow, at which there are 80 girls, receiving "superior"

education, so called, that is to say, 112 girls of the better class at the nuns' schools, while there are 143 nuns!

If the Carlow people hold a political meeting under the auspices of the United Irish League, the priest will carry off the lion's share of the glory. Next day the public will be informed:—

"The Rev. Paul Murphy, C.C., presided, and made a series of speeches in introducing the different speakers to the audience. The rev. gentleman, in the course of his remarks, reached that high pitch of eloquence and explanatory power for which he is famous, and left nothing unsaid as regards either the introduction of the various speakers, or as to the lucid explanation of the principles governing the United Irish League. Towards the close of the meeting the rev. gentleman, in a magnificent peroration, exhorted his hearers to give their support to the League by handing in their subscriptions and joining its ranks. He said he would be the first to set example by giving his subscription."[1]

Thus Father Paul Murphy will play upon the string of patriotism, and win popularity for the priests in Carlow on 5th January 1902. But Bishop Foley, mindful of the expectations which the priests always have from the British Government, will, in the following words, strike an indirect, and, as he well knows, a futile, blow at the United Irish League in his pastoral published at Carlow on 16th February following. Referring to the "plan of campaign," he will say:—

"We remember what was the result of the use which was made of illegitimate methods in the past They were singled out for special condemnation by the Holy See. It is no wonder that not alone clergymen, but many others, who have been taught by the experience of the past, hesitate about having any part in a movement, some of whose promoters do not scruple to

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, January 10, 1902.

YOUNG CATHOLIC IRISHMEN MINING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, NEAR ALASKA

"These young Irishmen (my brothers-in-law) were not deterred from seeking fortune and freedom abroad by Bishop Foley's coward-manufacturing creed. The Roman Catholic priest is not to be found in their district, to the great gain of the community. He will not arrive until the place can comfortably support a contingent of cowards" (p. 484).

recommend from public platforms the very practice which was condemned a few years ago as contrary to all justice and charity."[1]

I have heard strong comments passed upon the insincerity of great families in olden and disturbed times, who always managed to have at least one member in every political party of the day. But what is it compared with the trimming of the priests in Ireland, who, when the Catholic people and the Government were at daggers drawn, have always managed to pander to the prejudices of both Government and people?

Bishop Foley, of Kildare and Leighlin, is the Chairman of the county Carlow Agricultural and Technical Instruction Committee; and Monsignor Burke, P.P., V.F.; Father Coyle, P.P.; Rev. Joseph Kearney, Adm., Tullow; and other priests are members of it, dispensing public money and patronage. Bishop Foley, like all his brethren, is terrified by the diminishing numbers of the Irish Catholic laity. He adjures the young people of Carlow and Kildare to stay at home and appreciate the sacerdotalism from which they are flying. "How many men and women of Irish blood," he exclaims,[2] "may be found at this moment in the slums of London and New York, leading lives of indescribable degradation, and how many of them die like animals in their dens of infamy—poor creatures who have no wish whatever to see a priest, or to profit by the ministrations of the Church of their baptism?"

What a coward-manufacturing creed! It helps to explain why the priest's Irishman is out of touch with all that is good, progressive, and true in North Europe and North America. What could be worse statesmanship than to endow its preachers with public money and secular power?

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, February 17, 1902. [2] Ibid.

CHAPTER XXIV

IN THE COUNTY OF WEXFORD

THE county of Wexford is only separated by a narrow channel from Pembrokeshire in Wales. It possesses all the advantages of situation in the south which Antrim possesses in the north, and its soil is more fertile. If Wexford is not able to take advantage of its opportunities, its inhabitants have only to blame the universal cause which blights the prospects of all Catholic Ireland.

> "And many a voice was singing
> Along the summer vale,
> And Wexford town was ringing
> With shouts of *Granua Ail!*"

The population contains a large infusion of English blood; for the Cromwellian troopers, who were settled in the rich lands of the barony of Forth, married Irish wives.

> "I would not give my Irish wife
> For all the dames of the Saxon land;
> I would not give my Irish wife
> For the Queen of France's hand."[1]

There are only 8574 members of the Reformed Churches in Wexford, as against 98,284 Catholics. Let us raise the curtain, and peep for a moment at the

[1] Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, of Carlingford, in the Meigh district, born 1825, connected with the "rising" of 1848; fled to America, and afterwards prosperously settled in Montreal. Opposed to the Fenian "rising" of 1867, and was murdered in 1868.

everyday public life and enjoyments of the people of this county. It contains four important towns—Wexford (11,545), Enniscorthy (5648), New Ross (5847), and Gorey (2213), each of which is the headquarters of a Poor Law Union and District Council. The Gorey Guardians are assembled in meeting.

The most important business of the day is connected with the introduction of nuns as nurses into the Union Workhouse. The nuns had insisted upon having a private carriage, and the Board had proceeded to purchase one, whereupon the Local Government Board objected. The guardians and the nuns persisted, and the Local Government Board now climbs down, and consents to the purchase of the carriage, in a letter which is read to-day, accepting the fictitious plea that the carriage is to be used for general purposes; which is, of course, nonsense, as, if it had been necessary for general purposes, it would have been purchased before. Having read the consent of the Local Government Board, Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., the chairman, thus delivers himself:—

"On receiving that letter I went down to Mr. Bates, partly to congratulate him on his new show—and I hope every member of the Board will go to see it—and he showed me a newly painted carriage, which he offers to us for £32, and which I consider very good value. I presume the next thing we have to do is to issue advertisements."

Clerk—"It is not necessary, sir; it has already been advertised."

Chairman—"Then I presume we can purchase this carriage from Mr. Bates."

Clerk—"You can accept their tender."

Messrs. Bates & Sons tendered to supply a circular fronted brougham to seat four inside, newly upholstered inside, painted, and in first-class order, with

lamps and all complete. Price, £32. The tender was unanimously accepted. Mr. J. D. Doyle called attention to the harness. The Master said they had no carriage harness. The Clerk said the necessary harness could be procured "in a week or so."

Chairman—"There is nothing more to be done now with regard to the introduction of the nuns, except to congratulate ourselves upon the results of our efforts. We had to wriggle through a network of red-tape before arriving at this satisfactory result, and *I think this Board has justified its existence* in bringing about an improvement in the condition of the sick poor in the workhouse. I am sorry I can't be here when the nuns come, and I shan't be able to welcome them when they come, but I have no doubt the other members of the Board will do so for me." Mr. J. D. Doyle said "The committee examined the furniture sent up for inspection. They rejected the mahogany chairs because they were not mahogany; also an easy-chair and a glass case. They accepted five Windsor chairs and some other articles."[1]

A circular-fronted brougham for the nuns! Silver-mounted harness for the nuns! Rubber tyres for the nuns! Mahogany furniture, real Domingo mahogany; no stained wood will do for the nuns! After such an achievement, the Gorey Board "has justified its existence!" On the facts stated, which apply to almost every similar Board in Catholic Ireland, I believe that at no remote period, unless Irish public opinion takes a healthier trend, the Poor Law Union Workhouses will become religious institutions, managed at a profit, like the national and industrial schools and reformatories. Either secular priests or some of the Orders, like the Augustinians or Franciscans, will supply the Master and intern officials of the workhouse; while the orders of nuns will fill the female posts, getting the actual

[1] *Enniscorthy Guardian*, January 18, 1902.

work done free by pauper labour; as they get it done at present wherever they can. The Jesuit Order would no doubt, under such a régime, make good their claim to a monopoly of the office of Clerk of the Union all over Ireland.

The Board of Guardians in the town of Wexford hold a meeting, and we find the most important subject before them also is a religious one—whether they should send the pauper children out of the house to be boarded and trained by the Wexford Sisters of Mercy,[1] at a fee.

A letter is read from the Superioress of the Wexford Convent of Mercy, as follows :—"I beg to say that as the children in question will be helping at laundry, cookery, &c. &c., and thereby contributing towards their own support, we shall admit them at £9 per head per annum. We would ask to be allowed to supply our own uniform, and an allowance to be made for each child's clothing when coming here."

The Clerk of the Union—"I made out the average cost of a girl in the house to be less than £9 per annum."

The Convent of Mercy at Wexford is a profit-making institution, receiving £2063 of public money yearly for 105 vagrant children in its industrial school. The nuns, in this letter, propose to employ the poorhouse children at the lucrative employment of laundry and "cookery, &c. &c.," to quote the Superioress's expressive abbreviations. They ask the guardians to provide an outfit. They expect the labour of the children free, and, in addition, to get a pension of £9 per annum for each child out of the rates.

Lady M. Fitzgerald—"I think it is a most admirable proposition."

[1] *Free Press*, January 19, 1902.

Mr. Codd—"*I do not think it would be any improvement to the children* whatever to send them up there."

Mr. John Lambert said—"He was opposed to sending the children to the convent, and *any one who had any experience of the children trained there would not be in favour of the proposition.* He asked Mr. Ennis if he had had any servant from the Convent of Mercy? If you get one, do not let her see the moon, or she will want to get it." (Laughter.)

Lady M. Fitzgerald—"I had often girls from the Convent of Mercy, and I found them most satisfactory."

Mr. John Lambert said—"He was satisfied to send the children outside to board with private people, but *he objected to sending them to the Sisters. The Convent of Mercy was the means of taking work out of the hands of many honest labouring families in Wexford.* Why should these workhouse children be trained up for fine situations? There should be some one to do the rough work, and why should they not do it?"

Mr. Lambert went on to say—"There was no reason why they should not fill humble positions. *The Convent of Mercy had put as many people out of work as they had in the House of Mercy at present,* and the people that formerly did the laundry work were the most useful members of the community."

There are not many Lady M. Fitzgeralds in the country, having "fine situations"; while there are thousands of Mr. Lamberts, who want work done in situations which are not "fine," but are, at least, respectable. The Lady Fitzgeralds, surrounded by their fine menials, find it enjoyable—I say it with due respect—to dabble in philanthropy, but I have well-grounded reason for warning such ladies that such philanthropy is no better than misanthropy.

Mr. John Lambert—"I had one of the convent girls minding a child at the fire, and she never let the

child get burned. Right enough; she was too near the fire herself for that—(laughter)—and she always wore gloves for fear the coal would ruffle the skin of her hands. (Laughter.) At present we are boarding out the children, and I think that the system is working very well. I give the convent no credit at all, except for their religious instruction."

The resolution was passed, adopting the terms of the House of Mercy, Mr. Lambert and Mr. Codd objecting.

Well done, Messrs. Codd and Lambert! Better for Ireland, in her present circumstances, to possess two such men as you, than all the other men and women who were present at that meeting. Better for an English statesman to follow the advice of two such men as you, than that of the majority by whom you were voted down.

It is the poor, perhaps, who best know what this excessive religiosity really means; for they are the foundation on which it professes to rest. And the poor realise how little they gain by it. For instance, the foregoing resolution, it is stated, is to apply to "orphans only," and the master of the workhouse gave the reason during the discussion. He said: "There are two or three girls in the house over twelve years of age, but their parents (paupers) are here also, and they will not consent to the children being sent out of the house."

Not even to the Convent of Mercy! No; rather anywhere than there. Anywhere else there would be some expectations, perhaps, from the children; but, once within the portals of the House of Mercy, no living person, save the owners of that institution, can hope to benefit by the labour of those children.

As an instance of the intellectual instruction purveyed by priests in county Wexford, let us spend a

little time at a meeting of the New Ross Gaelic League.[1] The chair is occupied by the Rev. Thomas Quigley, C.C. "The Rev. Chairman explained very fully and forcibly," we are told, "the necessity that existed, not only in New Ross, but elsewhere, for the young men of Ireland knowing more of their country's sad but honourable history. He referred to the patriotic and brilliant intellects that Ireland could boast of in the past." At the desire of the meeting Father Cowman delivered "a stirring address on the early glory of Ireland."

The national song of Ireland, at present, is the "Boys of Wexford," an old Irish air, the words to which were written by a Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce, a Limerick poet and physician, born in 1830, who died in 1883, having spent a large portion of his life in America. The first verse represents the daughter of "the captain of the Yeos" (the English Yeomanry) soliciting a United Irishman to let her fly with him, dressed in man's attire, to "fight for libertie." She offers him a thousand pounds. It is a curious trait of Irish popular love-songs that the girl is invariably rich, and gives money freely to the boy. The third verse runs thus:—

"We bravely fought and conquered
At Ross and Wexford town;
And, if we failed to keep them,
'Twas drink that brought us down.
We had no drink beside us
On Tubber'neering's Day,
Depending on the long, bright pike,
And well it worked its way!
We are the Boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land."

[1] *Free Press*, January 17, 1902.

The fourth verse harps upon the same theme, assigning drunkenness again as an excuse for failure, one of the most favourite and widespread apologies advanced in Ireland for duties unfulfilled:—

"They came into the country
Our blood to waste and spill;
But let them weep for Wexford,
And think of Oulart Hill!
'Twas drink that still betrayed us,
Although we had no fear
For every man to do his part,
Like Forth and Shelmalier."

It reminds one of the ex-Boer officer, Colonel Lynch's alleged statement to a press correspondent in Paris. His reason, we were told, for hesitating to come to London to take his seat, as member for Galway, was, not because he knew there were detectives waiting to arrest him at Dover, Folkestone, Newhaven, and every other port on the south coast, but because his doing so "would look like setting the British Government at defiance," and he did not wish his acts to have the appearance of that. The boys of Wexford could have conquered, but they did not like to set "the drink" at defiance! They felt they had better not.

Let us now flit over the Wexford border to historic Glendalough, where the holy St. Kevin used to wander with King O'Toole, lending the king tobacco, borrowing O'Toole's *dudheen*, and curing his ganders.

Mr. Cogan, M.P., at a meeting of the Gaelic League at Glendalough,[1] laments that "though we preserved our faith, we lost our language"; and he is reported as having gone on to say:—

"One of the greatest benefits you will derive from the study of the Irish language, is that it will help to

[1] *Free Press*, January 17, 1902.

prevent your reading those sickly sentimental and trashy booklets of literature, called novels, which are coming into this country in shiploads. To counteract the tendency to read such vicious trash, I would advise you to read here in class such sterling writings as those of Speranza[1] or Davis, or the brilliant writers of the ''forty-eight' period. You should all have Davis's prose works, which, though prose, are as beautiful as poetry."

In another column of the same paper, a quotation from one of Davis's works is given; it is in praise of the Wexford insurgents:—

"Great hearts! how faithful ye are! How ye bristled up when the foe came on, how ye set your teeth to die as his shells and round shot fell steadily; and, with how firm a cheer ye dashed at him, if he gave you any chance at all of a grapple. From the wild burst with which ye triumphed at Oulart Hill, down to the faint gasp wherewith the last of your last column died in the cornfields of Meath, there is nothing to shame your valour."

Davis's eulogy does not tally with Dr. Joyce's record of the shortcomings of the Wexford insurgents in the "Boys of Wexford." If I might be permitted to give a word of advice to the Catholic young men of Wexford, I should advise them to emulate the example of such men, for instance, as Mr. Pierce of Wexford, the famous agricultural implement-maker, whose Wexford-made goods are able to compete successfully with American and British goods, and who owes everything he possesses to his own enterprise and energy; and I should humbly recommend them to forget all about 'ninety-eight, and give up apologising for their failures at that disturbed period of Irish history.

[1] *Nom de plume* adopted by Lady Wilde, wife and widow of the late Sir William Wilde of Dublin, ophthalmic surgeon and author.

Let us now keep company for a little while with the Christian Brothers at Gorey, who are providing what they call "a grand Ceilidh"[1] for the townspeople, which lasts two nights. The proceeds of the entertainment are to go to the Christian Brothers themselves. "Their difficulties," we are told, "were enormous." The Rev. Brother Clancy "had complete charge of the stage arrangements." The Gorey Gaelic League appeared in "soft graceful costumes," and sang "Erin, the Tear and the Smile in thine Eyes." Mr. Michael O'Sullivan sang "Shule Agra," during the singing of which, we are told, "the audience controlled their enthusiasm in order not to miss hearing the pure, rich notes." Most of our Irish songs are idiotically lachrymose, "Shule Aroon," for instance:—

> "I would I were on yonder hill,
> 'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
> And every tear would turn a mill,
> Is go d-teidh tu, a mhuirnin! Slan."

Miss Olive Barry sang, in Irish, "Savourneen Deelish," and, "in reply to an aris, recited with impassioned feeling 'The Saxon Shilling,' which made hearts throb with indignation at the dishonour of Irish lads joining the ranks of the English tyrant," and, "at the conclusion, the joy evoked was translated into an appreciative aris." Brother Crane returned thanks, and the first night's proceedings wound up with the "National Anthem," which means either Joyce's "Boys of Wexford," or T. D. Sullivan's "God Save Ireland," or Moore's "Patrick's Day."

The Newtownbarry Dramatic Class, in another part of the county, at the same time, gives a dramatic entertainment in the National School, in which the

[1] *Free Press*, January 17, 1902.

girls' parts are played by young men. Between the acts, such songs as "Shule Agra" and "Colleen Dass Croothen Na Mo" are sung:—

> "He kissed her soft hand; 'What above thee
> Could Heaven in its bounty bestow?'
> He kissed her soft cheek; 'Ah, I love thee!
> Mo Colleen Dass Croothen Na Mo.'"

As at Gorey, the theatricals were continued over two evenings. This species of dramatic entertainment always constitutes the leading feature, on show days, at all the priests' and nuns' schools throughout Catholic Ireland; and the practice tends to perpetuate the play-actor peculiarities of Irishmen in their everyday life. They are always acting a part, in imagination; but it is to be noted that few, if any, of our countrymen ever attain eminence in the theatrical profession as real actors, while men and women of almost every other nationality achieve fame and fortune on the stage.

There is a magnificent lunatic asylum in county Wexford, on the high ground over the banks of the Slaney, near Enniscorthy. When the train bursts out of the tunnel close to that town—made famous by the occurrences at Vinegar Hill in 'ninety-eight—the traveller is confronted by the imposing façade of the Enniscorthy Lunatic Asylum. It is so grand, and so grandly situated, that, in gazing at it, I have often been reminded of the imperial palaces of continental emperors, of which I have seen photographs. This year the annual asylum ball is "conducted on a scale of great splendour," and is attended by an enormous number of guests, sane Wexford folk getting a little amusement in return for their taxes. "The ballroom is a picture of beauty, where colours harmonise most pleasingly."[1] It is said that "Miss M. Kelly, the

[1] *Free Press*, January 1902.

matron, was responsible for these tasteful and clever specimens of Irish art." The attendance list is too long to give, but its perusal gives rise to some reflections. The lunatic asylums constitute a field as yet only partially exploited by the Irish priests and nuns; though, at the rate clerical supremacy is advancing, we may expect to see Orders of nuns and monks installed in those institutions, taking the place of mere lay people like Miss Kelly, at no distant date. Men like Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., and his Gorey colleagues will be invited to co-operate in such a scheme when the workhouse vein has been fully worked. What a vision of circular-fronted broughams and Domingo mahogany!

It is not a far-fetched supposition. Many of our County Asylum Boards are, at present, presided over by Catholic bishops. There is no branch of human affairs in Catholic Ireland into which, to quote the words of Schiller, the priest "nicht hintommt mit ſeiner Qual" (does not come with his torture).

Let us linger a while in Enniscorthy. There is a crowded audience assembled in the Athenæum. "The benches are packed, the passages are packed, the corridors are besieged—in fact, the hall was never perhaps so densely crowded, and the audience fully represents the national thought of the community."[1] They are assembled to hear a lecture by the Rev. Father Murphy, M.S.S. We are told that, at this lecture, "the illustrations were musical, and included some of the richest gems in the category of native music." Father Murphy explains his object—it is the same as Father Quigley's at the New Ross Gaelic League—in the following words:—

"The chief object that we had in view in under-

[1] *Free Press*, January 17, 1902.

taking this labour of love was to make Irish history familiar to your minds, pleasant to your wishes, and dear to your hearts"—*history made to order*—"and in order to carry out these ideas—here to-night, and on future occasions—we shall take you back to the very dawn of our history; we shall trace the coming of the brown Phœnicians and their subjugation by the proud Milesians; we shall make you familiar with that period of our national existence when the world knew Ireland as the land of saints and scholars—*Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum;* we shall follow the incursions of the Danes and their signal defeat at Clontarf; we shall recall to your minds the events that led to the subjugation of Ireland by the iron-handed Normans and the Saxons in their train; in a word, we shall lecture on pagan Ireland, on Christian Ireland, on unconquerable and ungovernable Ireland, and on the Anglicised Ireland of to-day." (Applause.)

Father Murphy wound up the first section of his lecture with the following apothegm: "The Cosmopolite is unnatural, base; I would fain say impossible. Patriotism is human philanthropy"—a quotation from Thomas Davis, one of many Protestants whom the Father Murphys of Ireland admiringly quote, while they coerce the Catholic to give up all social intercourse with Davis's co-religionists of to-day.[1]

"To illustrate that specimen of humanity," exclaims Father Murphy, "I shall call upon Mr. O'Sullivan."

Mr. Michael O'Sullivan then sang "The Anti-Irish Irishman."

Father Murphy waxes passionately eloquent; he is reported as telling his hearers that "the National Board of Education have succeeded in making us

[1] Died in 1845, at the early age of thirty-one; a graduate of Trinity College, and a barrister who did not practise. It was written of him: "If we pass by the errors of a wrongly-chosen cause, he was entitled truly to the noble name of patriot."

slaves at home, and beggars all the world over." The position of the Irish Catholic could not be more accurately described, nor by a better authority. But it must be evident to all thinking men that the humiliating position of Catholic Irishmen, so far as it is due to the national education system, is the baneful consequence of the policy which has placed the management and control of the system in the hands of the priests of Ireland, who are the most flourishing professional beggars in existence, and whose success in that odious trade exalts mendicancy on a pinnacle before the youth of Ireland as a pursuit worthy of admiration and imitation. It may be truly said of Father Murphy's plethoric colleagues that they are "beggars at home, and beggars all the world over"; and that they are slaves to Rome and to the designing ecclesiastical corporations who rear their heads aloft, like giant weeds, in that unfortunate city; but whose roots are fed with nutriment sucked from the souls and bodies of the "slaves and beggars" of Catholic Ireland.

The priests in Wexford, as elsewhere, weave their hypnotising spells on every possible pretext. For them, time passes in one continual round of Requiems, Months' Minds, Anniversaries, Golden Jubilees, and Saints' Festivals, followed by banquetings in private, from one end of the year to the other. Take the following demonstration—a very commonplace one—for instance, reported in the *Enniscorthy Guardian* of January 18, 1902:—

"The Month's Mind, Office, and High Mass for the repose of the late Very Rev. S. B. Hore, O.S.F., Wexford, was held in the Franciscan Church, Wexford, on Wednesday, at 11 o'clock. The Most Rev. Lord Bishop of Ferns presided at the High Mass, the Very Rev. J. J. Roche, O.S.F., was celebrant; Rev. P. F. Begg, O.S.F.,

deacon; Rev. T. V. O'Grady, O.S.F., sub-deacon; Very Rev. P. D. Kehoe, O.S.F., master of ceremonies; chanters, Revs. P. A. Corish, O.S.F., Clonmel, and J. F. Hanway, O.S.F., Waterford. In the choir: Very Revs. C. F. Begley, O.S.F., Waterford; G. P. Doggette, O.S.F., Drogheda; P. F. Chambers, O.S.F., Cork; T. W. O'Reilly, O.S.F., Dublin; Very Rev. John Crane, O.S.A., Clonmines; Rev. James F. Thompson, O.S.A., do.; Ven. Archdeacon Furlong, D.D., V.F., Gorey; Very Rev. Canon Furlong, P.P., V.F., Taghmon; Very Rev. Canon Whitty, P.P., Lady's Island; Very Rev. Canon O'Gorman, P.P., Kilmore; Very Rev. Canon O'Brien, P.P., Newbawn; Very Rev. Canon O'Neill, P.P., Kilanerin; Very Rev. Canon Cloney, P.P., Castlebridge; Very Rev. Canon Sheil, P.P., Bree; Very Rev. J. F. Canon Doyle, P.P., Ferns; Very Rev. J. Lennon, Superior, M.S.S., Enniscorthy; Very Rev. Canon Doyle, P.P., Tagoat; Very Rev. N. T. Sheridan, President, St. Peter's College; and the Reverends Thomas Meehan, P.P., Ballindaggin; M. O'Sullivan, P.P., Bannow; Wm. Fortune, P.P., Piercestown; Thomas O'Connor, P.P., Tintern; J. Walsh, P.P., Ballymurrin; J. Walsh, P.P., Oylegate; John Corish, P.P., Ballymore; James Murphy, P.P., Cranford; E. Aylward, P.P., Blackwater; James Ryan, P.P., Monageer; John Lyng, P.P., Clongeen; D. W. Redmond, P.P., Glynn; P. Doyle, Adm., Wexford; P. O'Connor, C.C., do.; M. C. Hayden, C.C., do.; J. Hartley, C.C., Barntown; Wm. Hanton, C.C., Murrintown; J. Forrestal, C.C., Kilrane; D. Lyne, C.C., Castlebridge; J. Murphy, C.C., Caim; D. Murphy, C.C., Clearystown; P. King, S.P.C.; T. Scallan, C.C., Ballymitty; J. W. O'Byrne, C.C., Wexford; J. Rossiter, M.S.S., Enniscorthy; A. Hickey, C.C., Coolfancy; P. Sinnott, C.C., Caroreigh; T. Cloney, C.C., Wexford; M. O'Byrne, C.C., do.; T. M. Ryan, C.C., Galbally; B. J. Ennis, C.C.; A. O'Brien, C.C., Tomacork; J. O'Connor, C.L.C.; A. Forrestal, C.C., Blackwater; P. Parker, C.C., Adamstown; N. Codd, C.C., Enniscorthy; P. F. Kehoe, C.C., The Moor; O. Kehoe, Camolin; J. F. Kennedy, C.C., Wexford; J. Rowe, C.C., Kilmore; T. Roche, C.C.,

Andrews & Son

THE LATE REV. S. B. HORE, O.S.F.

One of the Irish "sons of the seraphic patriarch" (p. 347).

"Father Hore's portrait is published in all the local papers, as a souvenir for the people of Wexford, and as an object of reverence and respect."

Bannow; W. Harpur, C.C., Wexford; P. Power, C.C., Raheen; J. Quigley, C.C., Gorey; J. Rossiter, C.C., Terrerath; J. Furlong, C.C., Screen; W. Kehoe, C.C., Rathangan; A. M'Cormick, Ferns; T. Hore, C.C., Gusserane."

What a gathering of priests! How the Franciscans, Augustinians, and the rest must have thronged the narrow streets of Wexford town on that working-day in the middle of the working week! Father Hore's portrait was published in all the local papers as a souvenir for the people of Wexford, and as an object of reverence and respect. He appears to have been a "Soggarth Aroon" in the estimation of the Wexford people:—

"Loyal and brave to you, *Soggarth Aroon!*
Yet not be slave to you, *Soggarth Aroon!*
Nor out of fear to you
Stand up so near to you,
Och! out of fear to *you? Soggarth Aroon!*"

Father Hore may have been a very estimable man; far be it from me to say anything against his memory! But I object to making an example of a man of his class and type; I object to lifting him up as an ideal for our Catholic youth to set before their minds and live up to.

It need not astonish us to find poor Catholic layfolk, who cannot afford to pay for such ecclesiastical labours in memory of their dead friends and relatives, thus bursting forth in the advertisement columns of our Irish papers:—

"In Memoriam. G—(First Anniversary)—In loving memory of our dear mother, Mrs. R. B. G., who departed this life on 21st January 1901, at Lower Mount Street. O immense Passion! O Profound Wounds! O effusion of blood! O Sweetness above all sweetness! Grant her

eternal rest. Eternal rest grant her, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon her." [1]

There is no sadder spectacle to me in Irish life than that of our weak women, influenced and overawed by the performances of the priests in memory of their dead colleagues. The women feel that they must give their emotions vent also in some melodramatic form if they cannot pay for mass; and this method of public advertisement in the papers is the means most frequently resorted to for easing pent-up feelings, and showing the public that they do not forget friends who probably are suffering in Purgatory!

The relative comfort and prosperity of Wexford makes it all the more lamentable that the priests should exercise their depressing and retarding influence over the population. The list of names just set forth, of those attending Father Hore's Month's Mind, will give the reader a fair idea of the importance of the clerical class in the county. Their patronage is solicited, and their wants catered for by the enterprising shopkeepers of every denomination in the towns, as evidenced, for instance, by this advertisement:—

"Enniscorthy invaded! Not by a hostile foe! But by the largest consignment of Teas that has for years been landed under the shadow of Vinegar Hill. P. B. and Co., having purchased strictly for cash the pick of the London markets, they are desirous of bringing this enormous purchase prominently under the notice of the CLERGY, gentry, and general public." [2]

Thus we find the clergy placed first, the gentry second, and the general public last. The custom of the clergy, it is manifest, is the greatest prize open to the

[1] *Evening Telegraph*, Dublin, January 21, 1902.
[2] *Free Press*, January 17, 1902.

energetic Wexford shopkeeper. But, wise in his generation, he does not rely upon tea alone to attract clerical business. He announces "John Jameson's Three Star Whisky, which must be seven years old to warrant the use of their Three Star Capsule." As Mr. Graves, in his well-known song, "advances" Father O'Flynn "without impropriety," so this Enniscorthy shopkeeper advances for the CLERGY, gentry, and general public his "Bishopswater in various ages; but a rare eye-opener is the eleven years' old at twenty shillings per gallon";[1] and "Famous Brandy, fifteen years in wood—a rare pick-me-up"; and, "Jamaica Rum, guaranteed pure, seven years old; a nightcap in the shape of a glass hot before retiring is a safe and simple preventive against that human scourge Influenza"; and an "immense stock of Wines held at prices to suit every one's pocket"; and "Guinness's Extra Stout and Bass's Ale, always in the pink of condition."

The *admitted* number of priests in Wexford in 1901 was 143, monks 24, and theological students 14—total, 181.[2] I doubt the veracity of the official figures for theological students, because the number of students resident at the Ecclesiastical College in Wexford alone is 55, and there are 9 resident students at the Augustinian school at New Ross—total, 64, the bulk of whom, though in a junior grade, must be intended for the priesthood. Let us, however, take the total at 181, and add to it the *admitted* number of nuns in the county, 354, the largest county establishment of nuns in Leinster, excepting Dublin; let us then add male and female teachers under sacerdotal control, 287, and we find the priests' effective army in Wexford numbers

[1] "Bishopswater" is not a "holy water" for ecclesiastical ceremonies; it is the trade name of a whisky distilled in Wexford.

[2] "Census of Ireland," 1901.

822 people. The two nun-managed industrial schools in the county, which drew £3207, 5s. 2d. of public money in 1900, contained 179 vagrant little girls that year; and if we add them to the sacerdotal establishment we find it tots up to a thousand souls, without reckoning the subsidiary religious in the convents and friaries. There is a Magdalen Asylum at New Ross, in which there were 45 selected fallen women in 1901, whose histories I should like to inquire into.

The number of Wexford people who were returned as being unable to "read and write" in 1901 was 29.6 per cent., or nearly one-third of the population, despite, or rather, because of, the sacerdotal army! The anti-marriage organisations being in such a position of power in Wexford, it need not astonish us to find that out of the total decrease in population from 1891 to 1901, namely 7959, only 3960 can be attributed to emigration.

The inventive genius of Wexford in the religion-business of Ireland is evidenced by an institution known as the House of Missions in Enniscorthy—purveyors of history made to order—in which a number of secular priests live in community as regular priests; and by a resolution from its district councils that post-offices and other public departments in the county should be closed on Saints' days. Alas, Wexford, the Gaelic League alone was wanting to crown your sacerdotalism! There is not a single human being in the county who speaks Irish only; but, in the decade from 1891 to 1901, the priests' national schools swelled the number of misguided youths who patter the Irish numerals from 320 to 1320.

In 1871, when the population of Wexford was 132,666, the priests, monks, and nuns numbered only 293; in 1881, when the population had fallen to 123,854, the

sacerdotal organisation had risen to 418; in 1891, with the population down to 111,798, the priests and their religious satellites had increased to 495; and in 1901, to embarrass a Roman Catholic population of 95,435, we find an *admitted* record total of 535 priests, monks, and nuns.

The adjacent county of Wicklow, which in 1871 had a population of 78,697, contained only 60,679 people in 1901. In 1871 it supported only 107 priests, monks, and nuns; to-day, when it has lost 18,018 of its people, its priests, monks, and nuns number 227, an increase of over 100 per cent.! The male and female teachers under sacerdotal control number 196, which makes the strength of the sacerdotal service in the county 423 persons. The county contains the priest-managed reformatory of Glencree, which draws £4327, 17s. 8d. of public money, or a pension of £25, 6s. 11d. per head, per annum, for the 169 criminal boys within its walls; and the nun-managed "industrial" school at Rathdrum, which takes £1100, 10s. 10d. per annum for 60 derelict girls. The Imperial Government is represented in Wicklow by 123 male and female civil servants. The local government staff, including police, municipal, parish, union, district, and county officials, male and female, only amounts to 259. The strength of the imperial service is, therefore, not much over one-fourth and the local government service is only three-fifths of the strength of the sacerdotal service. The two secular services combined fall far short of the Roman Catholic sacerdotal establishment in the county.[1]

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1901.

CHAPTER XXV

THE PRIESTS' ARMY IN LEINSTER

THE entire Roman Catholic population of Leinster in 1901 was 981,026, distributed amongst twelve counties —Carlow, Dublin, Kildare, Kilkenny, King's, Longford, Louth, Meath, Queen's, Westmeath, Wexford, and Wicklow—and including the metropolis of Dublin. I have dealt in some detail with eight of those counties and with the metropolis; and the conditions under which Roman Catholics live in the four remaining counties—Meath, Westmeath, Queen's, and Wicklow—may be fairly inferred from the pictures of priests and people that I have drawn. I shall now sum up the Roman Catholic sacerdotal organisation of the province, whose members are maintained in riches by the complaining and distracted people. And it must be borne in mind that, in addition to what they draw directly from the people, the priests wield important patronage under more than one department of State, and draw large sums of public money under various Acts of Parliament.

In the first place, the hierarchy of the province—of whom British statesmen and Nationalist Members of Parliament speak in bated breath and whispering humbleness — consists of the Archbishop and coadjutor Bishop of Dublin and his three suffragan Bishops of Ossory, Ferns, and Kildare and Leighlin; and the two Bishops of Meath and Ardagh, who are under

the jurisdiction of Cardinal Logue; that is to say, an archbishop and six bishops resident in the province.

I find that, on their own admission, there are 888 secular priests in the parishes and diocesan colleges in Leinster. It is impossible to get the exact strength of the regular priests in the province; but they admit 342, which would give a total of 1230 secular and regular clergy in Leinster. If these were 1230 clergymen of any of the Reformed Churches, there would be nothing more to say of them; except, perhaps, to add that they were bringing up 1230 healthy families, all of whom were destined to do some service to the State. But our 1230 Leinster priests are not only men apart from the people, rearing no families, contributing nothing to the commonwealth; but, in addition, they are surrounded by a force of subsidiary sacerdotal persons who, though not ordained, are also withdrawn from the service of the country, and whose numbers are certainly six, and probably seven, times the number of the priests. And these subsidiary thousands not alone live in comfort themselves, but also play the part of jackals and feeders to the priests. In addition to the establishments of regular priests, which I have set forth in the city of Dublin, to find a parallel for whose numbers we would have to go to Italy, there are the following settlements of regular priests in the country districts of Leinster, each of which may be truly described as a centre of disturbance and mental distraction for the lay people in its vicinity.

The Augustinians have friaries at New Ross and Clonmines in county Wexford, at Callan and at Drogheda. The Capuchins are in Kilkenny. The Calced Carmelites are in Kildare, Moate, and Knocktopher. The Dominicans are at Drogheda, Dundalk,

Newbridge, Athy, and Kilkenny. The Franciscans are settled at Multyfarnham, Athlone, and Wexford. The Oblates are settled at Glencree and Philipstown. The Redemptorists are in Dundalk. The Jesuits are at Clongowes Wood and at Tullamore. The Marists are in Dundalk. So much for the priests.

The Christian Brothers are in Athy, Mullingar, Kells, Kilkenny, Callan, Carlow, Maryborough, Portarlington, Monasterevan, Naas, Kilcock, Wexford, New Ross, Enniscorthy, Gorey, Drogheda, and Dundalk. The Presentation Brothers are at Birr. The Brothers of St. Patrick are at Tullow and Mountrath. The Brothers of the Christian Schools are at Ardee, Kildare, Bagenalstown, Kilkenny, and Mountrath; Franciscan Brothers at Clara, and Marist Brothers at Athlone. The full number of inmates in regular houses, whether of priests or monks, is unknown; for novices, lay-brothers, sacerdotal students, and others are not given under the head of clergy in official returns.

It may be contended that these men work at teaching. I reply, so much the worse is it for the country. If they left the teaching to be done by competent, honest laymen, and lived idle themselves, I should gladly support a vote of public money for their sustenance for life; for I feel certain their craft would die with the present generation, and the next generation would enjoy the advantages of proper clergymen and proper teachers. It is by their influence on the minds of the children that they work the irreparable harm to the country, not by the abstraction of money from the adults. If the child could be freed, the onslaught on the adult's purse would soon become a negligible evil. Let us now pass on to the female religious of Leinster.

The condition of the women in any country is an unerring index of the degree of civilisation which

prevails amongst its inhabitants. Judged by this standard, it would be difficult to find a lower state of civilisation than that which prevails in Roman Catholic Ireland. Sacerdotalism being in the ascendant, the women are relegated to an inferior position by the almighty bachelors. All improving reading is forbidden. Their minds are a blank. They are bred up in superstition, silliness, and cowardice. Their education is entirely monopolised by ladies, well-meaning and deceived, but, nevertheless, the cowardliest and most superstitious women in the country, namely, the nuns who have themselves fled in sheer dismay from the world, as it has been painted for them by the confessors and bishops. I do not impugn the *bonâ-fides* of the nuns when I write thus. I regard them as well-intentioned but misguided, incompetent, and terrified women. The nuns are the reverse, that is to say, of everything that the womankind of a brave race would be. They are an important section of our womankind; and we commit the national crime of entrusting to them the formation of our daughters' characters, and we suffer for it.

In the eight counties of Kilkenny, Louth, Westmeath, Carlow, Meath, Kildare, King's, and Longford there are 1146 *admitted* professed nuns. That figure does not, of course, account for more than half the inmates of the convents, such as novices, lay sisters, and others; but I am not concerned with that now. I wish to lay stress upon the point that those eight counties contain 48,076 girls, between the ages of ten and twenty; their population is nine-tenths Roman Catholic; yet, in their own most favourable estimate, they only claim that 831 girls are receiving "superior" education! The "superior" education so called is not good education; but, such as it is, they only give it to 831 girls out of

48,076, while there are 1146 nuns. While the women of Roman Catholic Ireland are wronged as they are, we, Catholic Irishmen, shall remain what we are, a nation of cowards—a people who, judged solely by their past acts, are the meanest pure white race in the world. We profess to admire the Boers. When shall we try to be like them? When shall we treat our women as *they* do? When shall we entirely dispense with the coward-manufacturing priest, as *they* do? When shall we appeal to God and trust in God *directly* in our trouble, as *they* do? When shall each man of us make his own of Christ's message to mankind? When shall we begin to be good internally and abandon hypocritical and superstitious formalities? When shall we be truthful and brave, instead of being "ingrained liars," as Huxley called our parliamentary representatives? Ah, when? Is there a Methuselah living who shall see that blessed day? Assuredly, one of the first stages on the road to that end must be the emancipation of our women from the contagion of the priest.

Let us observe how our Irish women and girls are employing themselves all over the fair province of Leinster, outside nun-ridden Dublin; while weeds grow upon ten thousand hearths beside which busy spindles hummed when nuns were unknown in Ireland. If they can live at home as nuns, why can they not do so as mothers, wives, and daughters? The answer is, Because the spell of the priest, like witchcraft, is upon them. They are bewitched; they are not themselves; they are madcaps; brainless, heartless sprites; they are changelings.

They desert their fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, and fly within the convent walls in order to save their souls! The younger girls are deluded into

thinking that their retreat from the world is a sacrifice to God, and that their conduct is worthy of admiration. But, before they are many years inside the walls, the gilt wears off their gingerbread, and they find themselves the tools and henchwomen of designing priests, with no consolation save what their worm-eaten minds may find in those degrading practices of paganism and superstition so well known to us all—statue-worshipping, clay-kissing, relic-adoring, and all the rest of that agglomeration of Hottentotism which, vain women, they call "the faith"! Cowardly daughters of Ireland, you heartlessly desert your struggling kith and kin! Cowardly parents of Ireland, afraid that your neglected daughters will be a burden to you, you join with the priest in inducing them to enter the religious jail, where mind and body are kept in fetters! Heartless nuns of Ireland, as you deserted your parents, so you desert, and are deserted by, one another when in serious trouble. When one of your number falls ill, you compel her to apply for pecuniary help to the home which she left, and in which she is no longer welcome. O girls of Ireland, the cowardliest and most ignoble fashion in which you can crawl through life to the grave—the most contemptible and selfish existence which can be led by woman—begins when you enter one of these convents established by our designing priests!

Our convents are no longer societies of well-to-do ladies retired from the world for contemplation, and living like Christians in community. That may have been the case fifty years ago, when convents were few. To-day our convents are, to a great extent, barracks of penniless women engaged in the sordid work of extracting money from the public, either from the Government or from individuals, in order to enrich

the sacerdotal organisation—taking money under Poor Law Acts, Industrial Schools and Reformatory Acts, Technical Instruction Acts; and begging from a people whose whines re-echo throughout the world. Their practices are nearer to paganism than Christianity. Their inmates are the most deceived and degenerate section of the most degenerate people in North Europe or North America.

They call themselves Dominicans in Drogheda and Wicklow; Presentation Nuns in Drogheda, Tullamore, Mullingar, Carlow, Maryborough, Kildare, Bagenalstown, Clane, Portarlington, Mountmellick, Stradbally, Baltinglass, Kilcock, Enniscorthy, Wexford, Kilkenny, Kilmacow, Castlecomer, and Mooncoin; Sisters of Mercy at Arklow, Athy, Dundalk, Ardee, Tullamore, Frankford, Navan, Keils, Drogheda, Rochfortbridge, Clara, Trim, Kilbeggan, Carlow, Naas, Rathangan, Monasterevan, Longford, Moate, Newtownforbes, Ballymahon, Granard, Edgeworthstown, Wexford, Enniscorthy, New Ross, Callan, Kilkennny, Borris-in-Ossory, and Thomastown; Sisters of Charity at Drogheda and Kilkenny; Sisters of Loreto at Balbriggan, Navan, Mullingar, Gorey, Enniscorthy, Wexford, and Kilkenny; Sisters of the Order of Cluny at Ferbane; Sisters of *La Sainte Union* at Banagher and Athlone; Sisters of St. Bridget at Tullow, Ballyroan, Mountrath, Abbeyleix, and Goresbridge; Carmelite Nuns at New Ross; Sisters of the Good Shepherd at New Ross; Faithful Companions of Jesus at Newtownbarry; Sisters of St. Louis at Ramsgrange; Sisters of St. John of God at Wexford, Kilkenny, Castlecomer, and Thomastown; Sisters of Perpetual Adoration at Wexford; Sisters of the Holy Faith at Mullinavat, Kilcool, and Newtownmountkennedy; Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Mary at Ferrybank; Sisters of the Holy Cross at Kilcullen; Poor Clares

at Carlow-Graigue ; and Sisters of Mary Immaculate at Newbridge !

What an army ! What a heritage for a poor province to possess ! This gives us a total of 84 convents in Leinster, outside the city of Dublin. In addition to these, there are the settlements of nuns in the Union poorhouses all over the province. The number of nuns *admitted* in 10 of the 12 Leinster counties, in 1901, was 1727. I shall put down the number of nuns in the 12 counties, outside Dublin and its suburbs, at 2000 ; which would represent an average community of 24 professed nuns in each convent. Some of the convents who admit their strength have 50, 60, 70, and 80 nuns in community, while some, Rathfarnham for instance, have over 100. But I prefer to be under than over the mark, and I shall let the figure stand at 2000 for Leinster, outside the metropolis. In the metropolis we find the professed nuns partially admitted as 1649, and, adding the Orders who do not admit their strength, I place the number of metropolitan nuns at 2000. This gives us 4000 professed nuns for all Leinster. Therefore I hold that, exclusive of pupils, the Leinster convents contain within their walls, at a moderate estimate, 6000 women, principal and subsidiary, devoted to the service of the sacerdotal organisation in Ireland.

There are 1230 secular and regular priests within the province. We may put down the theological students at the same figure, which is moderate, seeing that one county alone, Kildare, contains half the number. That gives us a total of 2460 priests and sacerdotal students. Let us add for lay brothers and novices in the regular friaries in city and counties 400 ; and for the 26 establishments of Monks and Christian Brothers in the province, and the 20 establishments of Christian Brothers in the city, total 46

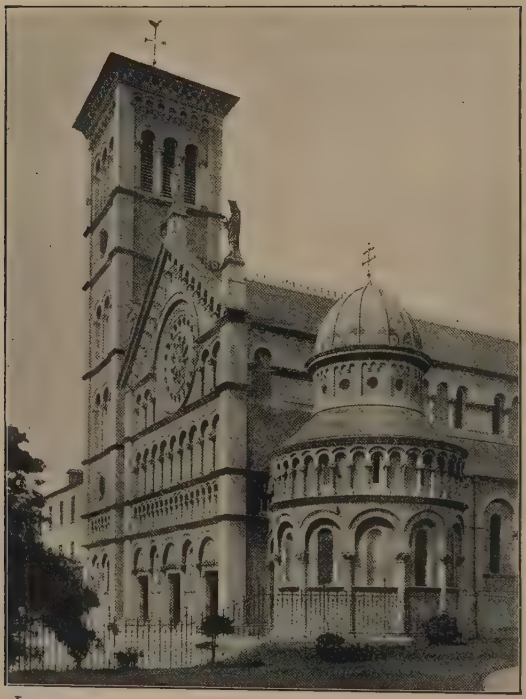
establishments, say 300. That would give us a total of 3160 male religious and 6000 female religious in the province of Leinster—figures which are well within the mark—grand total, 9160!

In 1871, when Leinster contained 188,966 more people than it does now, its priests, monks, nuns, and theological students only numbered 3638—and who will say that it was not sufficient?[1]

Our members howl in Parliament about the million odd pounds which the Imperial Treasury pays for maintaining the Royal Irish Constabulary. But the cost of the Irish police is a bagatelle compared with the millions of money which this Leinster clerical brigade alone draws from the Treasury coffers as well as from the dwindling, shrinking Roman Catholic people! It is true the sacerdotal brigade contributes a contemptuous dole to the Irish Party, while the Constabulary contribute nothing to that war-chest.

But I would remind our members that, if the Constabulary men stand by at evictions, they also bury the Bridget Clearys that have been burned alive by their husbands, and the James Cunninghams who have been hacked to death by their brothers, under the curse of priest-inspired superstitions, and they solace the poor mothers who, driven mad by our religion, murder their infant families to save the little children from the flames of hell. The Constabulary is a force composed of Irishmen, married and living in the world, and taking nothing from the State but their wages; and if they cannot find a better way of living, it is because of the death-in-life condition to which Catholic Ireland has been reduced by the priests.

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1871.



Lawrence.

THE NEW THURLES CATHEDRAL

"There is no county in Ireland in which superstitious beliefs and practices are more prevalent than in Tipperary" (p. 485).

CHAPTER XXVI

IN THE PROVINCE OF MUNSTER

It will not be necessary to devote much space to Munster, for the forces of sacerdotalism which are at work there to retard civilisation, decrease population, and deform the mind, are the same which I have described in Leinster and Connaught and in the Catholic portion of Ulster. If a Protestant race inhabited this noble province, it would be one of the richest and most important tracts of territory in North Europe. It is my native province. I love it, and I love the "decent," inconsiderate people who inhabit it, best of all the natives of Ireland. Therefore it is that I feel urged on to chastise and chasten them more unsparingly than the mysterious ravens of the West, or the blind Roman Catholics of Ulster who sin against the light and will not see, or the pleasure-pursuing, horse-racing, card-playing Roman Catholics of Leinster.

When I think of my glorious native province, watered by the Shannon, the Lee, the Blackwater, the Suir, the Bride, the Bandon, and a thousand other streams that never fail, and contemplate the havoc wrought in it by the priest, I cannot suppress my emotion. I find it difficult to write dispassionately about its condition. The splendour of its mountains from Carrantual to Slieve-na-mon, from Devil's Bit to Mount Gabriel; the heavenly beauty of its lakes and estuaries from Killarney to Dunmore; the magnificence and utility of its harbours; the freedom and richness of its un-

dulating plains; the romance of its deep, fern-clad, heather-blushing, furze-yellowed, rowan-reddened glens, where streams rush full under snowy foam in mid-summer—all rise up before my mind and call upon me to do something, however small, to rouse the people to their duties. A fairer land perverted from every useful, elevating purpose, it would be difficult to find in the middle of modern civilisation. A more insidious, priest-inflicted mental deformity, a more deadly spiritual blight does not possess white men anywhere within the temperate zones. Ruin of mind, wrought in the name of religion, pervades all Munster. It is not a ruin worked by violence which compels the attention of humanity; it is rather the shrinkage of decay, proceeding like a leprosy. The young people fly from it. All the Bishop Foleys in Ireland cannot detain them, unless when they can entice them to submit to the sacerdotal harness, the Roman collar or the bandeau, before they have got well into their 'teens. A permanent decrease in population, accompanied by a decrease in emigration and a failure of natural increase amongst the Roman Catholic people, are to be found all over Munster. The failure of natural increase is due, not, as in France, to a settled policy on the part of married people, but to the taking of anti-marriage vows by the thousands of our able-bodied young men and women, who are misled, year by year, into joining the sacerdotal organisation. The priests attribute the decrease in our population entirely to emigration; and the priests' press and priests' members of Parliament endorse that view. But the anti-marriage vows of the sacerdotal organisation are as much to blame as emigration for the loss of population. It is only in the western Irish counties that the loss from emigration will account for the decrease of popu-

lation. In most of the others a second cause of decrease must be supplied. Wicklow, for instance, lost 3668 in the decade from 1891 to 1901, but only 1691 of these emigrated. During the same period, King's County lost 5376 in population, while the emigrants numbered only 3708; Kildare lost 6640 people, but of that number only 2113 emigrated—and Kildare is one of the most priest-infested counties in Ireland; Meath lost 8614 people, but only 4358 of these emigrated—it is a most priest-ridden county; Carlow lost 4216 of its inhabitants, while only 2610 of them emigrated; Westmeath lost 6982 people, but only 3354 were emigrants; Louth lost 6094 people, but only 2803 of these were emigrants; Kilkenny lost 8337, but only 4835 were emigrants. So it is all over Ireland, except in some of the counties on the western seaboard, where the marrying classes of the community are sufficiently prolific to maintain the anti-marriage fraternity at full strength and send off sufficient emigrants to account for the decrease in population. The highest birth-rate in Ireland, 28.4 per 1000 in 1900, was to be found in Protestant Antrim; the lowest, 18.7 per 1000, in Catholic Roscommon, Meath, and Westmeath, with all their anti-marriage associations.

The province of Munster is the most Roman Catholic province in Ireland. Its population in 1901 was 1,075,075, having fallen from 2,404,460 since 1841. Of the 1,075,075 people who now inhabit it, 1,007,283 are Roman Catholics, the balance, 67,792, being members of the various reformed Christian churches. The priest is therefore the lord of Munster. The newspapers see through him, but they flatter him; for in himself alone he represents a large circulation and advertisement business, and holds the provincial press in the hollow of his hand. The professional men privately despise him, but are forced to beg for his influence. The

traders and farmers partially see through him, but he infuses them with such a spirit of laziness and cowardice, and so distorts their minds in youth, that, while they are always in a state of smothered repudiation of his pretensions, they pass through life without assailing him. All classes, but especially the labourers, fly from him in thousands across the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean. The decrease in population in Catholic Munster, during the decade 1891–1901, was 8.4 per cent., whereas the decrease of Leinster was only 3.5, and of Ulster 2.4 per cent. Even congested Connaught only decreased 1.3 per cent. more than Munster.

I give an illustration of some young Munster men at work near the Arctic circle in British territory. During the long nine months of winter, when outdoor labour was impossible, they have been working in a tunnel of their own boring in the mountain side, excavating and loosening the auriferous soil. Now that summer, with its unending daylight has come, they are washing out and extracting the gold from the rocks and clay excavated in the permanent darkness of winter. Such industry and courage ought to win for their possessors a rich reward in their native land. But an inscrutable Providence decrees that it should be otherwise. Those young Irishmen, my brothers-in-law, were not deterred from seeking fortune and freedom abroad by Bishop Foley's coward-manufacturing creed. The Roman Catholic priest is not to be found in their district, to the great gain, in my opinion, of the community. He will not arrive until the place can comfortably support a contingent of cowards.

The Roman Catholic sacerdotal organisation of Munster would be more than sufficient for all Catholic Ireland. The hierarchy consists of the Archbishop and coadjutor bishop of Cashel, and the seven bishops of

Cork, Cloyne, Ross, Kerry, Waterford, Limerick, and Killaloe, making a total of nine bishops for the province. The diocese of Kilfenora, in the north of Clare, is mercifully kept in abeyance for the present and administered by the Bishop of Galway, until, perhaps, a further decrease in the lay population and a corresponding increase in the sacerdotal organisation renders the appointment of an extra bishop indispensable.

The archdiocese of Cashel comprises the larger part of Tipperary and portion of county Limerick. There is no county in Ireland in which superstitious beliefs and practices are more prevalent than in Tipperary,[1] and in the portion of it included in this diocese. The horrible wife-burning case at Ballyvadlea, in which the inhabitants of a whole townland were implicated—and during the progress of which mass was celebrated in the house—and the appalling infant-slaughter at Cappawhite were perpetrated within the confines of this diocese.[2] The archbishop resides at Thurles, and I give an illustration of the costly cathedral in that town. The vindictiveness of the people in Tipperary is such that they refuse to bury the bodies of their enemies, even though they be their own nearest kin. Quite recently a poor Roman Catholic woman living in the vicinity of Templemore, whose only tangible offence was that she had let her house to the constabulary, was treated thus when she died; and her remains had to be interred by the police, as if they were those of a deserted animal. We are accustomed nowadays to blame the Regular priests and deal leniently with the secular clergy when discussing the mental degradation, anti-Christian vindictiveness and superstition which are to be found—and have always been found—united with an intense degree of Roman Catholic religiosity. But here, in this

[1] See "Five Years in Ireland." [2] Ibid.

archdiocese of Tipperary, let me point out, if it be any vindication of the Regulars, that the people are, except for one small friary in Fethard, altogether under the charge of the secular priests. Oh, what tyrants those priests of Tipperary are! Oh, what serfs are the "Rorys of the Hills" of this "premier" county, as its inhabitants call it! The treatment of Government officials and Protestants in Thurles from 1880 to 1890 would disgrace a savage community—

> "He swung his first-born in the air,
> While joy his heart did fill—
> 'You'll be a FREEMAN yet, my boy,'
> Said Rory of the Hill."[1]

I doubt it. The Tipperary Rorys will never free the children of Ireland. There are too many "Patrick Sheehans" in the county for that:—

> "A poor neglected mendicant
> I wandered through the street,
> My nine months' pension now being out,
> I beg from all I meet."[1]

The richness of the soil in many districts of Tipperary surpasses anything to be met with in these kingdoms, and there are inevitably a number of comfortable persons, traders and farmers, in the county of the Golden Vale; but the mental and spiritual penury of those people cannot be overstated. I should be inclined to say that the Tipperary priests are the richest in Ireland, the absence of Regulars making for their aggrandisement. The number of parish priests and curates in the diocese is 113; there are 14 priests in the sacerdotal college at Thurles, and 13 in a second sacerdotal college kept by the priests of the Holy Ghost at Cashel; and there is

[1] Verses by Kickham, the Tipperary poet-laureate, breathing a spirit of meanness which disgraces Ireland. The song about Patrick Sheehan, a Tipperary hero, might have been written for a professional beggar.

an Augustinian Friary at Fethard, in which there are 3 priests admitted; total, 143 priests. There are Christian Brothers at Thurles, Doon, Fethard, Tipperary, Cashel, and Hospital. The following powerful contingents of nuns are quartered in the diocese: Ursulines at Thurles, 54; Presentation Nuns—at Thurles 38, Ballingarry 21, Cashel 38, Fethard 19, Hospital 16; Sisters of Mercy—at Templemore 22, at Tipperary 50, Drangan 7, Doon 19, Thurles 8, New Inn 12, Cashel 6. The number of nuns in the diocese is given at 322, and monks 24.[1] I do not know how many theological students there are at the Thurles College, but there are 25 burses for students for the foreign mission, to encourage young Irishmen to become priests in Catholic countries where the natives will not join the sacerdotal army. The inclusive pension for boarders studying at this college for the Home Mission is £33, 10s., and for the Foreign Mission £29, 10s., but the free burses reduce the Foreign Mission pensions to £19, 10s., £14, 10s., or £9, 10s. per annum. What an inducement to a lazy youth to go in for the foreign priesthood! What a chance of escape from the spade and honest labour a pension of £9, 10s. per annum for board and education (?) presents to youthful "Patrick Sheehan from the Glen of Aherlow!" I shall advisedly put down the theological students of all stages, at Cashel and Thurles, at 100, which would make the total priests, nuns, monks, and students 589. There are four female industrial schools—at Templemore, Cashel, Thurles, and Tipperary—managed by nuns, which contained 251 vagrant girls in 1900, supported at a cost of £4450 to the State—a higher pension per child than many of the students for the foreign mission pay at Thurles! The northern portion of Tipperary is in the diocese

[1] *Catholic Directory*, 1902.

of Killaloe; the southern portion in that of Waterford, with which I shall deal presently. In 1861, Tipperary had a population of 249,106; in 1901, its population had fallen to 159,754—a loss of 90,000 people in forty years, due partly to emigration and partly to religious, anti-marriage associations.

The diocese of Waterford comprises the whole of county Waterford and a considerable portion of South Tipperary; and it represents, in my opinion, the lowest stage of progressive civilisation co-existent with great natural opportunities to be found in Roman Catholic Ireland. Waterford is, next to Dublin, the most priest-infested territory in Ireland. How shall I count up the lists of male and female religious in this diocese, where priests accumulate and men decay? Like the Kilkenny people, the Waterford frogs croak occasionally under the stone-pelting of the priests. They too returned a Parnellite member as a protest against the species of extinction known as smothering by priest. But frogs are not a match for boys with stones in hand; and the frogs by the Suir and their member, Mr. John Redmond, have long since re-collapsed into their religious mud-swamps. Notwithstanding their omnipotence at home, the sacerdotal frog-pelters of the Waterford diocese are looked upon as very poor, small beer by the authorities in Italy who rule them. The Italians, on the last two occasions on which the bishopric was vacant, appointed two outsiders to the see, ignoring the selections of the Waterford priests. The present bishop was a curate, for instance, in a city parish in Cork when he was suddenly promoted to the bishopric of Waterford. Few people in Waterford knew him or of him; but he was dubbed "beloved" and "revered" by the pompous-lazy citizens of the "Urbs Intacta" five minutes after he had paid toll at the Bridge of Piles. This

recalcitrant, priest-ridden, historic city of Waterford possesses natural advantages unsurpassed by any city or town in Ireland. It is the most convenient gate of the south through which the produce of Ireland should flow across to the densely-populated mining regions of Wales. It is an unrivalled site for manufactures. The Suir is as fine a river as the Foyle. Indeed, if Waterford were peopled by a free race, it should be one of the wealthiest cities in Ireland; while if the hinterland behind it in Tipperary and Kilkenny were free, it might be one of the happiest and wealthiest towns in the United Kingdom. The lack-life air of Waterford, with its 26,764 inhabitants, the dirt and incompetence and futility which are its predominant features, when contrasted with its possibilities, forcibly illustrate for the thoughtful and sympathetic Irishman the evils which excessive addiction to priest brings upon our native land. A walk up Barronstrand Street, Michael Street, and Broad Street on a Saturday afternoon is like a promenade through a town of imbeciles. No names on the street corners; shopkeepers at their doors, with hands deep in trousers-pockets, unable to say whether they live in Broad Street or John Street; potatoes and turnips lying, as if they were never to be removed, in heaps in the thoroughfares; dirt triumphant; filthy women by the score, bareheaded, barefooted, half their anatomies showing in the rents of their ragged clothes; drinking, snuffing, smoking, spitting in full swing everywhere; stagnant, respectable-looking people staring about their surroundings as if turned to stone; shops unattended to—I walked into three shops in a quarter of an hour and knocked repeatedly at the counter, but left without seeing a human being. Since last I had visited Waterford whole families of Catholics, at that time well-to-do,

had melted out of the town. Their businesses have gone with them. Last night those imbecile expectorators of John Street smashed a Salvation Army man to pieces in the street, while respectably-dressed men spat in the faces of the Salvation Army girls! This is the land of the Priest in Power; and I write of April 1902.

Let us leave the stifling aroma of this priests' "forcing bed," as Bishop Foley would say, and go down to the Quay where the noble Suir flows, beneath Mount Misery and the green Kilkenny shore, as it did before priest, monk, or nun was heard of. What a noble river! If it were anywhere else in North Europe, it would be spanned by a bridge or bridges as noble as itself. But the devotees of Waterford are so engrossed by the business of the priests, monks, and nuns, let in between long intervals of speech-making, loafing, Christian-maiming, retreat-making, and funeral-walking, a favourite Waterford occupation, that they could not bridge a puddle, much less the Suir. The pig-dealers of Ballybricken, the corporation, the harbour commissioners, even the priests, monks, and nuns themselves, with all their Red Indian pride, have to make obeisance before the publicans who sit "at receipt of custom" on the Bridge of Piles. More important for Waterford than Horatius was for Rome when he held the bridge "in the brave days of old" is the English or Scotch firm, as the case may be, which farms the Bridge of Piles under a triennial contract.

"Oh, the last company were so laynient and so agreeable to the, a, citizens, they never stopped a poor woman on her way to the, a, city if she hadn't a halfpenny about her. The leeyut (late) company was so nice!"

"Wan ferrum that had the bridge were very exacting, very strict entirely—martinets, you know—not is much is an infant wouldn't be let across adout pain'."

And so forth; they will spend an afternoon discussing the bridge with you if you are prepared to listen. The principal railway terminus, communicating with Dublin and the entire North, West, and Midlands of Ireland, is across the river. Railway companies elect to pay a fixed sum of £2000 and upwards per year to the Bridge in lieu of tolls; carrying and shipping firms pay annual stipends of £1000 and upwards to the Bridge. The hotels possessing buses pay one or two hundred pounds a year each in commutation of tolls to the Bridge. I cannot help spelling it with a capital letter—this Bridge—in presence of which the lazy, lay dupes and clerical bullies of Waterford all sing dumb.

The dashing jarvies are in the Mall—the one respectable site in the town—flicking their whips and causing their horses to prance. Their shaft-points are on a level with their horses' shoulders; their traces are a foot too long; their surnames—Flynn, Hogan, O'Hara, Rourke, Maguire, Sheehan, and so forth—stand out in large type on their back panels. Off dashes Maguire without a fare, leaving the meet of jarvies on the Mall, for a scurry through the aroma-laden streets of the hill-side. Up steps Flynn, fareless, after a similar excursion. A train from Dublin is due at the terminus across the Bridge, but they dare not go to meet it, for the toll both ways is sixpence. So they tame their hearts of fire. It rains three days out of four in Waterford; but, except the hotel buses, there is not a covered vehicle in the city. And often, in a teeming rain, you will see Hogan, Sheehan, O'Hara, Flynn, and the rest of the jarvies on their outside cars eagerly looking for fares about the corner of Reginald's Tower.

Deluded people of Waterford! they are so busily engaged in maintaining all the bridges by which they hope to pass from Mount Misery to heaven, that they

have no energy left to build a free bridge across the Suir. Poor people, the religious Bridges by which they hope to cross the Styx are not free either; their tolls are far higher than those of the Bridge of Piles.

Waterford is declining, though it possesses unsurpassed natural advantages; but its sacerdotal organisation grows and prospers exceedingly. It is full of sacerdotal institutions, all in flourishing condition. Bishop Sheehan resides at John's Hill, and has under his immediate charge St. John's College for the education of ecclesiastics, which "receives students from all parts of Ireland, and never fails to provide suitable mission for them." There is the De La Salle Training College, of which I give an illustration, subsidised by Government, and managed by the Christian Brothers, for the "training" of National Teachers. The other variety of Christian Brothers possesses a splendid establishment at Mount Sion and Waterpark College. The Dominicans and Franciscans possess churches and priories in the town. Bishop Sheehan is President of the Lunatic Asylum and Technical Instruction Committee. The Brothers of Charity manage Belmont Park "for the treatment of mentally-affected gentlemen." Every variety of religious institution is to be found in Waterford, and they are all flourishing. It is only the town itself and the lay Catholics that are decaying. There is a grand Presentation Convent with 25 *admitted* nuns; a convent of Little Sisters of the Poor, 17 nuns—a splendid building at Manor Hill; a convent of Sisters of Charity, 21 nuns; an Ursuline Convent with 76 admitted nuns, who consider themselves several grades above all their sisters in religion in Waterford; a convent of Sisters of St. John of God, with 22 *admitted* nuns; and, last and significant appendage to the list, a convent of the Good Shepherd, with 39

nuns, and in which there is a Magdalen Asylum with 120 selected inmates. Associated with this Magdalen Asylum, and conducted by the same nuns, is a State-supported "industrial" school, drawing £3173, 9s. 9d. per annum of public money for its 170 vagrant little girls. I do not think it is right that an "industrial" school and a Magdalen Asylum should be conducted by the same community of nuns. There are 20 secular and 8 regular priests *admitted* in the city, beside the Christian Brothers, whose strength is not given, and the 200 nuns. In the rest of the diocese, outside the city of Waterford, there are the Augustinians at Dungarvan; the Cistercians at Mount Melleray, of whose place I give an illustration in this volume, who admit a community of a Lord Abbot, 28 priests, and 42 monks; Franciscans at Carrickbeg and Clonmel; the Order of Charity at Clonmel, where they carry on an "industrial" school, and draw £2907, 4s. 10d. per annum for it; Christian Brothers at Carrick-on-Suir, Clonmel, Dungarvan, and Lismore; Sisters of Charity, at Clonmel 18 nuns, and Tramore 10 nuns; Sisters of Mercy, at Cahir 52 nuns, at Cappoquin 23 nuns—they manage an industrial school in this town, for which they draw £1026, 2s. 3d. per annum; at Ardmore, at Carrick-on-Suir 40 nuns, at Dungarvan 30 nuns, at Dunmore 26 nuns, at Kilmacthomas 17 nuns, at Portlaw 12 nuns, at Stradbally 16 nuns; Loreto nuns at Clonmel; and Carmelite nuns at Tallow. All these religious houses are drawing money from the Government for national schools, industrial schools, and technical education schools, besides legacies and subscriptions from individuals.

The total number of priests in the diocese is given at 162; there are 10 monasteries of Brothers whose strength is not given, but which we may put down at

100, as they own some very large establishments here, and 22 convents of nuns containing, on their own admission,[1] 575 professed nuns. Let us put theological students down at 100 for all establishments, regular and secular, and we shall find a religious army of about 1000 persons in this diocese, without counting the subsidiary religious in the convents and elsewhere. But we must add to this total all the lay National Teachers in the diocese before one can realise the effective forces of the priest in Waterford—the immense organisation which soaks up into itself, like a flaccid sponge, all the energy and spirit of Roman Catholic Waterford and South Tipperary.

The maiming of the poor Salvation Army man indicates the spirit of the urban portion of this priests' territory. I shall now give an instance of the mental condition of the inhabitants of the rural districts. On the night of the 30th of April each year all the superstitious Roman Catholics in Tipperary and Waterford remain up all night watching with their cows lest their enemies should come in the small hours of May morning to bewitch them, and thereby spoil the milk and butter for the summer season. A man named Russell —it may not have been through superstition, but rather for the protection of his property—so remained up in his cowhouse near Ballyporeen this year.[2] At three o'clock in the morning "he observed, through the dim light, a man with a flowing beard enter stealthily, with a tin vessel in his hand, and proceed to milk one of the cattle, with the obvious purpose of bewitching them. He was just beginning his mysterious ceremonies when Russell sprang upon him and felled him to the ground." Bravely done, Russell! The Clogheen magistrates sentenced the milk-thief and

[1] *Catholic Directory*, 1902. [2] *Evening Herald*, May 5, 1902.

bewitcher to three months' hard labour, which was also well done. But the most serious phase of this question cannot be brought before the magistrates. All round that district, in the three counties of Waterford, Tipperary, and Cork, the farmers pay the priests to say masses in their houses during the month of May to keep away the evil spirits from their cattle and make the milk of their cows fruitful in butter. I know a parish in the diocese of Cloyne which adjoins Waterford diocese, not far from this spot, in which the priests boasted that they had not time to celebrate all the butter masses, for the celebration of which they were paid in May this year. Russell adopted much more effective and cheaper means for keeping away the evil spirits than the mass-buying hundreds. Some years ago the country was full of charmers, who set charms and counter-charms to destroy the enemy's butter or to protect the butter of the person employing the charmer. The priests used to denounce the charmer, not solely to extirpate superstition, for they get for their own masses a fee which is ten times as large as that which the poor charmer or herb-doctor used to get for setting his charm. In the Ballyvadlea wife-burning tragedy both the priest was called in to say his mass and the charmer or herb-doctor to prescribe for poor Bridget Cleary.[1] The magistrates or the secular arm—as the phrase was in Spain—can do nothing to help those who pay for masses to keep away the fairies and evil spirits and make their milk fruitful. But the mass-buyers represent a state of mind even more hopeless than that of the charm-sellers, while their butter is getting more and more unmarketable every year! What could be worse than to re-enact the sacrifice of Calvary under the pretence that an Irish peasant will thereby procure a few extra firkins of butter from his milk?

[1] "Five Years in Ireland."

Now, contrast the state of things in Waterford with the brightness, happiness, and contented industry of Coleraine in the north of Derry:—

> "As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
> With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
> When she saw me she stumbled,
> The pitcher it tumbled,
> And all the sweet butter-milk watered the plain!"

Imagine a Church of Ireland clergyman suddenly translated from Coleraine to the bishopric of Waterford —at once a promotion and a descent—and finding himself morally stunned by what he sees in the land of the Suir. A transition from bracing mountain breezes to an atmosphere of pigsty and opium den combined could not produce greater physical prostration than the mental stupefaction born of a leap from the Bann to the Suir. Imagine this Protestant bishop returning to Coleraine, and in his own church, of which I understand his father had also been rector, speaking spontaneously to his own sensible and industrious people. Who can censure him if he tells them that he now knows "how happy, comparatively, are the lives of such as live in a parish like Coleraine, and how pleasant, comparatively, are their surroundings"? Who can marvel if, in the privacy of his native church, he goes on to say that "at present he was placed in a part of the country where their people were very few, a country overshadowed by a dark cloud of ignorance and superstition, a country made miserable by senseless and wicked agitation," and to describe "how their little flock in the Protestant churches had to struggle for bare existence"—why, I ask, may he not say all that? It is all true, and a great deal more besides. And he was reported to have added: "In the North, they lived in freedom and liberty, none daring

to make them afraid." All this was reported in the well-edited papers of the North, as well as the following concluding sentence: "We all understand, and most of us feel, the absence of division in the Roman Church is the one thing which keeps it from entirely being destroyed by its corruptions, its absurdities, and its tyrannies."

I endorse those words of Bishop O'Hara. There are corruptions, absurdities, and tyrannies in our Church in Ireland to-day under a veneer of unity. If Bishop O'Hara had proclaimed these lamentable truths offensively in Waterford, it would have been tactless; but, in his native Coleraine, 250 miles away from Waterford, in his own and his father's pulpit, he was justified in speaking spontaneously. If the local papers reported him, that was their affair, not Bishop O'Hara's.

The reference to the unity in our Church reminds me of what a very acute Scotch thinker once wrote on that subject: "When one man only in the world is permitted to think, and the rest are compelled to agree with him, unity should be of as easy attainment as it is worthless when attained."[1]

When the news was conveyed to Waterford by some ill-conditioned mischief-maker — doubtless an Ulster priest—all municipal and public business in Waterford was brought to a standstill. The "revered" Catholic bishop sounded the tocsin of war. The tolls at the Bridge of Piles were for the moment forgotten by the sons of Mount Misery. Corporations, harbour boards, technical instruction committees, lunatic asylums, boards of guardians all met to consider the situation. They reeled like a cow in a scrimmage at a fair struck between the eyes by a cattle-dealer's ashplant. They

[1] Dr. Wylie's "Papacy."

asked the bishop "to say" that what he had been reported to have said was not what he said. Oh, if he would only "say" so! There was sacerdotal money from Government hanging in the balance. Tears must have welled up in the eyes of the 575 nuns of Waterford; curses must have been smothered on the lips of the 162 priests; sighs must have evaporated from the Christian Brothers! Oh, oh, the Government money! Oh, the scandal! Say, oh, say that you did not say so, Bishop O'Hara! Thus the matter stood for days. Oh, the scandal! Oh, the money!

Then Bishop O'Hara, as if in commiseration, wrote a letter declining to be judged by an imperfect newspaper report, more or less discrediting the report, and stating that he did not refer to Waterford particularly. Then they proceeded to rend him. "Tally-ho!" cried the priestly huntsmen. And the lay pack, those idlers set on by the priests, chivied him in their corporations, urban and district councils, lunatic asylums, technical education committees, and boards of guardians! How they gave tongue! Because he partially yielded, and thereby saved the position *for them*, they now insisted that he should write to the northern papers publicly denying his words. That was the episcopally-sanctioned penance. And the pious Catholics at the wrong side of the Bridge continued to denounce him at all their boards; until Bishop O'Hara, perceiving the character of his assailants, made a speech standing by what he had said in Coleraine, and refusing to withdraw or apologise.[1] The Protestant business people dissociated themselves from him. But, then, business people must be "men-pleasers"; they are not evangelists. Christ, as man, was not a business man.

Still, let the Protestants of Ireland take heed that

[1] *Freeman*, June 12, 1902.

Lawrence.

WATERFORD CATHEDRAL, INTERIOR

"They are so busily engaged in maintaining all the bridges by which they hope to pass from Mount Misery to heaven, that they have no energy left to build a free bridge across the Suir" (p. 492).

Lawrence.

THE DOMINICAN CHAPEL, WATERFORD

"Waterford is declining, though it possesses unsurpassed natural advantages; but its sacerdotal organisation grows and prospers exceedingly" (p. 492).

if they lower their standard they will be devoured. Protestantism in Ireland, as in all North Europe and North America, enjoys what it possesses by sheer dint of industry, ability, and good living. Those qualities are the dominant note of Protestantism everywhere. The Protestants of Ireland, too, may rest safely on that bedrock. But, when once they begin to lower their flag, desert their principles, and temporise with the priests—for it is the priests, not the people, that are their opponents—from that instant they may abandon all hope of continuing to live in Ireland. Let them educate their children to live elsewhere. The existing generation of Protestants, after the surrender, may eke out a dishonoured existence by sufferance here; but their children will inevitably have to go. Darkness and light cannot amalgamate for ever in these latitudes; the present twilight must soon come to an end; and then there will be day or night. In my opinion, the brightest light in Ireland will have left it, if and when the Protestants go.

Think not that High Church and Ritual will conciliate the priests. They despise the High Church parson, rightly or wrongly, as an imitator of themselves; they hate, but they fear and respect also, the old-fashioned Protestants who have never made and will not make any concession of principle to please them.

Resolutions were next passed threatening Bishop O'Hara that if he ever dared show himself at a public board "his presence would be treated with the contempt it deserved." And the Bishop resigned his position on the Lunatic Asylum and Technical Education committees. Then the Waterford priests and people summoned a public indignation meeting to denounce him in unmeasured terms; and a more discredit-

able exhibition of civic incapacity, of unfitness to rule, than the proceedings at that public meeting it would be impossible to find. They denounced the Great Southern and Western Railway at this demonstration as well as Bishop O'Hara. But not a word did they say about the Bridge. None of them could ever tell when they might want a little credit at that impregnable popular barrier.

Father O'Donnell, one of the speakers at the indignation meeting, is reported as having said:[1] "The Great Southern and Western Railway was owned by Catholics. Well, the fact remained that every director was a Protestant with the exception of two. An official of the company, holding a high place, finds time to attend to a Protestant orphanage in Dublin from which he feeds the line, and Catholics are sent about their business. A few weeks ago the station-master at Dungarvan died. He was speaking to a gentleman the other day and said he would bet ten to one that a Protestant would be appointed to fill the vacancy. What was the fact? The Protestant was there now."

Father O'Donnell *may have* been betting with "a gentleman." But I cannot imagine anything more prejudicial to the interests of a railway company than such conduct on the part of priests. The shareholders are bound to suffer for it. Such language is also fatal, in a wider sense, to the prospects of lay Catholics. If it be persevered in and encouraged by the lay Catholics themselves, all prosperous firms will be compelled, in self-protection, to refuse to appoint Catholics to any position of trust. A railway company should, I think, be protected from such attacks by priests, and by public boards under priestly influence.

The particular railway inveighed against is doing its

[1] *Freeman*, June 14, 1902.

best to serve the commercial interests of Munster. At present it is engaged, in conjunction with the Great Western Railway of England, in a great scheme for the closer union of the South of Ireland with Wales and the South of England—a project which, if given fair play, will bring millions of South Welshmen to spend their holidays in Ireland, and speedily convey millions of pounds worth of Irish produce to South Welsh mining centres. Let the farmers of Cork, Waterford, Kilkenny, and Tipperary produce the goods and put them on board the train, the new route will deliver them cheaply and expeditiously in Glamorganshire to compete with the foreign produce at present used there. New harbours are being constructed at Rosslare in the south-eastern corner of Wexford and at Fishguard in Pembrokeshire; a new railway is being built from Rosslare to Waterford, including a £105,000 viaduct across the Barrow; a contribution of £50,000 to a free bridge across the Suir at Waterford has been offered by the railway company which we have heard denounced! New first-class packet steamers will ply daily across the channel. Waterford will be within nine hours' journey of London! Such are some of the enterprises carried to an advanced stage by the railway company which an intolerant Irish priesthood are doing their utmost to embarrass.

Could a railway be profitably worked if priests were allowed to manage it? Trains would not run on Saints' Days until after last mass. Station-masters would be absent without leave making novenas to St. Anthony of Padua; and, in explanation, they would hand an episcopal dispensation to the directors. Shrines of the Blessed Virgin or St. Blaise, at which candles bought at two for a farthing would be retailed at any price from a penny to a pound apiece, would

then take the place of penny-in-the-slot machines at the stations, and would do an immense trade in insurance against travelling risks. The risks would be considerable on a priest-managed railway, beyond a doubt. During Lent and Advent whole railway station staffs would be "drunk with the hunger" from the fasts which apply to everything but intoxicating liquor! And, oh, would there not be free tickets and reduced fares and all sorts of railway dispensations for the holy bishops, priests, monks, and nuns? And special rates for statues and lavabos and all the other sacerdotal plant which our Dublin Catholic booksellers now advertise in lieu of books—they are so much more in demand in Catholic Ireland?

At a railway station in South Italy quite lately a friar asked the station-master for a ticket to Loreto, saying that he had no money to pay for it, and the station-master refused. Lo, when the guard's whistle was blown and the driver lifted his lever, the train refused to move, to the consternation of all concerned. A "well-dressed gentleman" on the platform at once paid the friar's fare, and the holy priest stepped into the train; which, thereupon, instantly moved off without a hitch. At Loreto the "well-dressed gentleman" accosted the penniless friar with a smile, and disappearing, said, "I go to my Mother!" A *brochure*, containing particulars of the incident, was widely circulated in South Italy, inculcating the doctrine that the "gentleman" must have been our Saviour; and that station-masters should never refuse free tickets to friars going to Loreto! And we are told the miracle occupied the attention of the Italian dagoes "until the next stabbing affray in the streets" gave them other food for reflection.

Father O'Donnell, pursuing his crusade and extend-

ing its scope, publicly denounced the Provincial Bank of Ireland on similar grounds a fortnight later.[1]

Oh, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. John Morley, who would still give us Home Rule because the "spectre of eighty votes" rises to affright you in the House of Commons, why do you not foresee what I foresee? Would it not be wiser to lay the spectre—to throttle it as Russell of Ballyporeen throttled the milk-thief—than to submit to it? May you take heart of grace, Lord Rosebery, and save us from the priest!

It is from Waterford that Cardinal Vaughan draws his priests for the new cathedral at Westminster: "This morning, after eight o'clock mass at the Cathedral, his lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford, ordained the following, amongst other priests, for their various stations: Father William O'Neill, Westminster; Father Jeremiah Deady, Westminster; Rev. John Caulfield, Westminster."[2] We are informed in the Roman Catholic intelligence of the English press[3] that an anonymous donor presented to Cardinal Vaughan, "through the court jewellers," a gold monstrance, value £1000, for his new cathedral at Westminster. The insinuation that the King made this present may be true or false—I believe it to be false—but even if the King did present him with the monstrance, there is one gift which no power in England can confer on him, and that is a staff of English-born priests, the sons of respectable, working English parents, to officiate for him. It is to Waterford he must come for his humanity, though he may obtain a little gold in England from the tolerant and polite people who do not acknowledge his pretensions and find him, I feel sure, a sucking-dove for affability

[1] *Freeman*, July 1, 1902. [2] Ibid., June 16, 1902.
[3] *Daily Mail*, June 14, 1902.

and humility at their "Article Club" dinners and other functions.

A few days after these occurrences it was publicly announced that "the Waterford corporation had decided to abandon the electric lighting scheme, and that difficulty was likely to arise in connection with the money required to finish the main drainage scheme."[1]

In 1871, when the city and county of Waterford had a population of 123,310, the Roman Catholic religious organisation consisted of 388 priests, monks, nuns, and theological students.[2] To-day, when the population has decreased to 87,030, a loss of 36,280 people in thirty years, the priests, monks, nuns, and students principally on their own admission, and to a small extent, on my computation, and deducting 228 priests, monks, and nuns in the Tipperary part of the diocese, number 759![3]

Tipperary in 1871 had a population of 216,713, and its priests, monks, nuns, and students then numbered 403.[2] To-day, when its population has fallen to 159,754, a loss of 56,959 people, its sacerdotal service, calculated on the same basis, and excluding all but the Tipperary priests, monks, and nuns in the three dioceses of Cashel, Waterford, and Killaloe, number 949!

In bare numbers the sacerdotal service has increased over 100 per cent. in the two counties, while in expensiveness it must have increased 200 or 300 per cent.; and meantime the people have become 93,239 fewer than in 1871.

[1] *Freeman*, June 26, 1902. [2] "Census of Ireland," 1871.

[3] The accuracy of my forecast was remarkable. The number admitted in the census returns, published since the appearance of the first edition, is 761.

CHAPTER XXVII

IN THE PROVINCE OF MUNSTER—(*continued*)

"'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover in the afternoon."

Cork is the largest county in Ireland, a small kingdom in itself, 110 miles long from east to west, and 70 miles wide from north to south. In the centre of its coastline is the famous harbour, admitted to be the finest in the world. The shores of Cork are indented by a thousand bays and estuaries, and more than a thousand islands lie outside its coast. Under happier circumstances this glorious county would be eagerly frequented by British and American travellers in search of health, rest, balmy air, and lovely scenery. The unrivalled harbour instead of being deserted would be alive with shipping. Instead of reflecting the barren stones of a cathedral which is of no use to any one, except the priests, and which the poor people have been struggling for forty years to finish, a forest of masts should tower over its vast expanse from Camden to Haulbowline, from Corkbeg to Crosshaven, and the hillsides of Cove should teem with happy people.

On the contrary, the population of Cork has fallen from 517,076 in 1871, to 404,813 in 1901, a loss of 112,263 in thirty years.

The city of Cork, which ought to be as great a centre of life in the south as Belfast is in the north, has nothing but deterioration to show for itself during the past fifty years; no expansion; no partnership in the

world's progress; no new industries or trade; no increase of population, but, on the contrary, a decrease from 80,121 to 75,978. The only solid signs of lingering life which Cork has evinced are to be found in the growth of ecclesiasticism, for its politics are only vapour. And to such an extent has sacerdotalism grown in Cork that the Catholic city now consists, in the first place, of the priests, monks, and nuns, and their gorgeous buildings, occupying all the best sites; and then, *longo intervallo*, of the lay Catholic people who seem delighted at being suffered to live.

Cork ought to be the counterpoise of Belfast and mistress of the seas, instead of being a degenerate county town. There is nothing but the difference of religion to explain the deterioration of Cork and the advance of Belfast. The priest is in power in Cork; he is monarch of the city. The priest is in the shade in Belfast, occupying, in regard to the general community, the place to which his capacity and utility entitle him. In Belfast the people who allow their children's minds to be crippled by the priest are in a minority; and they are, as I have shown, dwindling in relative civic importance. In Cork those whose mental development has been thwarted by the priest are in the vast majority, but they are decaying no less than the Belfast minority. The universal cause operates impartially north, south, east, and west, and all over the world.

It is mind that counts, and the priest will not have mind, for mind and priest cannot thrive in the same soil. Either mind will flourish and priest decay, or priest will triumph and mind will rot.

Let us contrast the city in which the priest is in power with the city in which the priest is in his proper place. In 1861 Belfast had a population of 121,602, and its ratable property was £279,807; in 1901 its

population was 348,876, and its ratable property £1,192,485! In 1861 Cork had 80,121 people, now it has only 75,978, and the valuation of its property is only £152,070; that is to say, its population has sunk to not much more than one-fifth, and the value of its property to about one-eighth of that of Belfast.

The shipping of Cork harbour is a diminishing quantity, fallen from a very large figure, and still falling year by year. In 1898 the tonnage entering inwards was 709,251; in 1899 it was 679,965; in 1900 it was 661,782. In the port of Belfast the tonnage of the vessels entering inward increased from 1,201,306 in 1868 to 2,325,836 in 1900. The vessels which cleared outwards from Belfast in 1900 represented 1,600,056 tons; those clearing outwards from Cork that year represented only 392,263 tons. Even Waterford excelled Cork in this department, its tonnage cleared outwards being 396,764.

Fifty years ago Cork had a healthy shipbuilding industry at Passage, where a thriving race of ship-carpenters were to be found at a time when only a hundred hands were employed in the shipbuilding yard of Harland & Wolff (or as it was then, Hickson & Co.) of Belfast. At that time, Father Prout, a priest sufficiently enlightened to be a friend of Thackeray's, an extinct species in Ireland to-day, descanted proudly on

> "The nymphs of Passage,
> Plump as a sausage,
> And Carrigaloe on the other side."

Alas, Passage to-day is like a picked bone, staring across gauntly at a sheer hulk or two beached upon the Carrigaloe shore! Whereas, Harland & Wolff's yard at Belfast employs, not 100 hands but 10,000 hands, and has become the largest shipbuilding establishment

in the world; and a new firm, Messrs. Workman & Clark, established in 1879, employs over 3000 hands!

All these years the priest of Cork has been coming out of his shell, building his cathedrals, churches, convents, priories, friaries, monasteries, Magdalen asylums, "industrial" schools and reformatories, cultivating a trade in the poorhouses, the jails, the lunatic asylums—and, worst of all for the country, in the schools. He has been amassing money while the laity, perplexed by his mischievous religious and secular teaching, have been decreasing in numbers and losing ground. For the past half century, while all the United Kingdom has been growing, Cork has not profited in any shape or form by its great natural advantages. It has erected religiosity and mendicancy on a pinnacle before which it bows down and worships, and the poor, beautiful city "has its reward." The priest-educated Catholic citizens of Cork are, in the aggregate, men without minds. They are my own people, and it is not cheerfully that I write thus of them. They have natural qualities and inherent mental abilities which, if suffered to develop freely under enlightening direction, would advance them to the front rank of humanity without leaving their native country. They have faults, but I shall not point them out, for they suffer enough without an added pang from me. I would not willingly hurt their sensitiveness; but neither could I wrong them by praise when only censure is deserved.

I express what hundreds of thousands of Cork people themselves think; and I would gladly suffer any personal loss, even that of life itself, if I could turn my native county off the road to ruin, upon which it has been travelling since the priest awoke, under Italian inspiration, fifty years ago after the collapse of the 'forty-eight movement.

Having said so much of the city and county at large, let us now come to close quarters with the priest in Cork, and endeavour to realise his position. The three dioceses of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross are within the confines of the county. The diocese of Cork consists of the city, and a central tract of the county adjacent to it; the diocese of Cloyne covers the greater portion of the county, almost completely enveloping the diocese of Cork; and the small diocese of Ross consists of the south-western corner of the county.

The Cork people in many respects excel those of all the other counties of Ireland in the art of keeping up appearances. The city is presentable and pleasant to look upon, and every individual in the city and county "fancies himself," to use the Dublin vernacular. To a stranger who knows nothing about it, an excursion to Cork, a drive to Blarney, a sail down the river to Queenstown and around the harbour, are all delightful. The inquiring mind might ask, as Edison did in Paris, "What do these sauntering Cork people do for their living?" But atrabilious indeed must be the man who could fail to admire the scenery. The Cork people admire it to excess. Nay more, they take credit themselves for it, and regard its creeks, hills, and islands in somewhat the same light as a Belfast man regards his new City Hall or Public Library, or the latest leviathan launched from Queen's Island. Glorious, it must be owned, is Rocky Island and the terraced hillside of Queenstown, and the deep calm channel in which the guard-ship rides before the thresholds of the lazy shopkeepers on the Beach. But it seldom occurs to the Cork men that *they* did not make them so. It was God who did all that for them: and they have added nothing to His gifts.

Things, therefore, *look* better than they *are* in Cork.

Bishop O'Callaghan from his cathedral near the Bells of Shandon looks down upon a people whom he might horsewhip with impunity, if he were energetic enough to do so. Indeed, his subordinates horsewhip or cuff many of them male and female, as a thing of course when the spirit moves them. If you want to see the master's eye blighting instead of fructifying a property, take a stroll in Patrick Street on a fine afternoon and observe one or two of the city parish priests, administrators or curates, sidling crookedly along, their breviary-clasping hands behind their backs, spying out the nakedness of the land. Behold the Falstaffian butchers with several days' beard on chin and knives in sheaths, arrayed in white or butcher's blue, emerging from the fragrant darkness of Market Lane into the glories of Patrick Street and saluting their lords the priests, while the Catholic shopkeepers along the route—unless they chance to be momentarily absent from the pavement—bend their chins to their knees and give His Reverence the backs of their hands. Ah, what is their little trade compared with that of His Reverence's colossal business?

In the diocese of Cork there are admitted 35 parish priests and administrators, 79 curates, 34 secular priests specially employed, and 42 regular priests; total 190 priests. The Regular forces in the diocese are the Augustinians in George's Street; the Capuchins at Charlotte Quay, and at Rochestown; the Dominicans at Pope's Quay; the Franciscans at Liberty Street; the Vincentians at Sunday's Well; the Society for African Missions at Wilton—all the foregoing are in the city; the Carmelites at Kinsale; and the Order of Charity at Upton, where they manage an "industrial" school, containing 198 boys, for whose maintenance the State pays the Order £3889, 10s. per annum, or about £20

per head. The Christian Brothers are established in great strength in Cork, where they monopolise all that is worth having of the Catholic education, primary and secondary, and busy themselves, as Doctor Sheehan of Maynooth would say, in turning out pupils "with a constitution proof against the microbe of irreligion," and, as I would add, proof against the microbe of useful knowledge and common-sense. They have a college and several schools in the city. The Presentation Brothers own the monastery of Mount St. Joseph, the Mardyke College, Douglas Street schools, St. Mary's Mount at Kinsale, St. Patrick's Orphanage at Greenmount, and the Greenmount "Industrial" School, in which there are 201 boys whose maintenance costs the State £3713, 1s. 3d. per annum. The Presentation Order of Nuns have two fine convents in the city, known as the North and South Presentation Convents; and the same Order has convents at Bandon and Crosshaven. The Sisters of Mercy have convents at Kinsale, attached to which there is an "industrial" school containing 147 vagrant girls, for whose maintenance the State pays £2286, 16s. 8d. per annum; at Bantry; at Passage, where they draw £1197, 10s. per annum for 67 little vagrant boys; and a convent in the city; and St. Patrick's Female Orphanage. The Sisters of Charity own the Peacock Lane Convent, where they have a large Magdalen asylum worked on the usual lines; they manage a hospital for incurables at Wellington Road, and an asylum for the blind at Montenotte—all in the city of Cork. The Sisters of Marie Reparatrice are established at South Summerhill in the city. The Ursulines have a splendid and profitable convent at Blackrock and another remunerative establishment at Patrick's Hill. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd have a palatial collection of build-

ings at Sunday's Well, including an "industrial" school, for which they draw £3157, 17s. 1d. per annum from the State. The French Sisters of Charity are installed in the North Infirmary, Cork, and at Dunmanway. The Bon Secours are established at St. Mary's Hill on the Western Road, in the city. The Little Sisters of the Poor are at St. Mary's House, Montenotte. The Little Sisters of the Assumption are at Granville Place, Cork. And the Sisters for the African Mission are at St. Joseph's, Blackrock Road. "The object of this large new convent," we are told,[1] "is to receive young ladies who wish to devote their life and work in the missions in Africa." God help you, young girls of Cork, now living and yet unborn, until the destined day arrives when the light of truth shall break in upon your brains, never to be extinguished!

There is a diocesan seminary, full of sacerdotal students, at Farranferris, outside the city, in which the future lords of the soil and of the soul are being brought up in strict seclusion and mystery until they come into their inheritance.

Nuns are established on profitable terms in the poorhouses in the city and county. They are drawing public money, under the supervision of their lords the priests, and legacies and donations from private individuals. All profitable female teaching is now in their hands; and the good Catholic women of Cork who are not in convents, feel like outcasts who only live on sufferance—a complete inversion of everything that is right and just and for the benefit of humanity. At a moderate estimate the 21 convents of nuns which I have specified and the poorhouse settlements give us at least 400 professed nuns in the diocese of Cork; while the Christian Brothers, of all classes, may be fairly put down at 100.

[1] *Catholic Directory*, 1902.

In the diocese of Cloyne there are 47 parish priests and administrators, and 91 other secular priests admitted, total 138. There are no Regular Priests in this diocese; but there are Presentation Brothers at Queenstown, Patrician Brothers at Mallow, and Christian Brothers at Mitchelstown, Youghal, Charleville, Fermoy, Midleton, and Doneraile, whose strength we may put down at 50. There are Presentation nuns at Doneraile, 23; Fermoy, 34; Midleton, 38; Youghal, 30; Mitchelstown, 24—total, 149. There are Sisters of Mercy at Queenstown, 42 nuns, where they manage an "industrial" school with 47 vagrant little girls in it, for which they draw £770, 12s. 8d. per annum; at Mallow, 43 nuns, where they have another "industrial," with 60 little girls, for which they take £1077, 16s. 5d. of public money yearly; at Charleville, 58 nuns; at Macroom, 28 nuns; at Kanturk, 13 nuns; at Buttevant, 15 nuns—total, 199. There are Loreto nuns at Fermoy and Youghal, their admitted number being 60. There is a convent of Sisters of Charity at Blarney, the number of nuns in which is not admitted. The Poor Servants of the Mother of God are at Carrigtwohill, and their strength is not admitted. The 13 convents which disclose their strength have 408 nuns; so we may safely say that there are 420 nuns in the diocese of Cloyne. All the poorhouses are managed by nuns in addition. It is my native diocese, and, although Cloyne is far from being as much priest-bitten as other parts of Ireland, I can testify from experience to the irreparable mischief wrought in it by the sacerdotal establishment —the distraction of energy, the ruin of manly character, the exclusion of useful knowledge, and the fostering of cowardice and untruthfulness.

The small diocese of Ross has 28 parish priests and curates, a priest-managed "industrial" fishing school (!)

drawing £2381, 6s. per annum, and three Convents of Mercy: one at Skibbereen; one at Clonakilty, where they have an "industrial" for which they draw £1903, 3s. 10d. a year; and one at Rosscarbery; containing in all 86 nuns.

The western portion of the county of Cork which is within the diocese of Kerry contains 15 priests and the Millstreet Presentation Convent, the professed nuns in which I shall average at 20. This gives us an admitted total of 3 bishops, 381 priests, 926 nuns, and an approximate total of 150 Brothers of various classes; all resident and prospering in the county of Cork. To this we must add sacerdotal students at Farranferris and Fermoy, and in the religious houses, as well as lay brothers in the regular houses, novices, and other subsidiary persons in the convents. If we add to the 1460 bishops, priests, monks, and nuns, as specified above, 540 for secondary religious, we shall find that, at a fair estimate, there are 2000 religious in the single county of Cork engaged in crippling the intellects of the youth, extracting money from the adults, depriving laymen and laywomen of honourable employment, and watching the deathbeds of the old and infirm to strip them of their savings and rob their legitimate heirs of their rightful inheritances, whenever they can.

That is the industry, that is the trade in which Cork sets a lead to Belfast. That is the product which should have had the place of honour at the Cork Exhibition of 1902. That is the achievement of which Cork can boast for its labours during the latter half of the nineteenth century; and, equipped with which, it starts upon the twentieth century—education without knowledge, religiosity without Christianity, and a flourishing trade in paupers, derelicts, and invalids. The priests' organisation in county Cork draws £20,377, 19s. 11d. per annum for the maintenance of young vagrants!

Every year sees a contingent of helpless young male and female vagrants discharged upon the laity to swell the ranks of the incompetents. Every year sees a fall in the lay population and a rise in the priests' forces. In 1871, for instance, when the population of Cork was 517,076, the admitted number of bishops, priests, monks, nuns, and sacerdotal students was 646.[1] In 1901, with the population down to 404,813, the priests, monks, and nuns have risen to 1460, as I have shown; both figures being exclusive of the subsidiary religious. Adding a proportionate amount for subsidiaries, we place the total religious in 1871 at 900 and in 1901 at 2000—an increase of 125 per cent., while the county has lost 112,263 of its inhabitants! Every year sees the minds of each succeeding quota of Cork youth, male and female, grow more stunted and deformed than their predecessors, more resigned to their decadence, more worm-eaten with religiosity. The father is not an improvement on the grandsire, the son is destined to be a degree lower in manliness and intelligence than the father. I know it well. How many concrete instances of it have I at this moment before my mind's eye. Falling, falling, falling! The vital question is when shall we touch bottom?

Having noted the large sum of public money which the priests, monks, and nuns of Cork draw for maintaining derelict children, we need not be astonished to find them jealously guarding their monopoly and fostering the sources of supply from which their institutions are replenished. Dean Keller, parish priest of Youghal, powerful, rich, and empurpled with honours, takes the existence of starving children in the streets of that town as a natural phenomenon, like sprats in the bay. "Let him suppose the agent of Dr. Barnardo visits Youghal," the Monsignor is reported as say-

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1871.

ing, "and discovers some starving child in one of the lanes. He reports the case to him (Dean Keller), who might be absent from home. He (the Dean) might not be in a position within fourteen days to provide for the child. In that case Dr. Barnardo would feel justified in taking the child and bringing it up a Protestant, provided he could escape the meshes of the law."[1] Here we see the rich priest at home; starving children in the lanes around him, liable to be discovered by energetic lay Protestants, like Dr. Barnardo, anxious to make them men and women, useful to king and country and able to provide for themselves. If Dr. Barnardo rescued a Youghal starving child aged nine, it would mean a loss to the priests' organisation in county Cork of seven or eight years' pension, amounting to about £140 or £160. The same child could be supported in the Wexford poorhouse at less than £9 per annum—and it would come out of the poorhouse as well fitted for useful citizenship as it is when it emerges from the priests' "industrial" schools.

The Town Commissioners of Youghal had dared, some days before, to let the public town-hall at a fee to Dr. Barnardo to hold an entertainment! When the priests of Youghal heard of it, they grew indignant beyond measure. Mere Town Commissioners, Roman Catholics most of them, what right have they to let their town-hall, without consulting the ecclesiastical authorities? The ecclesiastical arm, not the secular arm, must be the ruling power in Youghal. Picturesque Youghal; so beautifully situated, where the glorious Blackwater hurls itself into the Atlantic, building up a mound of waters, fresh and salt commingled, at the bar; poor Youghal, so decadent, so historic! A meeting of the Town Commissioners is again called "to em-

[1] *Cork Examiner*, May 31, 1902.

phatically repudiate the imputation" of having let the hall to Dr. Barnardo "through a spirit of toadyism or slavishness to any party or person."

Mr. Kennedy, who is, perhaps, the most self-helpful Catholic in Youghal, said "the rooms did not belong exclusively to the Catholics, for the Protestant ratepayers owned their share of them. . . . Some gentlemen said Dr. Barnardo was engaged in proselytising, but Mr. Merrick had assured them that such was not the case." Mr. Merrick is the ruling commercial spirit in Youghal. Industrious, courageous, rich, he is the representative of Sense and Progress in the ancient town, as the priests are the pioneers of Nonsense and Retrogression. If Mr. Merrick the Protestant and Mr. Kennedy the Catholic were taken out of Youghal, the two best men in the town would have gone from it. Oh, how the priests fear this co-operation of Protestant with Catholic layman! If it were allowed to proceed, the priest as we know him to-day would quickly disappear from society in Ireland.

Fathers Aherne and Whelan have come to this meeting of the Commissioners which is being held to repudiate the slanders of "toadyism or slavishness." How darkly lower their brows! Oh, if they only had a little secular power, jurisdiction over the police, or authority to commit to jail for contempt of our Holy Mother the Church! But, as yet, they have not such authority in Ireland; though it may come, if Mr. John Morley and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, frightened by the "spectre" of eighty Irish votes, concede Home Rule.

The motion protesting against toadyism having been adopted, Father Aherne—who, not being a member, should not have been admitted or allowed to address the meeting—exclaimed: "I would like to ask the

majority of the people whether they sent you here to pass censure on your priests? You have taken the word of this gentleman, Mr. Merrick, in preference to ours, and it is a credit to you!" And we are told "the two reverend gentlemen then left the room."

I do not know either Mr. Merrick or those priests of Youghal personally, though I know of them; but I should not doubt Mr. Merrick's word, even if all the bishops and priests in Ireland declared what he said to be false, until some more convincing testimony were forthcoming. I know the priests, unfortunately, too well. Mr. Merrick of Youghal is not the kind of man to please them. He is not a broken-down, limping, Protestant limb, shed from a tree of decadent Catholic nobility, unable to live by honest work, and sponging on a Roman Catholic priesthood which luxuriates in wealth and power at the expense of a starved laity!

The "revered and beloved" Bishop Browne—whom few Catholics in the diocese of Cloyne knew anything of, until he was appointed to the see by the Roman priests, over the head of Dean Keller who had been elected *dignissimus* by the Cloyne priests—wrote a letter to "my dear dean" which was read at all the masses on the following Sunday: "In warning your Catholic people to dissociate themselves from any participation in the proposed entertainment at Youghal in aid of the well-known Dr. Barnardo's Homes of Refuge, you have only discharged the obvious duty of a good pastor to his flock. I also strongly exhort and warn the people of Youghal to take no part whatever, directly or indirectly, in encouraging or supporting in any way this proposed entertainment." The incident reeks with intolerance and hypocrisy; and, out of the miasma, loom the figures of the "starving child in the lanes" and the fat, richly-endowed Dean and

Bishop with their enclosures of nuns and "industrial" schools.

When the Skibbereen Urban Council was applied to by Dr. Barnardo for the use of its hall some weeks later, Mr. T. Sheehy, J.P., chairman, is reported to have said that, having "seen the statement of Dean Keller, he felt it his duty to wait upon Dr. Kelly, their good bishop. . . . Dr. Kelly stated to him that he could countenance in no way Catholics giving any support whatever to anything in which Dr. Barnardo was engaged. The faith of destitute Catholic children was as dear to them as the apple of their eye, and they could not countenance the snapping up of these children. He had therefore much pleasure in proposing that the clerk be instructed to write to Dr. Barnardo refusing the hall."

Mr. O'Shea, "in seconding that the hall be not given, said they were very lenient there, and never showed any bigotry about giving the hall to any religious denomination."[1] Mr. O'Shea should have been a priest. He speaks exactly like one.

West of Skibbereen—that much-ridiculed town—lies the lovely region of Bantry, with its noble bay, in which a hundred fleets could ride at anchor, and at the head of which nestles Glengariffe. The beautiful country around Glengariffe, Kenmare, and Killarney is one of the most hopeless districts in Ireland. Nothing human flourishes there, amidst the beauties of nature, but the priest and his cult.

Before leaving the county of Cork I shall briefly relate an incident which occurred recently in the diocese of Cloyne, and in a locality I know intimately since childhood. In October 1901, Mr. William H. Forde, District Councillor, invited Captain Donelan,

[1] *Freeman*, June 5, 1902.

M.P. for East Cork, "to visit Ballycotton, as some of the labourers' dwellings were in a very miserable state."[1] I know Mr. Forde, and I know of Captain Donelan as long as I can remember. They are both holders of land, and both members of the Church of Ireland. "Captain Donelan was met on his arrival by Mr. William H. Forde, Mr. B. Power, vice-chairman of the Midleton Guardians," whom I also know well —he is a Catholic farmer—and by many other laymen. "In all a dozen houses were visited," we are told, "including a hut seven feet by five feet, erected on the side of a cliff, in which father and mother and four children are residing since April last." And it is added that "The honourable gentleman was both astonished and disgusted to find Christian people huddled up in such a manner. He said he travelled in uncivilised countries and never found such a state of affairs to exist."

Bad as the *physical* condition of the Ballycotton labourers may have appeared to Captain Donelan, their *mental* and *spiritual* condition is even farther removed from the ideals of Christianity and civilisation. But neither Mr. Forde nor Captain Donelan, nor the popular newspapers, would dare to criticise *that;* though if the mental and spiritual state of the peasantry were improved, the improvement of dwellings and everything desirable would follow, as a matter of course!

Close by Ballycotton, at Ballingrane, one month after Captain Donelan's visit, were living William Dwyer, a labourer, with his wife, Mary Dwyer, his daughter, Bridget Dwyer, and his three sons, Maurice, John, and Michael. They had no land, but William Dwyer had built himself "a new thatched house about fifteen

[1] *Freeman*, October 16, 1901.

years ago," on the ruins of a deserted tenement on which he had squatted. Opposite the Dwyers' cottage, across the *boreen* or lane, lies the sixty-acre farm of one Patrick Crotty. Oh, how the Dwyers grudge that land to the Crottys! William Dwyer and his wife are what is called free labourers; they have struggled through all the difficulties of rearing their family, and, although landless, are comfortable; for they have a horse and a sow with a litter of young pigs. Patrick Crotty, the farmer, has three sons—John, Michael, and Timothy. The Crottys complain that the Dwyers are in the habit of trespassing, knocking down the boundary fence, and have even enclosed a snippet of Crotty's ground during the past fifteen years.

On the evening of the 18th November 1901 old Crotty and his son Timothy, walking in their own field, saw William Dwyer and his son John putting up a little piggery "where there never had been a piggery before," and encroaching on Crotty's land. Patrick Crotty addressed William Dwyer and told him to cease working at the new piggery, for he (Crotty) would build up his boundary fence there the following day. An altercation followed; Dwyer defied Crotty, and went on with the building.

On the following morning, at nine o'clock, the three young Crottys came upon the ground to repair the boundary fence, carrying a spade, a powerful adze-shaped instrument known as a graffawn, and other implements for fencing. The Dwyers had been watching their approach, and Maurice Dwyer, a navy stoker home on sick leave, was seen "taking off his coat and tying his braces around his waist," as if preparing for a tussle. Mary Dwyer, the mother, was heard shouting out to her sons, "Kill them now, boys!"

Before the Crottys could begin their fencing, the

whole family of Dwyers rushed out upon them—Dwyer the father, fifty-five years of age; Maurice, twenty-eight; John, twenty-one; Michael, eighteen; the mother; and Bridget the daughter, aged twenty-seven. A combat ensued. William Dwyer was seen striking John Crotty and felling him into a pool in the dyke at the side of the fence. Timothy and Michael Crotty were forced to fly for safety, leaving their elder brother John, aged thirty-five years, dead upon the ground. They took refuge in a labourer's house close at hand on the main road. Four different witnesses, a girl from her cottage window, and three men working in their own lands close by, saw the *mêlée*, but none of them interfered! Maurice, John, and Michael Dwyer with their mother and their sister furiously pursued the Crottys. But old Dwyer, the father, "remained standing over the victim behind in the pool, and actually while the chase was taking place—they would hardly credit it, it was the revolting feature of the case," said the Crown Counsel, Mr. Matthew Bourke—"the old man William, with the implement he held in his hand, was seen three separate times to deal three separate blows on the body of the victim he was standing over, poor John Crotty, who had never risen from the blow which William Dwyer had delivered!"

After a time, Michael and Timothy Crotty, venturing out of their retreat, attempted to return to the place where their brother's body was lying, but they were chased off again by the Dwyers; and Michael Crotty would have been impaled upon Maurice Dwyer's pike, but that the latter slipped and fell. At length the Dwyers determined to retire inside their cottage, and, passing the dead body of John Crotty on their way to the door, Michael Dwyer, the youngest son, "dealt it, as it lay there on the ground, two blows with his stick." News of the incident was at once carried to the police,

who quickly arrived upon the ground, and old Dwyer and his three sons were arrested. The policeman who arrested them said that "he considered them hard-working, industrious people." But a Navy official, who was called at the trial, said that Maurice Dwyer's conduct and character in the service had been "very bad." The four male members of the family were lodged in Cork jail that night, and the mother and daughter were left at home. During the evening, the elder woman went to the adjacent village of Ballycotton, perhaps to purchase some necessaries, and the daughter was left alone in the cottage. It is possible that the girl felt lonely, and therefore determined to go and meet her mother. At any rate, she walked along the high road in the direction of Ballycotton, leaving the house unoccupied. Chancing to turn round, she beheld a fire in the direction of her home. Hastening back she found the house in flames, and a crowd of spectators looking on at the fire. The crowd continued to increase in numbers, but refused to do anything to save the burning house. The fire at length spent itself out, and Mary Dwyer and her daughter were left roofless on that bleak November night beside the charred remains of their hearth. Some time after the burning of the house, mother and daughter were also arrested on a charge of having been concerned in the murder, and were lodged in jail.

The entire family were tried before Mr. Justice Andrews, at the Cork Assizes, in December 1901, and were found guilty of manslaughter, John, Michael, and Bridget being recommended to mercy; and the following sentences of penal servitude were passed upon them by that painstaking and conscientious judge:—"William Dwyer, father, Mary Dwyer, mother, and Maurice Dwyer, eldest son, fifteen years each; John

and Bridget Dwyer, ten years; Michael Dwyer, eleven years."

What damning testimony the lamentable history of this case bears to the fundamental weakness of character in poor Catholic Irishmen, due, as I believe, to lack of Christian instruction and the non-practice of simple, Christian virtues in youth! Here we witness William Dwyer, after his life of struggle, during which he has been a kind of Ishmael in his neighbourhood, at length in possession of a competence. He has reared his family, and they are occupying the new house which he built with his own hands, and he enjoys some prospect, apparently, of rest and comfort in his declining days, being possessed of a horse and car, a sow and young pigs. Yet we see him casting to the winds everything that he has so hardly won, surrendering himself like a savage to a passion of hate and jealousy, which he has nursed for years against this sixty-acre farmer Crotty, whose land confronts him, and at one fell blow losing everything that he has acquired. His entire family we find are imbued with the same passionate spirit as himself. Well would it have been for Maurice, the navy stoker, if he had never returned to the parental nest when once he had flown off!

The incident is an index of the feelings of pagan vindictiveness which are rife in Catholic Ireland. The burning of the Dwyers' house was subsequently adjudged to be malicious, and compensation awarded to them while in prison. Such catastrophes could not take place if the example and practice of Christianity were truly instilled into the minds of our people. It is the mental condition of the whole Dwyer family, and thousands of other families—not the death of John Crotty—that constitutes the real heinousness of this outrage. Of what use is it to the Dwyers of Ireland to patter

off the clerical definition of "an indulgence" at school; or to obey the precept, "Fast and abstain on the days commanded"? Of what use to "approach the sacraments regularly," and thus be entitled to call themselves "practical Catholics"? Of what benefit that they comply with the injunction to "contribute to the support of their pastors"? Not only is such a training of no use in the formation of character; on the contrary it is misleading and destructive to character; because our poor people think that, when they have a smattering of definition, and comply with compulsory external observances, the whole duty of man has been performed.

The mind of the Bishop of Cloyne in his next pastoral, issued early in February 1902, two months after the trial of the Dwyers, is busy about his cathedral thus:[1]—

"The extensive stone carving of the capitals of numerous columns of the walls, of the nave and transepts, of the apse of the chancel, and of the entrance doors, all so exquisitely and elaborately chased; the numerous statues in marble and Portland stone; the mosaic and wood-block floors; the vaulted ceiling of the nave and transepts; the stone-groined roofs of the aisles; the stained-glass windows, over fifty in number; the seatings; the confessionals; the shrines; the tapestry; are only some of the few works we had to undertake. When all this was finished, it became more manifest than ever that the effect would be greatly impaired if we allowed the exterior surroundings of the cathedral, which were most unsightly, to continue to disfigure the noble structure; and accordingly we had to add to our original undertaking the enlarging and beautifying of the grounds of the cathedral, and the approaches thereto. Owing to the site of the cathedral this was a costly undertaking, as we had to purchase and remove some old houses, and build deep buttress and parapet walls to

[1] *Freeman*, February 11, 1902.

the new public road, which took the place of the old one, now within the enclosure of the cathedral. All this is now finished, with the result that we feel justified in saying that there is no finer church in all the country—if indeed it has a rival—for the enduring character of the work, and the beauty and magnificence of the structure, inside and outside."

Such proceedings, instead of being creditable to Bishop Browne, are, in my opinion, in the highest degree discreditable to him and to the stagnant and impoverished lay Catholics of Queenstown and Cloyne, who joined with him in the work of beautifying this inaccessible cathedral and wasting money on new public roads, buttresses, and parapets to improve the difficult approach to it. Let not our Irish people delude themselves by supposing that their combination of church-beautifying, manslaughtering, house-burning, and self-degradation are anything new. All those traits have been seen in co-operation in many a ruined Catholic land before—Mexico, for instance, where the altars in the half-caste churches are of solid silver. But a rude awakening never fails to break upon such lands. The dawn has broken even upon Mexico!

Some few years ago a parish priest of this diocese admitted on oath in court that he had visited a lady over eighty years of age and told her "he had had a vision on the preceding night," in which it was revealed to him that she had left him £6000 for the building of his new church. The lady, whom I knew well, had several nephews and nieces in struggling circumstances, some of whom had been brought up with the promise of inheriting her means. She was as nice a woman as one could meet; but, at the approach of death, she gave her £6000 to the priest; and the bequest was upheld.

It is the minds of our people and not the walls of our churches which require to be beautified. In the small hours of Sunday morning, June 22, 1902, "a sacrilege of the most abominable nature was perpetrated in the Catholic chapel at Douglas,"[1] in the city of Cork. "The chapel was desecrated in the most outrageous fashion, the vestments and other articles having been destroyed." On Saturday night a woman had been seen in the vicinity in company with a soldier. The same woman, "one more unfortunate," was seen returning to Cork on the Sunday afternoon walking alone on the road between Rochestown and Passage. The police arrested her when she reached the city, and she "was found to be wearing a pair of shoes" taken from the chapel, "having left her own after her"; and "she was also wearing some of the surplices which she took," and a glove, "the fellow of which was found in the chapel." We are told that, "when she was taken to Douglas in a covered car, the people of the place heard who she was and made attempts to tear her from the car." And it is added that, "when this did not succeed, they cheered the police wildly for arresting her."

Wild cheers will not avail. When our Irish people realise the responsibility of the priests for the existence of such criminals and the commission of such crimes, then, and not till then, will the reformation of Catholic Ireland be within view.

[1] *Evening Telegraph*, June 23, 1902.

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN KERRY, CLARE, AND LIMERICK—SUMMARY OF THE PRIESTS' ARMY IN MUNSTER

THE diocese of Kerry includes the entire county of Kerry and the portion of Cork to which I have referred in the last chapter. Bishop Coffey resides at his palace in Killarney, and under him he has 51 parish priests and administrators and 69 curates. There are a diocesan seminary at Killarney, in control of which there are seven priests; and schools under priestly management at Listowel and Tralee, in which there are four priests, which would give us a total of 130 secular priests. There is a Franciscan Friary at Killarney, the number of whose inmates I do not know, but in which there are four admitted priests; and a Dominican Priory at Tralee, in which there are four admitted priests. This gives us the small total of eight regular priests. There are Presentation Brothers at Killarney, and Christian Brothers at Tralee, Dingle, and Cahirciveen, whose numbers are not given. There are convents of Presentation Nuns at Killarney, Tralee, Dingle, Listowel, Cahirciveen, Millstreet, Milltown, Castleisland, Lixnaw, and Rathmore; Sisters of Mercy at Tralee, Killarney, Castletown Bere, and Ballybunion; Poor Clares at Kenmare, of whose fine place I give an illustration; Loreto Nuns at Killarney; and Bon Secours Nuns at Tralee. This gives us a total of 17 convents in the county of Kerry, none of whom admit their strength. Putting down the average community at twenty, which is well within the mark, judging by our experiences in other dioceses, we get a total

of 340 nuns in the county. Putting the four establishments of Brothers down at twenty, we find the principal members of the sacerdotal establishment in Kerry number 498; while, if we add theological students and subsidiary inmates of convents, we may put down the full strength of the priests' organisation in Kerry at 800. There are three "industrial" schools in the county, one managed by monks and two managed by nuns, drawing £4272, 14s. 2d. yearly in public money. The following incident illustrates the policy of the priest.

A sad boating accident occurred at Killarney at Whitsuntide 1902, in which nine English tourists and four local boatmen lost their lives; and shortly afterwards a public meeting was held to provide a fund for the relief of the families of the boatmen. A Killarney priest attended on behalf of Bishop Coffey, and said, "His lordship, who was on his return from Rome, commissioned him to hand the chairman a cheque for £5, and regretted that he could not multiply it by ten."[1]

The Protestant rector of Killarney attended the meeting, and said that "Mr. Furness, an English Protestant, who had lost his mother, brother, and sister in the accident, had shown his good feeling by leaving a sum of £26, 5s., twenty-five guineas, for the fund."

In another column of the same newspaper the following correction was made in leaded type: "The amount presented by the Bishop of Kerry, as Peter's Pence, to the Pope was not £100, but £1000!"

A Kerry lawsuit recently occupied the attention of the Dublin Courts, the parties being all Catholics. A widow, the mother of a large young family, brought an action for breach of promise, and charged a neighbouring farmer with having seduced her under promise of marriage. She had given birth to a child, of which she

[1] *Freeman*, May 24, 1902.

alleged him to be the father. A female shopkeeper in one of the Kerry towns, who knew both the parties, gave evidence that, a few days previous to the birth of the child, the man and woman visited her shop and partook of drink there, and that she permitted them to sleep on her premises that night, as she understood they intended to be married on the following day; and that she advanced a sum of £20 to the man to enable him to buy a ring, pay the priest and other expenses of the wedding, as he said he had left home without money, and wished to postpone the ceremony on that account! The jury awarded substantial damages; but no comment was made on the low moral tone disclosed by the occurrence; and I have reason to know that the case is only a straw showing how the moral wind is blowing in large districts of Kerry.

An elderly woman, living alone in her cottage in a wild district in the west of the county, was brutally murdered at night in May 1902; and the only conceivable motive alleged for the crime was, that she had been working as a charwoman for the constabulary in the adjacent police station!

I happened to be in Killarney in 1901; and, after enjoying its beauties in solitude on a balmy, bright November day—when all Ireland outside its delightful precincts was enveloped in chilly fog—I went down into the town to see how the population disposed of themselves in the evening. The streets were full of listless people, old, middle-aged, and young, standing about on the pavements like cattle, and spending their evenings out-of-doors in idleness. The enjoyments of home-life or profitable indoor occupations seemed to be unheard of. I noticed a knot of young labourers under a street-lamp, one of whom was reading the Irish numerals aloud from a primer for the others,

Lawrence.

KENMARE CONVENT AND CHURCH

"The beautiful country around Glengariffe, Kenmare, and Killarney is one of the most hopeless districts in Ireland. Nothing human flourishes there but the priest and his cult."

Lawrence.

DE LA SALLE TRAINING COLLEGE, WATERFORD

"Every variety of religious institution is to be found in Waterford, and they are all flourishing. It is only the town itself and the lay Catholics that are decaying" (p. 492).

and I heard him boasting to his friends that "when he was in Galway some months ago, yerra, he heard a youngster there, younger than any of them, who could speak Irish better" than the teacher who had just been instructing them in the Gaelic class. I could not help being struck at such sad waste of energy. I was informed that the bishop had expressed his disapproval of the adoption of the Compulsory Education Act by the County Council, and that, therefore, the Act was not yet in force in the county Kerry!

In 1871, when Kerry had a population of 196,586, its priests, monks, and nuns numbered 337; in 1901, when its people had diminished to 165,726, its priests, monks, and nuns had risen to 543. Without including subsidiaries, the sacerdotal establishment in Kerry, including teachers, is admitted at 1265 persons to-day; while imperial and local government services combined, including 492 police, only number 871.[1]

Clare is, perhaps, the most exclusively Roman Catholic county in Ireland, 98 per cent. of its population being of our religion; and it is also one of the most backward. In 1871 its population was 147,864, and to-day it is only 112,334. In 1871 there were 26,069 inhabited houses in the county; to-day there are only 20,681 inhabited houses, and there are 1303 uninhabited houses. This magnificent territory contains 621,685 acres of fine arable land under grass and crops out of a total acreage of 781,612. The Roman Catholic bishop of Killaloe, who resides at Ennis, is the great personage; and his priests are the ruling spirits in Clare. In 1871, the Clare priests, monks, and nuns only numbered 175; to-day the *admitted* number of these personages has increased to 270. During the desertion and falling-in of 6000 lay-folks' roof-trees in

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1901.

the county, and while the lay population has been diminishing by 35,540, the officers of the sacerdotal army have increased by close on 100 per cent.

The only superior education for male Catholics in the county, except such as the Christian Brothers give to a percentage of their pupils, is to be had at St. Flannan's Ecclesiastical College in Ennis, under the control of Bishop M'Redmond and a number of priests, at which there are 68 resident pupils, the bulk of whom must be intended for the priesthood.

The number of male and female teachers under sacerdotal control in the county is 433; and, if we add the number of priests, monks, and nuns admitted, namely, 270, we find the priests' effective force in the county numbers 703 persons.[1] The imperial government establishment in Clare, male and female civil service officers and clerks, is only 143. The local government establishment, including the high number of 414 police, and all municipal, parish, union, district, and county officials, male and female, only amounts to 582 persons; that is to say, the imperial government is only one-fifth and the local government about four-fifths of the sacerdotal service in the county, *without including* the subsidiary religious people.

There is nothing to be said about Clare which would be creditable to its inhabitants. Nature has endowed Clare with a noble Atlantic coastline, and the Shannon embraces the county on the east and south, the deep rich loam along its banks being, perhaps, the best land in Ireland. But its people are not in a condition to take advantage of their opportunities, either by making the county particularly pleasant for strangers, or by developing their possessions and making their home comfortable for themselves.

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1901.

The diocese of Killaloe also includes North Tipperary and a small portion of King's County. The admitted number of priests in the diocese, excluding those in King's County, is 156, monks 63, nuns 168; total 387. The Franciscans are established at Ennis; the mendicant-milling Cistercians are at Roscrea, where they admit a community of 56, of whom 13 are priests.[1] There are Christian Brothers at Ennis, Nenagh, and Kilrush, whose numbers are not given. There are Sisters of Mercy at Ennis, Nenagh, Kilrush, Kilkee, Tulla, Borrisokane, and Killaloe. There is a convent of the Sacred Heart at Roscrea. The Sisters of Mercy are installed at Ennis, Kilrush, and Nenagh poorhouses.

At a meeting of the Nenagh Guardians on the 5th of June 1902, we are told that "the charges of neglect made by the medical officer against the nuns acting as nurses in the workhouse were again under consideration.[2] Sister Mary Magdalene, the head nurse, wrote denying that the fever patients were 'left like dogs,' as a paid wardswoman, who had considerable experience, was in charge of them until the trained nurse came."

What an inadequate explanation to advance in answer to a charge! Where was the head nurse herself? Why should she be allowed to transfer her responsibility, first to a "paid" wardswoman, and then to a "trained nurse"? The head nurse is paid a large salary; is she not a "trained nurse"? If she be not a "trained nurse," why is she employed? Is it *because* she is a nun; just as certain men are appointed "paid" Fellows of the Royal University *because* they are Jesuits? Head Nurse Sister Mary Magdalene is reported as further stating that "there was no truth in the statement that the hospital was devoid of cooking

[1] *Catholic Directory*, 1902. [2] *Freeman*, June 7, 1902.

utensils. The nurses informed her that they had all they required in that line; . . . and the filthy state alluded to was mortar and lime left after some plasterers."

Taking this religious head nurse at her own valuation, she must be adjudged to possess no first-hand knowledge about the incident in question; she can only aver that "the nurses informed her"!

The parish priest of Nenagh, Dean White, was present at this meeting of guardians, as spokesman for the impugned nuns. We are informed that Head Nurse Sister Mary Magdalene "also made a statement bearing out what Dean White stated the doctor said—*that the nuns were not required there; that they were simply taking the bread out of the mouths of the trained nurses; and that the board would agree with him only that they hadn't the pluck to say so.*"

I agree with that alleged statement of the doctor's. Since the nuns are not trained nurses, they are not required in the workhouses. They certainly deprive lay Catholic nurses of employment.

The doctor "came before the board," and is reported to have said that "as the matter, which was a serious one, had gone so far, and as a sworn inquiry had been called for, he left it to that."

One of the priests' supporters on the board said "he was decidedly against sworn inquiries."

The parish priest then joined the discussion and pressed the doctor, saying: "You ought, at least, to make me an explanation."

Oh, if the doctor would only *say* he had not said so!

But the doctor bravely replied, "I'll give *you* no explanation, sir!" And the doctor left the room.

The priest then addressed the board, and is reported to have said:—

"The nuns have no protection from insult unless I do it, and the board do so, and unless you protect them I will be put to the necessity of speaking to the bishop as to the desirability of withdrawing them. What are they here for? It is not for purposes of their own. They would be more properly employed in their own quiet convent, away from the atmosphere of a workhouse, which is not congenial; nor could there be a place more unsuited to delicate-minded women."

Father White should reply to his own question, "What are they there for?" since they are unsuited for the position. I do not know why the nuns are established in all the workhouses in Catholic Ireland; nor, looking into futurity, can I say why they will soon be installed in all the lunatic asylums. If I could follow up the salaries paid to those ladies, who are under a vow of poverty, one could, perhaps, answer Father White's question!

A sworn inquiry was held on the 23rd of June 1902, at which the doctor explained, saying, "I should be the last man to say a word against the sisters in any way."[1] And the nuns were vindicated!

I trust the Local Government Board will give every facility to poor-law doctors who have to make complaints against those religious supernumeraries; for the Government may rely upon it that it is only in very serious cases an Irish doctor will make such a complaint. There are reprehensible influences at work on the Catholic doctors of Ireland holding such positions which render it almost impossible that one of them should ever screw up the courage necessary to make a complaint against the religious, no matter what dereliction of duty may be going on under his eyes.

My well-considered opinion is that the Local Government Board have acted illegally, and have been guilty

[1] *Freeman*, June 25, 1902.

of a breach of public trust, in sanctioning the appointment of salaried religious officials in the poorhouses, who perform no useful duties. Allowing for exceptional cases, it may be safely laid down that the nun, wherever she be—whether in an orphanage, an industrial school, a poorhouse, a national school, or a hospital—behaves herself just as if she were in a convent; that is to say, she does nothing but go through a religious routine, and draw the money.

The Local Government Board recently appointed a Protestant lady, a Mrs. Dickie, to the position of inspector of boarded-out children in Irish Poor Law Unions; and immediately priest-inspired resolutions were framed for all the Catholic Poor Law Boards, not alone condemning the appointment as "an insult to our holy religion," because of the lady's religion, but declining to recognise her, or even to allow her to enter upon her duties in the Unions. Oh, it would not suit the priests that a keen, sensible pair of Protestant eyes should concentrate their gaze on the boarded-out Catholic children of Ireland! The Nenagh Guardians met on the 19th of June 1902, and passed a resolution "prohibiting the clerk from giving this lady (Mrs. Dickie) any information that would facilitate her inspection in any way," and ordering copies of the resolution to be sent to all the Unions in Ireland. On the same day similar resolutions were passed at Carlow, Drogheda, and Navan. Such is the position of religious intolerance and disingenuousness at which we have arrived in Catholic Ireland.

One county in Ireland now alone remains to be referred to, and that is Limerick. To do it justice one would require more space than I can give it. In 1901 it contained 146,018 people, of whom 138,693 are Roman Catholics, the remainder being members

of the Reformed Churches. Out of the total population, 38,085 are in the city of Limerick, the balance, 107,933, being distributed over the county, the soil of which is remarkably fertile. The Golden Vale, which commences in Tipperary, runs westward through the centre of Limerick, and continues itself in the rich plains of North Kerry to the point where they gently slope into the Atlantic wave. There are 425,256 acres of magnificent pasture in the county, and 161,253 acres of tillage, divided into 13,594 holdings, having a mean annual valuation of £32 each. The Limerick farmer loves to stretch lethargically on the backs of his grassy fences admiring his cows, as they graze in the ancient pastures and chew luxuriously the succulent cud; or enjoying the antics of his growing calves. And he passes through life in a never-ending doze. His fences are in bad repair; his gates are futile. When the stern necessities of the case force him to a little tillage, it is of the most perfunctory character; even his hay is badly saved.

Limerick bacon is famous, and the world cannot get enough of it; but the Limerick farmer cannot be got to produce suitable hogs in sufficient quantities to meet the requirements of the manufacturers. The Limerick farmer is, in fact, under the spell of the Priest in Power; whereas the Limerick manufacturer, whether of bacon, flour, military clothing, or condensed milk, is not hypnotised by sacerdotalism. While the manufacturers are minding their proper business, the Catholics of Limerick are busy about those religious concerns which occupy us all over Munster, Leinster, and Connaught. The value of the holy oil of the Limerick Dominicans has been already referred to; but there are far more important religious emporiums in Limerick than the Dominicans' church and priory. Bishop

O'Dwyer has his palace in the midst of his subjects in the city of Limerick. Oh, those Catholic Irishmen of Limerick, dreaming through the present, living in the past!

"The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry;
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry;
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown—
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone."

Sarsfield Bridge across the Shannon is not a toll bridge; but it was built long before Bishop O'Dwyer's time, long before the religious reign of the priest in the school began to stupefy Limerick children. There are no bridges across the streets, but the mud is allowed to rest in the thoroughfares by the religious people who have charge of the city, and there are continuous discussions and violent altercations as to how to deal with it. A sensible Irish-American, Mr. Nevins, having returned with a fortune and settled down near Limerick, offered to stone-pave the streets and keep them clean, if the corporation would contribute a reasonable sum for the work to repay outlay and moderate interest.

The business-like proposal paralysed the city of Limerick! A great many special meetings were called and volumes of terrific expletives were erupted—just previous to the eruption of Mount Pelée, in the year 1902—before the Limerick city fathers could realise the gist of what Mr. Nevins meant. The Royal Arms were stolen from the City Hall, and many other strange occurrences took place during the prolongation of the disputes, while the citizens were endeavouring to understand Mr. Nevins. A councillor asked if Mr. Nevins could see his way to do the work for nothing. But Mr. Nevins

said NO, in tones that might be heard in New Jersey. The topic was dropped, and mud-wading goes on as before in George Street and William Street, and in Clare Street, where Mary Anne Wallace, a Catholic factory girl, danced herself over the lampless jetty's edge in the dark on Good Friday night, 1902, and sank, never to rise again, by Shannon's shore. "There was a hundred boys and girls there," says an eye-witness. "It was dark at the time. None of the dancers tried to save her!"[1]

The city of Limerick is divided into five Catholic parishes, two of them being in Bishop O'Dwyer's hands, containing 3 parish priests, 2 administrators, and 12 curates. The Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans, Redemptorists, and Jesuits are all established in spacious and palatial quarters in the city, and they admit a combined force of 54 regular priests.[2] Therefore the city is practically ruled by the regular priests.

Besides the bishop and 71 secular and regular priests in the city of Limerick, there are 100 secular priests admitted in the county; total priests, 171. The city of Limerick contains a Presentation Convent, with 35 admitted nuns. There are three establishments of Sisters of Mercy—namely, St. Mary's, where they conduct national schools; Mount St. Vincent, 24 nuns, where they have an orphanage and "industrial" school, for which they draw £2640, 10s. 10d. per annum of public money, or £20, 18s. 2d. per head for 130 derelict little girls; Limerick Poorhouse, in which they have a community of 13 nuns; and the "training" college of Mary Immaculate. The Faithful Companions of Jesus are at Laurel Hill—the convent where the wholesale poisoning took place four or five years ago,

[1] *Freeman*, March 31, 1902. [2] *Catholic Directory*, 1902.

when the bulk of the nuns were poisoned on a single day, and many of them died—and at Bruff.

The Convent of the Good Shepherd in Clare Street, of which we shall hear more in the present chapter, is an immense institution, containing 78 admitted nuns and novices; an asylum with 100 selected, poor, Limerick Magdalens; an "industrial" school with 109 derelict little girls, for whose support the State pays £1637, 7s. 1d. per annum; a reformatory containing 27 criminal little girls, for whom the State pays £661, 14s. 11d., or £24, 10s. 2d. per child per annum; and an "Angels' Home" for the girls discharged from the "industrial" school when out of employment! What a factory! That is the manufacture to which the Catholics of Limerick can point as *their* contribution, under the guidance of their priests, to the prosperity of the city!

The Convent of Marie Reparatrice is at Laurel Hill Avenue, and there "ladies are received for the purpose of making retreats." The Sisters of the Little Company of Mary are installed in St. John's Hospital.

The Christian Brothers are established in strength in the city, and manage an "industrial" school, for which they draw £2976, 8s. 9d. per annum. The Brothers in the city do not admit their strength, but it is stated that there are 38 of them in the diocese.[1]

Of the nine installations of nuns in the city only four admit their strength, and they number 150. If we put the remaining five settlements down at 150, we should have a total of close upon 300 nuns in the city.

The following other convents are in the county: Sisters of Mercy at Newcastle West; Rathkeale; Rathkeale Poorhouse; Adare; Abbeyfeale; and Ballingarry; most of them conducting national schools, and drawing public money for that and other purposes.

[1] *Catholic Directory*, 1902.

The principal members of the sacerdotal establishment in the city and county are admitted at, priests 199, monks 59, and nuns 408.[1]

There is an ecclesiastical college, St. Munchin's, containing 9 priests; a Jesuit College, Mungret, containing 10 priests; and a Jesuit School, The Crescent. The College of Mary Immaculate for "training" national school-mistresses, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, was opened in 1902, after an enormous expenditure of public money. It may be safely asserted that, with the subsidiary religious, and including theological students, novices, &c., the sacerdotal organisation in Limerick runs up to 1000, without including the national teachers.

Those who have read this work so far are aware that the sacerdotal establishment in every county in Ireland, except two or three counties in Ulster, is far stronger than the services of the imperial and local governments; and it is so in Limerick. It may be fairly laid down, that wherever the imperial or local authorities find themselves at variance with the priests, the authorities always yield gracefully, or acknowledge themselves beaten and precipitately retreat. They can venture to contest a position with the Irish members of parliament, the landlords, or any organisation or class of Irish lay-folk; but they always defer to the priests' superior power, which is now established beyond doubt by the official returns.

A Limerick Redemptorist priest happened to be prowling and scowling about the corner of Thomas Street, in the holy city of the violated treaty, on a fine September forenoon in 1898, and he saw a woman coming out of a doctor's house, a Catholic woman, a poor Catholic woman.

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1901.

And, perhaps, the Redemptorist mused: "Ho, ho! I, a doctor of souls, cannot allow a woman, a CATHOLIC woman, and, above all, a POOR CATHOLIC woman, to consult a doctor of bodies without explanation!" And he stopped her and probed the suspicious matter to the bottom; and he learned that a young doctor, possessing the highest medical qualifications, but associated with the Irish Church Missions in Dublin, had given the woman free medical advice; and that he was in the habit of speaking to his patients about—Christ!

Now, if the woman had danced herself into the Shannon while engaged in the celebration of the anniversary of Christ's death on Calvary, the Redemptorist would, perhaps, have taken a pinch of snuff and passed on. If she had told him that the doctor had spoken to her about St. Expedit, or advised her to pay a Redemptorist to say a Gregorian Mass for the Holy Souls, or had sent her to look for a zelatrice, or recommended her to get some Limerick Dominican oil, then, perhaps, all would have been well.

But to speak of Christ! *Infandum!* And to introduce the New Testament, containing an account of His life and acts and words—a little book which a business man may read at a few evening sittings—was not that "a defilement of faith, eminently dangerous to souls," as Pius VII. said? Did not the Council of Trent lay it down "That if any one shall dare to read or keep in his possession that book," without a licence from an Inquisitor granted upon a certificate from the person's confessor, "he shall not receive absolution till he has given it up to his ordinary"?[1] And the Redemptorist may have pondered: "My occupation would soon be gone if that poor woman, and the thousands of other poor women like her, got to know the truth about Christ.

[1] *Concil. Trid. de Libris Prohibitis.*

The ecclesiastical arm must forthwith grapple with this nefarious plot, let the secular law be what it may!"

But let us end conjecture, and hear from the Redemptorist what he did on that memorable occasion.

The doctor's door was open, and the Redemptorist actually walked in. Several poor Catholic people, men and women, were inside. "There were eleven or twelve women, and three or four men present," says the Redemptorist.[1]

"I said," he tells us, "'there are Catholics here present, and if so they should CLEAR OUT AT ONCE!'"

"How dare you come into my house?" exclaimed the doctor, rushing out from his consulting-room.

"There is the door open and I walked in," replied the Redemptorist sternly, knowing his own power; "I understand that some of these people are Catholics, and THEY MUST LEAVE THIS HOUSE."

"Get out of this at once," said the doctor.

"JUST YOU TRY AND PUT ME OUT," said the Redemptorist, trailing his robe on the floor.

The Redemptorist adds: "I walked to the steps"—from which I infer that the doctor looked muscular—"and some of the women went out. The doctor banged the door. Some of the Catholics were inside then."

Then the Redemptorist seized the doctor's knocker, and, in his own words, "knocked at the door, and kept knocking." A crowd collected and a scene of disturbance followed; and the Redemptorist, representing the ecclesiastical arm in Limerick, desisted for that day, triumphant and uninterrupted by the inferior secular arm.

From October 1897 to October 1898 the number of different individuals who had voluntarily attended the mission doctor's consulting-room is stated at 3458—

[1] *Irish Catholic*, October 1898.

poor, neglected Roman Catholics almost entirely; and, even in the year following the ban of the Redemptorist, the number is given as 3000, which shows how sadly in need of medical assistance, and how unaverse to hear the truth about Christ, poor lay Catholics are!

On Sunday morning Limerick Catholics were warned from all the pulpits to boycott the doctor. The Redemptorist himself harangued his Confraternity of the Holy Family and told them, in the course of a long sermon, that "these inhuman creatures, who gloated in the sufferings of those whom they called obstinate and incorrigible Papists, were the representatives of those who, in a former age, burned, hanged, outraged, and robbed their unfortunate fellow-countrymen. There are, yes, here in this city of Limerick, there are men and—God save the mark!—women, too, who, if they could set up outside this church their gallows and triangle, would drag us from our homes, and scourge, burn, and hang us without mercy. . . . Men of the confraternity, stand up on your feet, raise up your hands and say after me—'I protest in the sight of God against the attack which has been made by the bigots of Limerick upon our religion. I promise never to attend myself, and to prevent all whom I can from attending this souper dispensary.'"[1] What a "holy family" the Limerick confraternity must have been that evening in the Redemptorist church!

A great deal of unchristian conduct followed these events. The house of a Limerick man who was said to have become a Protestant was attacked in the small hours of the morning, his windows were broken, and he and his family had to escape by the back door—first from the house and afterwards from Limerick!

The imperial authorities dared not interfere, as it was

[1] *Irish Catholic*, October 1898.

a religious case. If the crime had been connected with land or trade, they could have intervened.

The doctor, in the year 1901, received an order from a Dublin court of justice empowering him to receive *in loco parentis* the custody of a little girl then confined in Clare Street Convent, Limerick. And he went to that great emporium, accompanied by some policemen, and asked for the child; but the nuns contemptuously refused to give her up. The Redemptorist again addressed his "Holy Family," telling them that Dr. Long, "that pious fraud of Thomas Street, the law-breaker, has gone down to Clare Street Convent, to those unprotected holy ladies, and has grossly insulted them, guarded *by Government officers*, and WE ARE TO STAND BY and witness this without interfering. Our blood is up. I WILL NOT be answerable for the peace of the city, nor for the actions of the women of Clare Street." And he stings his male audience by saying of the women: "One of them is worth the whole of you, and I leave that pious fraud of Thomas Street in their hands!"

The women of Limerick have long been notorious; hence the Redemptorist's appeal to the jetty-dancers, when he finds that the men do not respond to his incitements. The women now began to pelt not only Dr. Long, but Mrs. Long, in the streets with flour and stones.

The Redemptorist's objection to the interference of "Government officers" in such purely ecclesiastical matters produced the desired effect. The magistrates, presided over by a stipendiary, unanimously dismissed a charge brought by the police against the ringleaders of one of those mobs who pelted the doctor and his wife.

Dr. Long summoned a priest for having used threatening language to him in presence of an excited crowd when he was attending a Protestant patient. The

priest stated that he had acted "in discharge of his duty as a priest, knowing Dr. Long to be a proselytiser, and thinking he would interfere with the Catholic people of the house." Recognising that it was an ecclesiastical case, the magistrates at once dismissed the summons. And, after the decision, Father Shanahan, P.P., one of the parish priests of Limerick, boldly stood up in open court, and is reported to have confirmed the decision of the magistrates in these, amongst other, weighty words: "If they found men like Long trying to rob them of their faith, which they preferred to their lives, he feared very much, NO MATTER WHAT THE BENCH HAD SAID, the poor people of his own parishes will have their own way!"[1]

Doctor Long's friends had appealed to the county inspector of constabulary to protect him, but the inspector could do nothing except to threaten, in a letter dated February 28, 1901, "to place restrictions upon his (Dr. Long's) movements through the city." The police felt equal to restraining Dr. Long, but to restrain the vastly superior sacerdotal army was beyond the power of the constabulary. The judge of assize who visited Limerick on the 6th of March 1901, being a Catholic, and diagnosing the situation, though no case appeared in his list in connection with the disturbance, ranged himself humbly on the side of Might: "If the people would take my advice," he said,[2] thinking perhaps how little weight it would carry in Limerick compared with the advice of a Redemptorist, "they would leave those agents of that society entirely alone. They would pass them and not notice them. They could not make martyrs of them; because, gentlemen, if they make martyrs of them *they only secure that the monetary stream comes in greater volume from England!*"

[1] *Daily Express* June 8, 1901. [2] Ibid., March 7, 1902.

And he added that the "respectable Protestant community" did not associate themselves with Dr. Long. This humbly-expressed judicial advice may have gone farther than loftier sentiments. It may have roused the sordid, mercenary spirit of the priests; and, as all Catholics know, it is only on the question of money that the Irish priest has any sensitiveness. It may have set the ecclesiastical powers thinking: "Money! Did we hear aright? We must mend our hand. If anything that we do can result in making money for any one but ourselves, then, assuredly, what we are doing must be wrong." The red-herring was a sordid one; but, let us hope, it helped the weaker side, that is, the imperial government's force in Limerick, in its evasion of a struggle with the more powerful sacerdotal service, and drew off the bandogs for a while!

The Church of Ireland Bishop of Derry scathingly referred to the judge's deliverance in a really able pronouncement which our bishops might well model their style upon:—

"For the position which Lord O'Brien holds I have as high esteem as any person, except, perhaps—as every reader of the newspapers has observed with amusement—except Lord O'Brien himself. But when Lord O'Brien allows himself to say, as a judicial pronouncement, that a society, of which an Irish archbishop and six Irish bishops are patrons, has no respectable person associated with it, then I tell Lord O'Brien that he is impertinent; and I say further that when he used the bench of justice to rid his vexed spirit of its perilous stuff—stuff—Shakespeare always uses the right word—he did what he could to strip his great place of its immemorial honours—a place which is haunted by the memories of great men, self-contained, prudent and reticent judges, whose honours cling around it still, a faded splendour wan."[1]

[1] *Daily Express*, April 17, 1901.

Derry is a long way from Limerick, and Derry is not under ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Such words could not be uttered in Limerick. I shall not write anything capable of hurting Lord O'Brien's feelings. Although I object to the sacerdotal influences which are paramount in promoting Catholics in Ireland, and although Lord O'Brien is a promoted Catholic of the old type, still I do not allege that Lord O'Brien declared himself a priest's man to the Government before promotion. And I can truly say that I believe he is doing his best.

But if the bishop had been a reader of the pious *Freeman*, or any of the sacerdotal newspapers, he would be aware that the most aspersed men in nationalist Ireland are the Roman Catholic judges of the superior and inferior courts. Whenever a Government seeks to justify its passing over a Roman Catholic claimant for office it should consult the files of the sacerdotal press of Ireland, where it will find a thousand reasons why almost every Irish Catholic who at the moment holds office should never have been appointed to his position—which seems creditable to the office-holders, without inquiring into how they *obtained* office.

The licensed car-drivers of Limerick then systematically refused to drive Dr. Long and his wife. The young doctor appealed to the corporation to put the bye-laws into force and punish the drivers, either by fine or deprivation of licence, for refusing to ply for hire on being tendered their fare. But the corporation declined to interfere or give any relief. Their doing so would have been an interference with the ecclesiastical authorities, and they had not the courage to enter upon so perilous a path. Then the corporation sued Dr. Long, before the magistrates, for obstructing the public thoroughfare by asking the car-men to drive him and by getting on their cars, in the hope

that they would move on, and thereby collecting crowds. But the magistrates dismissed the case. They were not prepared to bring their court into collision with the sacerdotal organisation either!

It is, perhaps, as well that we should get a foretaste of what the practice in ecclesiastical cases would be under a native Parliament in what the priests call "an Irish Ireland," meaning thereby a priests' Ireland.

If a Catholic doctor in the most Protestant portion of England were to do what Dr. Long has been doing in Limerick, he would be admired by the entire community, instead of being persecuted; and not a hair of his head would be suffered to come to harm by the English authorities.

But no Catholic layman, of any calling, interests himself in his religion sufficiently to do such courageous things as this young Irish doctor did. We leave religion to our "experts"; and they are people of the calibre and temperament of the secular and regular priests of Limerick.

In 1871, when Limerick had a population of 191,336, its priests, monks, and nuns only numbered 373;[1] in 1901, when Limerick had lost 45,318 of its people and possessed only a diminished population of 146,018, its priests, monks, nuns, and theological students, without subsidiary religious, are admitted to number 710,[1] and are vastly more expensive to the public, in proportion, than was the clerical establishment of thirty years ago. Including subsidiaries, I have estimated the sacerdotal service at 1000.

The sacerdotal establishment in the city and county of Limerick, including teachers and subsidiaries, numbers 1533 persons;[1] the combined services of the imperial and local governments only number 936,

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1871 and 1901.

including male and female civil servants, all county and municipal officials and police.

The city of Limerick had a population of 53,448 in the year 1851, whereas in 1901 its inhabitants only numbered 38,085; a decline of nearly 29 per cent. in fifty years. During that period every district in the United Kingdom, including Protestant Ireland, and every country in North Europe and North America, except Catholic Ireland, have been developing their resources in some useful direction and improving their condition. But the Roman Catholics of the well-placed city of Limerick, the favoured capital of the great Shannon basin, surrounded by the richest soil in Ireland, have no expansion to boast of but the growth of their sacerdotal army, the intensification of religious ignorance and bigotry, and the increasing stupefaction of the bulk of their co-religionists.

The priests, monks, nuns, and teachers of Munster, not counting the subsidiary religious, numbered 8930 in 1901; whereas the combined services of the imperial and local governments, including 3163 police, only numbered 6498![1]

The priests, monks, and nuns of Munster in 1901 are admitted at 4704,[1] whereas in 1871, when the population was 318,410 greater than it is to-day, they only numbered 2222.[1] If we take the subsidiary religious into account, there must be, at a moderate estimate, 8000 unmarried youths and adults devoted to the sacerdotal service in Munster at present; or, if we include national teachers, the entire sacerdotal service in the province is 12,226!

[1] "Census of Ireland," 1871 and 1901.

CHAPTER XXIX

SUMMARY OF THE PRIESTS' POWER—THE ONE LINK MISSING

THE immense organisation of religious which I have described in detail in the foregoing chapters, and which numbers, at a moderate estimate, 23,000 souls, virtually controls Ireland at present.

The practical administration of the Poor Law Acts is tacitly vested in them. The Roman Catholic dispensary doctors, clerks of unions, and local government inspectors all owe their appointments to sacerdotal influence; the nuns and chaplains rule the Catholic Unions; and the boards of guardians are used as a machinery for disseminating sacerdotal views under the guise of public opinion; costly conventual residences and new chapels have been or are being erected in the Union grounds all over Catholic Ireland for the nuns, and at immense expense.

The total poor-law expenditure in 1900 came to £1,107,865, and of this large annual sum we may truly say the priests directly and indirectly control four-fifths; for, outside the counties of Antrim, Down, Derry, and Armagh, they are omnipotent in the Poor Law Unions. The lay Catholic position in the matter appears to be that, since poor-law administration is "charitable" business, it must be included within the sphere of the sacerdotal expert, like the hospitals, orphanages, and all other Catholic charities. One result of the delegation of responsibility to the priest in

this department is that the average poor-rate in Ulster, in 1900, was only 9¼d., whereas in Leinster it was 1s. 4½d., in Connaught 1s. 4⅞d., and in Munster 1s. 9¼d.

The administration of the National Education Acts is entirely in the priests' hands, except as regards the minority of Protestant schools. The Commissioners of Education are nominally the ruling body, but all genuine and ultimate power reposes in the priests. A striking consequence is that the expenditure of the Education Department is increasing, while the number of pupils on the rolls of the schools is decreasing:—

Year.	No. of Pupils.	Expenditure.
1895 . . .	1,018,408	£1,138,088
1896 . . .	808,939	1,186,187
1897 . . .	798,972	1,276,560
1898 . . .	794,818	1,304,734
1899 . . .	785,139	1,299,117
1900 . . .	745,861	1,387,503

A decrease in five years of 25 per cent. in the pupils, accompanied by an increase of £249,415 in the annual expenditure! Of 8651 national schools in operation in 1899, 5893 were under exclusively Roman Catholic teachers, and 5726 of them are under priest-managers, whose signature is necessary to the monthly pay-sheets of the teachers before the salaries will be paid by the Department, and who can dismiss the teachers on a quarter's notice, independently of the Board of Commissioners. The principal and assistant teachers under the Board of Education number close upon 13,000, and of these, judging by the relative proportion of the schools, 70 per cent. must be Roman Catholics. That is to say, about 9000 men and women, paid by public money, and who are not under a religious vow or enclosed in convents, hold their positions at the will of the priests. Adding them to the 23,000 principal and

subsidiary religious, we have an actual enrolled priests' army of about 32,000 souls in Ireland.

The total expenditure under the National Board of Education in the year ended March 31, 1901, was £1,492,172, and over three-fourths of that large annual sum is directly amenable to priests' influence.

There were 287 convent and monastic schools receiving capitation fees from the National Board in 1900, the teachers of which are neither certificated nor under the control of the Department, the money so paid being a direct grant to the priests' organisation.

The Inspectors of National Schools are civil servants who owe their appointment to a competitive examination conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners, and therefore, as far as human wit can devise, they are safe from corruption. These men are appointed as the result of open examinations, irrespective of religion; but they must be "nominated" in order to be admitted to examination. By this system of "nomination" a due proportion of Roman Catholics is secured amongst the inspectors; but, Catholic or Protestant, they are, as far as any Government official can be in Ireland, independent of the priests' jobbery, having to pass a civil service examination, and being directly under the Commissioners. These well-educated, independent inspectors used to examine the children, and the Board used to reward the teacher, upon the inspector's reports, by the payment of "result fees." In a word, the teacher was paid by the estimated value of his work. This system was persistently objected to by the priests. It had two results; first, it kept the teachers up to date, and, second, it made part of their salaries dependent on the inspectors. A few years ago the rules were altered, result fees were abolished—the entire salaries of the teachers are now under the power of the priest-

managers, and the influence of the only independent body of civil servants connected with the National Education Board of Ireland has been diminished. The teacher will only have to please his priest henceforward; and, bad as the national schools have been in the past, they will in the future be of decreasing value to the country, but of increasing value to the priests.

Many other alterations have been made in order to conciliate the priests and meet their wishes in making the schools as useless as possible. Rev. Dr. Greer of Armagh, a Protestant clergyman, complains that, "The high fee paid for the teaching of Irish was one of the most scandalous things in the new programme. The National Board paid ten shillings for teaching Irish and five shillings for Latin and French. That was their conception of the relative value of these subjects, and he asked was it the view of any average man in this island? He ventured to say no. Latin was more useful to a boy in the race of life than Irish, and French was also infinitely more valuable. Why should Irish be encouraged? It was not a spoken language, and the less the youth of the country knew about Irish literature the better. The teaching of Irish handicapped a child by taking up his time in teaching him a subject that would be of no use to him afterwards; and for the life of him he could not understand why the Commissioners placed such extraordinary value on the Irish language."[1]

Dr. Greer cannot see, but I can. Irish will not improve or expand the mind; French or Latin would do so. Therefore it is the priests' policy to set a premium on the teaching of Irish. And it is the priests' view which must be adopted.

The intolerance of our bishops, and the grasping

[1] *Freeman*, May 27, 1902.

nature of their demands upon the Treasury, are well exemplified by a speech of Cardinal Logue's to the Belfast Catholics in May 1902. He had just dedicated the new "church of the Holy Cross," and we are informed that "the collection amounted to £2300." Talking of training colleges for national teachers under clerical management, he said "they had three training colleges in Dublin, one appropriated to the Catholics, another to the Episcopalian Protestants, and another appropriated to the whole world (laughter)." [1]

There was loud laughter, led off by the cardinal, at the funny idea of any educational institution in Ireland being open to all citizens. "These three establishments," continued Cardinal Logue, "were carefully nursed by the Government. They had a building fund given to the Catholic and Protestant colleges and to the General Training College, *which was the only representative left of secular education in the country*." He should have added that there is a fourth training college, under the management of the Sisters of Mercy in Dublin, for female Catholic teachers, for which a large Government building grant was recently given by the Treasury. Having thus admitted the liberality of the Government to the priest-managed training colleges—one of those magnificent buildings of which I give an illustration—he proceeded to denounce the Government for spending money upon the General Training College: "He heard a rumour, which he believed was a fact, that as much as £18,000 was offered to a gentleman the other day for a building site to erect residences for the teachers who are trained *in a common institution—common to all the world.* That was another instance of how things were done as they ought not to be done." He thinks it an epithet of

[1] *Freeman's Journal.*

disgrace to call the training college "an institution common to all the world," so perverted is his view of things. On the contrary, when we call an institution or a prize an open one, we accord it the highest term of praise which can be given to it. Trinity College and all its prizes and fellowships, for instance, are open to all the world.

The fact is that the Marlborough Street General Training College, in 1900, trained 156 teachers, as against 103 trained in St. Patrick's, 92 in Our Lady of Mercy, and 60 in the Church of Ireland Colleges. The college sadly needs extension and improvement; but if the Government dares to expend money on it now, in opposition to the opinion of our narrow-minded High Priest, they will run the risk of losing his support, unless they condone the offence to him by a grant of university money or in some other way.

All the Roman Catholic secondary schools of Ireland are now the property of either priests or nuns. In one year the amount of result fees paid to managers of schools under the Intermediate Education Acts in Ireland amounts to £53,093, 1s. 1d. The following table, which I have put together from a study of the official reports,[1] shows how that large sum of money is distributed, and the proportion of it which is taken by priests (including Christian Brothers) and nuns:—

	Priests.	Nuns.	All others.
Leinster .	£12,330 5 1	£3,117 19 6	£6,027 9 9
Ulster .	2,956 3 6	1,048 7 1	10,292 5 1
Munster .	10,778 16 6	1,508 4 0	2,329 5 6
Connaught .	1,573 14 1	256 4 6	874 6 6
Total	£27,638 19 2	£5,930 15 1	£19,523 6 10

All the Roman Catholic reformatories and industrial schools are in the hands of priests and nuns. In a

[1] Intermediate Education Reports, 1900.

single year the amount of money expended in Ireland under the Reformatories and Industrial Schools Acts comes to £172,381, 18s. 4d., less about £10,000 received for the products of the schools. The following table, compiled by me from the official reports,[1] will show how much of that sum goes to priests (including Christian Brothers) and nuns:—

	Priests.	Nuns.	All others.
Reformatories .	£10,113 11 9	£1,736 10 7	£1,811 13 0
Industrial schools	44,751 15 0	80,129 5 4	14,142 19 3
Total . .	£54,865 6 9	£81,865 15 11	£15,954 12 3

The Agricultural and Technical Instruction Act, 1899, placed another large sum of money and important patronage in the hands of the priests. Protestant communities, like Belfast, will reap the full advantage of the Act, although the Protestants of the North had nothing to do with its enactment; but Catholic Ireland's share of the £200,000 per annum will be entirely in the priests' hands. The bishops and priests are chairmen, and preponderate on all the technical instruction committees; it is convent and monastic schools which will reap the emoluments; it is priests' *protégés* who are being, and will continue to be, appointed to fill the positions.

I do not wish to say anything harsh of Mr. Horace Plunkett and his female friends who, in conjunction with Father Finlay, S.J., and Mr. T. P. Gill, ex-M.P., worked up the friendly agitation for the Act of Parliament during the internecine political strife which prevailed for the nine years following Mr. Parnell's death. But, even at the risk of being called "a Thersites looking for a job," as Mr. Plunkett is wont to speak of his critics, I shall venture to say that Mr. Plunkett's "department" might be described as

[1] Reformatory and Industrial Schools Accounts, 1900.

a farce, if it were not doing a great deal of serious harm. Nor is the loss of the money to the country the most damaging consequence flowing from it. It is a new force making for ignorance and retrogression and sacerdotal paramountcy all over Catholic Ireland. By its provisions, for instance, the Royal College of Science—one of the only educational institutions in Ireland hitherto free from priestly jobbery—has come under sacerdotal influence.

The National Library, by the same Act, has been brought under priests' direction. A priest, whose fine Roman hand I plainly recognise, writing about this public institution in the public press this year, thus besmirches it with his adulation:[1]—

"The valuable new addition to the library of Cardinal De Lugo's works affords me the opportunity to call your clerical readers' attention to a fact that I fear is little known to the clergy of Dublin, that some of the most important patristic, theological, and ascetical works are now available to the reader in this public library. Amongst them may be noted:—The works of St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory the Great, St. Basil, St. Cyril of Alexandria, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Thomas Aquinas, Clement of Alexandria, and of Origen, &c.; Card. De Lugo, omnia opera, 1868 (scarce in Dublin); Bellarmine, omnia opera; Benedict XIV., omnia opera; Baronius Annales Ecclesiastici (38 vols.); Patavius (8 vols., 1865–67); Cornelius (a Lapide), Commentary on the whole Bible; St. Bernard's works in Latin and French; Maldonatus, Com. in IV. Evangelistas; Estius, Com. on the New Testament; Fleury, Histoire Ecclesiastique; St. Liguori's Moral Theology; the complete works of St. Louis of Granada, of St. John of the Cross, and of St. Francis de Sales; St. Catharine of Sienna; Fourard's Life of

[1] *Evening Herald*, May 22, 1902.

Christ (one of the best written), &c. &c. This library is well answering to its name, and becoming truly National. Prospere, procede!—SACERDOS."

Though this library complains that its annual grant of £1000 for books is insufficient, I notice from its catalogue that a sacerdotal publication not included in the above list, dealing with the Jesuits, was acquired in 1901, which must have cost at least £50.

The county lunatic asylums are now for the most part under priestly management, and I expect further developments of priestly self-assertion in connection with them during the next five or ten years, if the spirit of the times does not change. The expenditure in the 22 district lunatic asylums in 1900 was £557,115; and all of these, except 4, are amenable to sacerdotal influence, and in many cases presided over by Catholic bishops. The number of registered insane in Ireland is constantly increasing, while the population is decreasing:—

Yea	Registered Insane.
1895	18,357
1896	18,966
1897	19,590
1898	20,304
1899	20,863
1900	21,169

As the maintenance of lunatics costs the State £31, 12s. 2d. per head per annum, there is evidently room for the monk or the nun on the strength of the asylum staffs, and for convents in the grounds.

It would be difficult to overrate the power of the Roman Catholic priests' organisation in Ireland at present. They hold in the hollow of their hands the minds of all the children attending (*a*) the national schools, by virtue of their position as managers of the schools; (*b*) the convent and monastic schools; (*c*) all the Catholic

intermediate schools. The priests openly regard "free thought," or "free mental development," as physicians look upon cholera or smallpox, that is, as diseases to be extirpated. They therefore deliberately cripple and stunt the minds of the youth to make freedom of thinking power impossible.

But the very small proportion of middle-class youth, not destined for the priesthood, who desire a university education, may still, under the present law, obtain their degrees in Arts, Medicine, Law, and Engineering independent of the priests; and to obtain those degrees a certain minimum standard of *genuine* knowledge is necessary.

That constitutes the priest's grievance. He forbids, broadly speaking, the Catholic youth to attend the universities, and he demands a university under his own control, to be conducted on the principle of the "crozier indulgence," explained in Chapter XI., where degrees certifying that the holder possesses specific educational attainments may be obtained by people who do not possess those qualifications at all.

That is the one link wanting to complete the chain of mental bondage in which the priest holds Catholic Ireland, and under which the country is languishing, its inhabitants decreasing in numbers and degenerating physically and morally with alarming rapidity.

The low intellectual calibre of the priests is in the inverse ratio to the intensity of their cunning and the plodding astuteness which this bachelor brigade can persistently bring to bear upon the achievement of an object tending to their own aggrandisement.

Let us briefly examine their course of procedure.

In five of the Ulster counties—Armagh, Tyrone, Donegal, Cavan, and Fermanagh—Royal Schools were founded in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., possess-

ing endowments which amounted to £8098 in 1900, or about £1600 per school. Those schools were giving a useful education, having important scholarships in connection with Trinity College, and turning out good citizens from their portals up to the year 1885. In that year, at the instance of the Roman Catholic Bishops, the Government appointed a Commission to inquire into the Royal Schools, and in 1891—during Lord Salisbury's second Government—"a scheme was settled" transferring half the ancient endowment to "Catholic Boards of Education" in the five counties. Each of these "Catholic Boards" consists of five priests and four laymen—a creditable effort on the part of the Government to assert the right of the Catholic laity to representation in such matters. But, let the Government take note, from the result of that experiment, how futile was the hope that the laity of the districts concerned would thereby acquire a voice in educational affairs.

I have dealt with the Fermanagh endowment in the third chapter; and it will be remembered that the school to which the Catholic half of the Fermanagh endowment now goes is the ecclesiastical seminary at Monaghan. What control have the laymen on the "Fermanagh Catholic Board" over the system of education in force in that school? Is it not their share in the business to "hand the money over" to the bishop, as head of the seminary, just as the Westport District Council were instructed to "hand over" the technical education money to the reverend mother? The remaining four "Catholic Boards" are in the same position, the money being "handed over" to four ecclesiastical seminaries—St. Patrick's at Armagh, St. Patrick's at Dungannon, St. Patrick's at Cavan, and St. Eunan's at Letterkenny, all under the control of

the bishops of the dioceses. The five original Royal Schools have had their usefulness sadly impaired, while the five Catholic ecclesiastical seminaries which have benefited by the confiscation—a harsh term, but it is the correct word—are of no countervailing advantage to the country. The education given in them is priests' education, as stagnant and isolated as the education at Maynooth. It is not the sort of education which the Royal Schools gave prior to 1885, acting in concert with Trinity College. The result of the scheme of "equality of endowment," in this instance, has been followed, not by equality, but by deterioration of education. Even if the Government, in 1891, had not confiscated half the endowment of the Royal Schools, but had created a fresh endowment of equal value, and vested it in precisely similar "Catholic Boards" to those which now exist, the result flowing from the £8000 would have been the same for Catholic lay education as the produce at present yielded by the £4000.

Formation of character is, both for the State and for the individual, the most important result of education; and fortunately the public possesses for its guidance the most authoritative episcopal pronouncement possible as to what priests' education tends to in that respect.

I was the first to publicly point out the far-reaching importance of the admission made by Bishop O'Dwyer in his evidence before the Royal Commission as to the results of priests' education on the formation of character. I did so on the 26th of November 1901, in a public lecture on education delivered in Belfast.

Bishop O'Dwyer had been solemnly and formally put forward as the spokesman of the Catholic bishops, and the taking of his evidence occupied the Commission for three days.[1]

[1] First Report of Commission on University Education, 1901.

His admissions to which I directed public attention were five in number:—

I. (Question 324): "Almost all secular education in Ireland is in the hands of the clergy."

II. (Question 324): "The clergy that teach have never received a true education. There are no laymen competent to teach at all."

III. (p. 21): "They (the priests) come out of Maynooth . . . absolutely deficient in all classical education and in all scientific and mathematical education."

IV. (*ibidem*): "They are deficient in that indefinable thing that is not knowledge but culture, something you cannot put your hand on, a something which cultivates a sense of honour and a right judgment with regard to the affairs of life."

V. Speaking of the Catholic young men of Ireland, emerging from the priests' intermediate schools (p. 24), he said: "I will simply say this in general, that nine-tenths of them are lost, and that they are now going to swell the ranks of the *déclassés*, without an education that is worth a button to them for any useful purpose."

Every one acquainted with Irish priests and priest-educated laymen knew that all these things were true without being informed of them by Bishop O'Dwyer. The condition of Catholic Ireland proclaims their truth. But such an admission deliberately made by their own spokesman on a most formal occasion, and with a full sense of responsibility, will deservedly carry great weight with the vast public which has no personal knowledge of the Irish priests.

I sincerely hope that in the case of Bishop O'Dwyer, as the champion of a State-subsidised priests' university, we may yet be in a position to say, *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.* May the evil cause which he advocates, involving a perpetuation and intensification of

the present state of things, be destroyed utterly. May his madness, resulting from the intoxication of unaccustomed power, be the means of restoring sanity to our Government in the first place, and to our Irish Catholic people later on, when Divine Providence, in its own good time, deems them worthy of enlightenment.

The pecuniary success of the movement which they carried through in connection with the Royal Schools, resulting in a yearly endowment of over £4000 for five of their diocesan seminaries, emboldened the priests to press the friendly Conservative Government for "equality of endowment" in university education.

Trinity College, like the Royal Schools, is endowed with private property conferred upon it at various periods since the reign of Elizabeth; and that property is as truly vested in the College Board as, say, the Irish estates of the Duke of Devonshire or the Duke of Abercorn are vested in those noblemen. The College title is as good and the succession has been as unbroken. The College holds its estates, I take it, as a public trust, and the duty of giving university education is thereby imposed upon the College Board. Nobody can, nobody does, allege that they have failed to fulfil that trust. Trinity College is to-day a living monument to the good faith which its managers have kept with the public. It is the greatest centre of intellectual life, culture, and civilisation in Ireland. Originally founded for the exclusive education of Protestants, it has thrown open all its prizes and emoluments to members of every religious denomination. It welcomes the Roman Catholic as cordially as the member of the Church of Ireland. The Presbyterians, the Methodists, and the members of every other religious denomination all gain by the liberality of Trinity College. I can testify that during my three years at

Midleton Endowed School—a Protestant foundation—and during the four years that I attended the lectures and passed the examinations of Trinity College, I never heard an unkind or uncharitable expression used towards me as a Roman Catholic. I received equal attention with my Protestant fellow-pupils at school; I received equal treatment at the university, and I profited exceedingly by the association. In the first week after my entrance I was awarded the Junior University Exhibition and the Midleton School Exhibition, the money value of which was equal to the entire amount of fees payable to Trinity College up to the conferring of the degree of Bachelor of Arts. If I now happen to know anything; if I have travelled any distance, however short, on the road to Truth; I owe it, in common with the entire civilised world, mainly to association with Protestants, and to the principles of Protestantism.

The priests, in their intrigues with the friendly Conservative Government since 1891, have taken up the position, with a loudly-proclaimed sense of their own meritoriousness, that they do not desire to follow the precedent set in the Royal Schools "scheme" by asking for a confiscation of the revenues of Trinity College. I am rejoiced that even Maynooth ignorance and selfishness have the wit left to see that the friends of Trinity College would not permit a Conservative or any other Ministry to perpetrate that iniquity. I dislike the word "intrigue," and I only use it because no other appellation will fitly describe the proceedings of the Conservative Government with reference to this question.

From 1892 to 1895, while Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery were in power, maintained by the Irish Nationalist votes, the priests were dumb about their university education projects. Were their motives

honourable, were their object the genuine improvement of middle-class Catholic education, were they the exponents of *bonâ-fide* lay Catholic public opinion on the question, those three years would have been the crucial moment to press forward the Catholic University question to an immediate settlement.

But the guilty priests knew that it was Mr. Gladstone who said: "The priests are absolute over the people, the bishops over both, the Pope over all."[1] And they feared that in any educational settlement proposed at that time, the Irish members, being allies of the Liberal Government, might have claimed a substantial voice.

The Irish members have been treated as a negligible quantity in every practical negotiation between the priests and the Unionist Government prior to 1892 and since 1895. The Agricultural and Technical Instruction Act, for instance—the most serious misapplication of public money that I can recollect—was, save for some begging, canvassing visits paid by Mr. Plunkett to leading Nationalist members, carried over the heads of the Irish representatives in 1899, almost without discussion.

The priest is a trump card in the hand of the Unionist Government's Irish spokesmen in Parliament. For instance, on July 2, 1902, Mr. T. W. Russell, in friendly co-operation with the Irish members, elaborately inflated an attack on the Government in reference to the proceedings on the De Freyne estate. Harrowing pictures were drawn of the tyranny of the landlord and the penury of the tenants during the debate. But the Chief Secretary pricked the immense bubble and ignominiously routed the allied forces by simply stating:[2] "My advice to the tenants is to pay up. . . . My advice to them," continued the Chief Secretary, "is to

[1] "Vaticanism," by W. E. Gladstone. [2] *Freeman*, July 3, 1902.

ask the agitators to pay the costs for them. . . . I feel justified in giving that advice, *because it was given by the Catholic clergy of the district.* The Catholic Bishop of Elphin, the Most Rev. Dr. Clancy, has consistently advised the tenants that they were taking action that was morally wrong." I also advise the tenants to pay Lord De Freyne, as well as Monica Duff & Co. and every other creditor, to the last penny; but, in doing so, I do not borrow my morality at second-hand.

That stick, supplied by Bishop Clancy, was good enough for Mr. Wyndham to beat the Irish dog with, and, after its application, nothing ensued but grinning and howling. I do not regard Mr. Wyndham, nor, on public form, do I believe the country looks upon him as an example of a public man to be admired or followed. I expressed a surmise in an earlier chapter that he appeared to time his acts to the utterances of Bishop Clancy. I am proved to have been right! But, in sheltering himself under the wing of the priests here in Ireland, it must be admitted, in extenuation of his behaviour, that the two Messrs. Balfour set him a reprehensible precedent, which he is, as befits an understudy, studiously following.

In the present condition of Catholic Ireland it is, in my opinion, a dereliction of principle and a betrayal of national interests for Irish representatives to accept money from an organisation of selfish priests, who are engaged in deforming and outraging the minds of our youth, and thereby creating all the unprosperity and discontent which necessitate the existence of a Mr. Wyndham.

The act of the Nenagh peasant who "stabbed to death a valuable brood mare" on July 10, 1902, is described by the *Freeman* as "a dastardly outrage." What of the organisation which, in pursuance of a

settled policy, maims the mental faculties of the youth of a credulous people entrusted to their guidance? Is it not one of infinitely greater criminality?

For, if it be necessary and right that the free development of the limbs and muscles of the body be encouraged in the child, it is immeasurably more important that the mind should be free and its full development fostered. If it be a crime to deliberately maim the limbs of a child entrusted to one's care, and thereby destroy its freedom of limb, it is an infinitely greater crime to stunt and do outrage to the child's mind, and thereby deprive it of freedom of thought. Therefore, as between the perpetrator of physical outrage, whom all civilised people denounce, and the sacerdotal organisation which perpetrates the mental outrage of depriving our children of the free use of their minds, what distinction is there beyond a difference in degree of guilt?

I am forced to the conclusion, when I consider the evils flowing from sacerdotal supremacy, that the Irish members in taking money from the priests—and, without the priests' subscriptions, the Irish Party could not exist — place themselves in the most unpatriotic position ever occupied by a body of parliamentary representatives. The corruption of the members who sold their votes before the Union was, all things considered, not so bad. And what is being done now in Ireland will have to be undone yet, with the accompaniment of tears and bloodshed.

The Irish Parliamentary Party is now also an asset to be counted in the power-summary of the priest. If the status of the M.P. has waned in England—and the public journals allege that it has—his importance has shrunk tenfold in Ireland. The constituencies which return Nationalist members scarcely know the names of their representatives. The Tories used to taunt the

Irish M.P., fifteen years ago, with living on the servant girls of New York and the peasants of Ireland. The Irish M.P.'s position was honourable from 1880 to 1890 compared with his present plight. To-day the Irish and Irish-American priests draw the money from both those taps, and they give the members just sufficient to keep things going.

I am ashamed of the Irish members, but I cannot forget that they only are what the priests have made them. They are a fair sample of what the bulk of the priest-educated Catholics of Ireland have become.

Give me the disfranchisement which Catholics had under Grattan's Parliament, rather than representation by such men. It is a loss to the country to be over-represented under such circumstances; and Mr. Morley's "spectre" of 86 votes may be laid, like any other evil spirit, with resultant gain to Catholic Ireland.

But when I contrast the drawbacks of the poor Irish members, even the best of them, with the opportunities of such a man as Mr. Wyndham, I am forced to consider Mr. Wyndham's conduct incapable of palliation. If he gets £4000 where the poor Irish member only gets £40, both being under the wing of Roman Catholic sacerdotalism, then, since the sordidness and lowness of tone prevalent in public life to-day measures everything by the standard of money, Mr. Wyndham's humiliation is a hundredfold greater than Mr. Redmond's.

On the 24th of June 1902, the morning of the day on which the world was startled by the announcement of the King's illness, the *Freeman* published the following essay in morality from "the Most Reverend Dr. Clancy," addressed to his priests:—

"A portion of the ceremony which will be performed in Westminster Abbey will consist of a repetition of the oath by which last year the King solemnly professed

his disbelief in the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and proclaimed that the honour paid by Catholics to the Blessed Virgin is idolatrous worship. Such an oath, being a direct contradiction to Revelation and to the teaching of the Catholic Church, *must involve*, in no matter what light it may be viewed, *an insult to the God of truth;* and, remembering how the people of Israel were punished on account of the sin of David, though that sin was not committed by the Jewish king in his official capacity, we have grave reason to fear that the people of these kingdoms may be punished by Almighty God *as participators in the official blasphemy of the head of the English realm* if they do not dissociate themselves from it. With a view, therefore, of protesting against the offensiveness of the Royal oath, and to protect ourselves from the punishment that it may entail, we hereby direct that a religious service of reparation be held in all the churches of this diocese on the evening of the 26th June, the date of the Coronation."

Oh, I should not like to shelter myself under the moral plumage of the composer of that letter!

"Then the high priest rent his clothes and saith: What need we any further witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy: what think ye? And they all condemned him to be guilty of death."

Low indeed must the God of Truth be fallen if such a man—the bishop in whose diocese the Cunningham murder was perpetrated—be His accredited champion.[1]

He had run the risk of offending Nationalist susceptibilities by exhuming the Inquisition's letter for application to the De Freyne estate, and had thereby won the plaudits of a Mr. Wyndham.

But the bishops of Ireland are prepared to do far more than that for any Catholic nobleman who is ready to sign a declaration calling upon the Government to forge the last link necessary to complete the chain of bondage in which the priest holds Catholic Ireland.

[1] "Five Years in Ireland."

Such being the case, was not his coronation pronouncement well calculated to rehabilitate the Government's conscience-keeper in the esteem of the Anti-Saxon and Catholic "paleface captives" of Connaught?

The priest-ridden county councils of the province had prepared black flags for hoisting on the 26th of June—notably at Castlebar, the capital of Mayo, where the new Catholic church, described in a former chapter, had its shrines and collection boxes twice pillaged[1] by its pious votaries in the week following the Coronation Day! Such is the morality bred by sacerdotalism.

Let me remind Mr. Wyndham that when the little good which he is trying to work in Ireland, and for which I give him credit, is buried with his unremembered bones, the evil that he is doing in concert with such men as Bishop Clancy will live after him.

But for the priests of Ireland there would have been no land question and no land agitation, with its accompaniments of assassination and outrage. Where there was no priest, namely, in the North of Ireland, there was no agitation or assassination. A spirit of sensible compromise had established the Ulster custom long before the invention of modern Land Acts.

Does the present Government forget that the British electorate returned it to power in 1886 to refuse Home Rule? Does it forget that it has retained office ever since on the continuing strength of that mandate, except for the interval of Liberal Government from 1892 to 1895? Does it forget that it *holds no mandate* from the country to grant ROME RULE? On the contrary, was it not because the vast bulk of the electorate believed that Home Rule was synonymous with Rome Rule that it installed a Government in power to refuse Home Rule?

[1] *Freeman*, July 8, 1902.

To endow the priests with further power over the minds of our youth will be to rivet more firmly the chains of Rome Rule on our discontented and diminishing population—and the most repulsive and retrograde form which such endowment can assume will be the establishment of a State-subsidised university dominated by Maynooth priests of the calibre described by Bishop O'Dwyer. The present Government, in their anxiety to shield themselves, when they first contemplated the foundation of a Priests' University, searched the entire civilised world for a precedent, and failed to find one.[1] They now know, if they did not know it before, that the trend of things all over the world is quite the other way; in Roman Catholic as well as Protestant countries. In the words of the young King of Italy, one of whose subjects I should consider it a signal honour to be, the tendency of the age is "to maintain strictly the separation of the temporal and the spiritual; to honour the clergy, but to keep it within the limits of the sanctuary." The Roman Catholic priest has been forcibly put outside the school door in every land that desires its people to be happy and contented. For when the priest is in the school, as he is in Ireland, education and mind-development are not the objects for which the school is maintained; but the inculcation of a religion which means the prevention of mind-growth, and the glorification of an idle, ignorant priesthood.

[1] Parliamentary Paper, Miscellaneous, No. 2 (1900), containing "Reports from Her Majesty's Representatives abroad, on the Provision made in Foreign Countries for the University Education of Roman Catholics"; and a Colonial Office Paper, entitled "Papers Relating to the University Education of Roman Catholics in certain Colonies," March 1900.

CHAPTER XXX

WHO ARE THE PRIESTS?

THE last question which I shall set myself to answer is that which I have written at the head of this chapter. I had hoped to include in this work a practical examination of the religious tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, more especially of the doctrines of transubstantiation, of images, of confession, of fasting, and of the vow of chastity, and to illustrate by countless examples how they work out in practice, and the influence they exercise on the Irish character. But to do so would require a volume at least as large as PRIESTS AND PEOPLE itself. Nor could any more philanthropic consideration occupy the attention of a human being. The continued decay of our people, and the growth of the priests' organisation, is, perhaps, the most perplexing problem in the sociology of Europe to-day. That problem is so many-sided that I have had to divide my investigation of it, and in this work, though I have gone deeper into the question than I did in FIVE YEARS IN IRELAND, I have presented to the reader rather the secular than the spiritual aspect of affairs in Roman Catholic Ireland. If it be the will of Providence that I should do so, I shall, at some future period, complete my work on the subject by a third volume dealing with the mental, spiritual, and religious aspects of the great problem which is as fresh to-day as it was in Palestine on that memorable morning, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine years ago, when "all the

chief priests and elders of the people took counsel against Jesus to put him to death."

Pilate's question, *What is truth?* still requires an answer from age to age.

In Ireland the days have already come "in the which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps which never gave suck." Is it not "the barren" who possess the land in Catholic Ireland to-day? They do not "say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us." But the barren ones hide their *mauvaise honte* in mountains of stone of their own erection. I do not put any faith in legal enactments against the "barren" fraternities, such as we see being adopted in France and Spain and other Roman Catholic lands to-day.

So far back as the year A.D. 370 the Christian Emperor of Rome, Valentinian, prohibited by public edict "all ecclesiastics" from entering the houses of widows and orphans, and made it illegal for an ecclesiastic to receive a testamentary gift or legacy from one to whom he acted as spiritual director. It was at that time that St. Jerome said: "There are monks richer now than when they lived in the world, and clerics who possess more under poor Christ than they did when they served under rich Beelzebub."

I do not call for the passing of such enactments to-day, though Catholic Ireland stands in greater need of legal protection from the devouring priest than Rome did under Bishop Damasus in A.D. 370. For I know that any such laws would lead but to an increase of perjury and a multiplicity of equivocation. What I call for is the admission of the light of truth into our people's minds; what I ask is that our people may be permitted to open their ears to the voice of truth.

"Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice."

When a nation hears and feels that voice in its heart of hearts, it is saved from the "barren" oppressors. England, Scotland, the United States, Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, Switzerland, and other Protestant lands, all have heard that Divine voice. Had France hearkened to it when England did so, in the sixteenth century, France would have been spared the horrors of 1789, and penal enactments against religious associations would be as needless in France to-day as they are in England or the United States.

How well and truly did the founders of the American Commonwealth hear that voice!

And to that greatest of lands, that product of a pinch of Puritanic seed wafted across the Atlantic in the *Mayflower*, and now extending from ocean to ocean, until it embraces every clime and is hospitable to every race, how literally may the parable, enunciated long ago in His voice, be applied to-day! The United States of America "is like to a grain of mustard seed," which God took and sowed in His field. And the seed was the God-fearing, truth-loving, falsehood-hating spirit of the Puritan emigrants. And the field was the land of the Mississipi, the Father of Waters. The seed was indeed "the least of all seeds." But, now, when it is grown, it is "the greatest among herbs." And it has become a tree, "so that the birds of the air," all the peoples of the earth, "come and lodge in the branches thereof."

Nothing is sadder than to ponder regretfully over what might have been in the case of nations no less than individuals. And, considering the latent powers of our people, what a noble position might not ours have been in the scale of nations! Perchance, what a happy lot may not still be ours when the voice of truth at length penetrates into the essence of our beings!

Who are the priests of Ireland that hold such power in our midst and do such harm? The proud and powerful Wolsey was a humble butcher's son, and with him came to an end the long reign of the priest in England. The Irish priests are men drawn from the same rank of life as Cardinal Wolsey; and the rise of Wolsey proves that there is nothing novel, nothing inexplicable, in the stupendous elevation of our Irish priests. Would that we could hope that the end of their domination is as nigh in Ireland to-day as it was in England when Wolsey died.

If St. Jerome were now living in Ireland, he could truly say that our monks are "richer than when they lived in the world." When they profess to take service under "poor Christ," almost all our priests step from poverty to riches; for our better-class parents cannot, and do not, induce their sons to enter holy orders.

Their army is sadly in want of recruits when such an advertisement as the following appears in the Roman Catholic newspapers of Ireland:—"Collect Cancelled Postage Stamps, British and Foreign, to help to educate poor children for the Priesthood. Religious Souvenirs will be given in return. Please send the Stamps or write for information to the 'Bethlehem' Office, Clapham Common, Nth. Side, London, S.W."[1]

Such a position is hopeful. We all know that well-bred boys have long since ceased to become priests. But, creditable though such a state of things be to the better classes of Roman Catholics, it has its drawbacks; for if our sacerdotal tyrants are men of low origin, then they are all the more likely to be, I do not say necessarily, destitute of those finer feelings which do honour to human nature.

If the Catholic body politic in Ireland be divided

[1] *Irish Catholic*, July 27, 1901.

into ten parts we shall find that perhaps one-tenth is in possession of either wealth or liberal competence, and is endowed with a certain amount of intellectual strength, which, *apparently and superficially*, puts them on a level with Protestants. In trivial attainments, such as literary taste and the species of "culture" which waxes eloquent over Anne Hathaway but is incapable of assimilating a single Shakespearian sentiment, the Catholic one-tenth to which I allude, perhaps, surpass the Protestants. The bulk of this Catholic one-tenth are what would be styled Nonconformist if they belonged to the Church of England—and in the Church of England, people like them would openly become Nonconformists. It is doubtful if any of them really and fully believe in what the priests call "The Faith." They never leave the True Church: they are too indifferent; they hold themselves quite apart from the remaining nine-tenths of the Catholic laity; they toddle to mass somnambulistically on Sunday; they leave all the rest to the sacerdotal experts; they think it is fashionable to be Roman Catholic, and regard themselves as "antiques" in human nature—genuine, spurious, or modern "antiques"—to use the language of the dealer.

Underneath this "antique" tenth there are two-tenths, perhaps, who indignantly fume against the pretensions of the priests, but who conform nevertheless to a great many, but by no means to all, of the demands of "The Faith."

The remaining seven-tenths of the laity are what General Booth would describe as "submerged," and it is from the submerged seven-tenths that the priests are now drawn. As long as the priest has power, those seven-tenths will never, if he can prevent it, rise up from their submersion. He knows them well: for he belongs to them: and he can manage them.

The upper three-tenths of the Catholics, seeing the priests' regular forces 32,000 strong, and their auxiliaries, perhaps, of equal numbers, find it to their interest, whether they be pressmen, solicitors, barristers, doctors, architects, traders, farmers, or nondescript gentry, to range themselves with the priests. They do not like the priests; but, possessing no moral courage, and having already surrendered their most vital principles to the custody of the sacerdotal experts, they have no definite guiding principle left but that of temporary self-interest and love of ease.

The submerged seven-tenths of Irish Catholics, whom I want to elevate, are steadily going from bad to worse under this *régime;* and the priests themselves who are drawn from their ranks are deteriorating simultaneously. The members of the submerged seven-tenths who are returned in the census as non-illiterates have a lower code of morality and possess less mind than did their fathers and forefathers who were illiterates.

A Catholic apprentice, fourteen years of age, was charged at the Dublin Police Court on the 7th of July 1902 "with having on Sunday stolen from the donation-box of the Catholic Truth Society, in the porch of the Church of the Holy Name, Rathmines," money the property of the priest. "Evidence was given by Father O'Loughlin that for some time past money had been abstracted from the box. Marked coins were placed in it, and Constable O'Reilly was stationed behind a door. He caught the prisoner in the act of using a false key, and the marked coins were found in his possession." [1]

The Catholic Truth Society's publications are the class of literature on which the submerged seven-tenths are fed by the priests. If I were asked to give

[1] *Freeman*, July 8, 1902.

a name to that society I should call it The Catholic Untruth Society; and I consider the lay members of the upper three-tenths of our Church who belong to it a discredit to human nature. The following list of its publications for June 1902 discloses the class of nutriment on which the minds of the young priests are now nourished at Maynooth, and by which the lay mind of the remnant of the nation would, to a large extent, be corroded in a priests' university: "'Devotion to the Sacred Heart,' Father Carberry, S.J.; 'The Holy Hour,' Rev. Richard O'Kennedy, P.P.; 'Devotion of the Nine First Fridays,' Rev. J. M'Donnell, S.J.; 'Visits to the Most Blessed Sacrament,' St. Alphonsus M. Liguori, edited by Father Magnier, C.SS.R.; Tales of the Festivals: 'The Dying Child' and 'The Feast of the Sacred Heart'; 'The Lamp of the Sanctuary' (a Tale by Cardinal Wiseman); 'Meditations on the Sacred Heart,' 'The Life of our Lord,' by Rev. F. O'Loughlin, C.C.—in whose chapel, I understand, the robbery occurred; 'The Eucharist,' 'Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque,' by Fr. Cullen, S.J.; 'Counsels on Holy Communion,' by Monsigneur De Segur." [1]

A Catholic carpenter was charged, on the same day, at the same court, with throwing handfuls of gravel or shingle at "the members of the Plymouth Brethren while they were holding an open-air meeting near the Gough statue in the Phœnix Park on Sunday. The constable was on duty in plain clothes, and happening to be standing beside the prisoner when he threw the missiles, he at once arrested him." [2]

Those are the sort of people who are reared by priests, and on whose non-illiteracy thoughtless scribes congratulate the country.

A Catholic woman from the Queen's County was

[1] *Freeman*, May 26, 1902. [2] Ibid., July 8, 1902.

charged with having murdered her husband on the 17th of June 1902. He was a poor carter, and his head was broken and he was left lying dead within a few paces of his own door. A man was charged with complicity in the crime, a neighbour of the deceased. But the material point lies in the evidence of the woman's brother, who swore "that he had often found the male prisoner in the house of the murdered man and his wife and children in the husband's absence"; and that, when on a visit to his sister a month previously, "he told her it would be better for her to look after her children than be giving money" to her alleged paramour to drink.[1]

There are 50,599 Catholics in Queen's County, out of a total population of 57,417. In 1871 the population of the county was 79,771, and in that year its admitted establishment of priests, monks, and nuns numbered 139.[2] In 1901, when the people had diminished by 22,354, or over 28 per cent., the admitted sacerdotal establishment had risen to 235.[2] If we add the teachers under priests' control, 149, we find the principal officers of the priests' service in the county number 384; whereas the imperial government service, including male and female civil servants, numbers only 48; and the local government service, including 157 police and all municipal and county officials, of both sexes, numbers only 221. Both services combined are only two-thirds of the priests' force *without counting* the subsidiary religious. Lawyers, doctors, and engineers only number 45; and there are only 6 midwives. The decrease in population in the decade ended 1901 was 6458; but of that number, emigration only accounted for 4438. The birth-rate

[1] *Evening Telegraph*, June 27, 1902.
[2] "Census of Ireland," 1901 and 1871.

was only 19.6 per 1000, while the mean birth-rate for Ireland was 23 per 1000; the death-rate was 17.3 per 1000. There was therefore a small excess of 2 per 1000 of births over deaths—that is to say, 114 individuals per annum; but the "barren" religious fraternities rather more than carried off that margin for home and foreign service.

In the pious county of Mayo, near the village of Kiltimagh, where emaciated and half-naked widows turning manure-heaps and sleeping on bundles of rags, are exhibited to English newspaper correspondents by fat priests as evidence of Irish industry,[1] a murder was committed on the 20th of May 1902—near Kiltimagh, where the little convent girls call themselves "Ooonagh" instead of "Winnie," and make Bishop Lyster, to use his own words, "look a bit foolish" when they talk Irish to him. A woman was driving her cattle through a passage over which there was a contested right-of-way, on that summer's day, when a neighbour, a full-grown male inhabitant of Mayo, assaulted her and obstructed the advance of the cows. She called for help. Her aged mother and some neighbours responded to the call, and by their aid the cattle were driven over the contested ground. The Mayo "man," it is alleged, struck the poor elderly mother with an iron mulechain, "broke her chest-bone, smashed her shin, as well as inflicted other injuries on her head."[2] All the neighbours witnessed the outrage. The old woman was carried home, was attended by a priest, died on the following day, and was hurriedly buried in twenty-four hours after her decease. The entire occurrence was hushed up. And the crime might never have been heard of to disarrange the idyllic tableau of State-subsidised nuns; ragged manure-turning widows; and

[1] *Daily Mail*, June 1902. [2] *Freeman*, July 4, 1902.

fat priests, in which the Kiltimagh district is studiously arranged for public view, if the daughter of the murdered woman had not disclosed the events in a letter written, a month after the occurrence, to her husband, a migratory labourer then in England.

He at once wrote to the police, and they arrested "the man." The body was exhumed, and the coroner's jury found that "deceased died from natural causes (!), but that death was accelerated by the injuries which, they were satisfied, were inflicted by the prisoner."

In the Dublin Police Court, on the 27th of June 1902, a Catholic "widow and charwoman" was charged with using profane language in the streets. The mighty Dominican, Dr. Keane, "deposed that he was accompanied by two other clergymen, when he noticed the prisoner. When she saw him and his friends she began to yell out a general denunciation of the Pope, Cardinal Logue, and the clergy, saying 'To h—l with them all,' so loud that she could almost have been heard at the Rotunda. They *passed her by* without noticing her; but she went on with her denunciations; and he called upon Constable 212 C to arrest her."[1]

How far his practice fell short of his preaching! If the child of such a woman should be worshipped on bended knees by the King of England, was not the mother worth a word of Christian admonition?

The prisoner, one of the submerged seven-tenths, "declared that she was a Catholic."

The magistrate, one of the upper three-tenths, said: "Do you expect me to believe that? If you are, you are a discredit to your Church."

Prisoner—"He (the mighty Dominican) should not have minded me with a little drink in. If you (the magistrate) took a little sup of punch yourself——"

[1] *Evening Telegraph.*

The magistrate ordered the prisoner to be put back, and the woman was removed, "saying she asked God's pardon for what she had done."

Such are a few of the sentences taken at random from the handwriting on the wall, which may well disturb the luxurious banquets of the priests in Ireland, if they are not so far gone in indolence and self-satisfaction as to have lost the faculties of perception and prescience.

I have known instances of priests having been drawn from amongst the pupils of industrial schools; and I am naturally led to ask the question, Is that why the priests are so keen upon the management of those State-supported schools? It is not right to depreciate a human being because of his lowly origin; but children, before admission to these schools, have to be convicted before a magistrate as vagrant beggars. If they are not absolutely tramps' children, they have to be put through the degradation of being sent on the street to beg by an industrial school's pimp, and thus they court arrest at the hands of a collusive policeman. I actually saw the tragedy enacted in Grafton Street, Dublin, recently. Talk of the popular actor's mock-tragedy; talk of his made-up face, and his feigned tremulousness, and his artificial strut! There was a thousandfold more tragedy than any paid actor ever simulated, in the deadly-white face and wild eyes of that rather well-clad little boy of eight or nine. I could see his little heart thumping under his Norfolk jacket. Oh, what a beginning that was to make in life!

Another priests' advertisement appeals for the "Archconfraternity of St. Joseph, protector of souls in purgatory—a thoroughly Irish work," whose gleanings are referred to in the eleventh chapter, and the

object of which is, "to provide for the priestly education of poor Irish boys for the Foreign Mission, where priests are badly wanted. These boys will be specially devoted to the interests of St. Joseph and of the Holy Souls." [1]

Where and how are those "poor Irish boys" obtained? Have such boys arrived at the age of full human understanding when they take the first irretrievable steps towards the priesthood? Let those who have been at boarding-schools themselves, or who have sent, or contemplate sending, their children to boarding-schools, consider the following offer made to Irish Catholic parents having boys *under twelve years of age*. It is an advertisement from the "Salesian School, Surrey Lane, Battersea, London, S.W., directed and taught by the Salesian Fathers"—neighbours of Cardinal Vaughan and the Duke of Norfolk.

"The principal object of this school (which is *distinct from the Orphanage*) is to provide a classical education at a moderate charge for those boys who desire to study for the priesthood. The course is arranged to meet the requirements of the College of Preceptors and the London University Examinations. Special advantages are offered for the study of modern languages, which are taught by native professors. Boys who have no vocation for the ecclesiastical state are prepared for any other career that they may wish to follow. The house is surrounded by a large garden and playground, and is situated in a most healthy locality, a few minutes' walk from the Park. Terms—boys under twelve, £16 per annum; over twelve, £18. For particulars apply to the Superior." [2]

"Distinct from the Orphanage," and "Boys under twelve," specially advertised for! The average rate

[1] *Irish Catholic.* [2] *Freeman's Journal*, August 17, 1901.

per head which our priests and nuns get from the Government for vagrant boys in so-called "industrial" schools in Ireland is more than the pension in this priests' school in Cardinal Vaughan's diocese.

There is an increasing demand for boys from Ireland for such purposes, and so long as the priests' monopoly in industrial schools exists, there need be no ultimate doubt of an ample supply, if boys cannot be found whose parents can afford £16 per annum.

Many other advertisements might be quoted. One under the heading of "Religious Vocations" runs thus: "Postulants wanted for Missionary Franciscan Brotherhood. Young men between seventeen and twenty-five may apply to Father Superior, St. Anthony's House, Nottingham, England."

In our Irish clerical colleges, too, the work of recruiting for foreign countries and the colonies never grows slack, although Irish priests are always so busy beating up recruits for themselves. I have more than once heard the complaint solemnly made from Dublin pulpits that the "sacred ranks" of the priesthood in the diocese were undermanned, and harrowing pictures drawn of the dreadful consequences which would result from a scarcity of priests.

The following advertisement from the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin, Bishop Foley's territory, shows some of the special inducements which are offered to secure postulants for England, America, and the Colonies,[1] in Carlow ecclesiastical college. The advertisement says: "There are at present a large number of American, Australian, and English bishops who have expressed their willingness to adopt students of Carlow College, from the Logic Class upwards, provided they can furnish satisfactory credentials of

[1] *Freeman's Journal*, August 14, 1901.

character and ability. The pension of all the students in the Philosophy and Theology Classes who are reading for other than Irish Missions is reduced by an allowance of £12 from the College Foreign Mission funds. In nearly every case where a student has been affiliated to a diocese, the allowance from the College funds is supplemented by a generous allowance from the Bishop of that diocese. The pensions of students in the Humanity and Rhetoric classes who are reading for other than Irish Missions is reduced by an allowance varying from £6 to £11."

I know several ecclesiastical students in the diocese of Dublin, who are being "educated" free for the home mission, both at Clonliffe Diocesan College and at Maynooth. The sons of professional men hardly ever become priests; the sons of the gentry never; even the sons of well-to-do shopkeepers and farmers *will not* become priests, unless they are enticed into an irretrievable step when very young. But the sons of licensed publicans frequently become priests—perhaps as an act of reparation—the connection between the priests and the publicans being very intimate. The sons of policemen, national teachers, local government officials, and others who owe their positions to sacerdotal patronage, and even labouring men's sons, now supply the bulk of the Irish priests. All these people are respectable, and their children are equally so; but they are, nevertheless, the class of priests' Irishmen who are out of touch with European civilisation, and belong, mainly, to the submerged seven-tenths of our fellow-religionists. It is certain that those boys get a better living from the priesthood than they could from any other career open to them with such inferior education as they get under the management of the priests.

They must not marry; but, there are a great many luxurious lay bachelors who cannot be induced to take wives for love or money, and who assert that they lose nothing by their state of single blessedness. If our priests got married, the "Church" would fall to pieces in the twinkling of an eye.

Drawn from such home circles, the theological students receive an education pre-eminently calculated to disimprove instead of improving their characters. They are kept in isolation, first at the diocesan seminaries, and afterwards at the ecclesiastical colleges, such as Maynooth, All Hallows, Carlow, Thurles, Waterford, Wexford, the Irish College at Rome, the Irish College at Paris, and the other places from which they are ordained.

And how do they occupy themselves during these years? Nominally in learning "theology"—that is to say, a system of effete and dishonest casuistry which the prosperous Christian world emancipated itself from, after much bloodshed and sorrow, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They are forbidden to read the newspapers. They spend a great deal of time daily in "meditations," that is to say, sitting or kneeling and doing nothing. Their minds become steadily "diseased." Every soft and elevating emotion of the human heart is eradicated under the sway of the ease-loving, callous, and cynical bachelors who control them. The finer filial and fraternal ties which ought to bind them to their homes and kindred are relaxed and obliterated. Subterfuge, evasion, and spying are rife under the mind-crushing *régime* of the theological colleges.

Drink and tobacco are forbidden to the students, but as they are freely indulged in by the bishops, ordained priests, and theological professors, they are

also smuggled into the students' rooms. If the professors officially heard the confessions of the students, one of two things would happen: Either they would, in secret, become cognisant of all breaches of college discipline; or the defaulting student would make "bad confessions," to be followed up by "bad communions," thereby, in the words of the Catechism, "committing the heinous crime of sacrilege," and the professors would remain in ignorance of breaches of discipline. The plan adopted, therefore, is to employ outside priests, unconnected with the college, as confessors, to whom defaulting students may confess their laxities, and, being absolved frequently, pursue their careers of delinquency with minds at ease.

Some practices of the students, called "navigation," and of which most of us are cognisant, would be humorous if one could forget the pretensions of the priests.

A professor, chancing to raise a hollow statue of the Blessed Virgin or one of the saints in a student's room in a theological college, has often found a bottle of whisky, a pipe and tobacco underneath it! Or, if he happens to lift the tail of a theological student's long clerical coat as the student passes through the porter's lodge at Maynooth, after paying a visit to his dentist in Dublin, a parcel may be found, containing a bottle of whisky and a cake, dangling between his legs, suspended by a cord attached to his braces or made fast to a band around his neck inside the Roman collar!

The ecclesiastical student has one cardinal principle—if I may use that noble word in such a connection—burned into his vitals from the first, namely:

That it would be an unmeasurable crime, disgrace, treason, and meanness to leave the Roman Catholic religion.

He may commit any crime and be absolved for it; but he must not commit that atrocious iniquity. He may disobey the Church every hour of his life, he may be a drunkard, a sensualist, a gambler, a murderer, and be forgiven as often as he desires; but he must not be guilty of the meanness of deserting the "old faith." That is what is written in vitriol in the heart of the priest; and the priest in his turn tattoos it all over the mind and brain of the lay children in the schools. The three fundamental lessons which the priest burns into the lay Catholic in youth are:

1. Remain a Catholic under any circumstances.
2. Go to Mass on Sundays.
3. Don't eat meat on Fridays.

There are, as we know, hundreds of thousands of nonconformist Catholics in Ireland who comply with no other rule of faith beyond these three, yet they get on very well with the priests.

The conception of his own semi-divinity grows upon the sacerdotal student in various ways. He starts by looking down upon his parents and relatives. Having settled that point, he proceeds to adjust the whole world to his own limited scale of vision—and he looks down upon the whole world. But let a young Irish priest, Father Gildea of Donegal, depict the altitude of the priest's position for us in his own words:[1] —

"The object of Christ's mission on earth was the salvation of the whole human race. . . . To accomplish this object He did not propose to remain for ever in our midst. This being so, we may naturally ask ourselves how were future generations to be saved, how were they to get the means of salvation? These were questions, doubtless, which presented themselves to the mind of Christ, but to that mind the solution was quite

[1] *Derry Journal*, August 5, 1896: verbatim report of sermon preached at Burtonport.

easy. He saw clearly, if we were to be saved, we must first be supplied with the means."

If we accept the following presentation of the case, we must suppose Christ to have forgotten that He was about to die on the cross for the redemption of humanity. But let the preacher pursue his theme in his own words as reported:—

"He (Christ) saw, moreover, that the means best suited for the attainment of that end was the priesthood, and, therefore, He determined that the priesthood should be instituted. . . . No doubt it is utterly impossible that we can ever hope to understand the power that has been conferred on the priests of the New Law, and it is equally impossible that we can ever get more than a vague idea of the great dignity to which they have been raised. . . . The priests of the New Law, whose duty it is to offer up the adorable sacrifice of the Mass, wherein Christ Himself is the victim, and in which His very body is rendered present on our altars, are empowered not alone to offer sacrifice, but to remit directly the sins of all men."

The one real sacrifice, then, would not have sufficed, if it were not followed up by a constant repetition of make-believe sacrifices, the enactment of six of which, as we know, may be purchased for a pound sterling! Father Gildea is reported to have gone on as follows:—

"Thus in the New Dispensation a twofold power is imparted to the priest, power over the natural body of Christ, and power over the members of the Church. . . . The rulers of the earth issue commands; but a greater power far is given to the priest of God. Every day, in the sacrifice of the Mass, he can say to the Son of God, 'Come down from Heaven,' and immediately Christ obeys . . . comes and meekly rests on our altars, within the little chalice or the cold ciborium. What earthly power can vie with this, or, might I add, what heavenly power either? The angels, indeed, see our

Lord face to face, but then they are not permitted to hold Him in their hands or to control His movements. . . ."

Such is the distorted conception of his own semi-divinity or, rather, super-divinity which the ignorant Irish peasant's boy, who has become an ecclesiastical student, forms of his own place in the scale of the universe.

What are chief secretaries, prime ministers, lord lieutenants, even kings themselves, compared with the young priest from Donegal? And to their everlasting discredit be it said, many chief secretaries and many lord lieutenants—I shall not go farther—in recent years, have played a mean, time-serving part in confirming the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland in such delusions.

"The rulers of this world," continued Father Gildea, "have power to open and close the prison gates of earth, but the priest can open and close the gates of heaven and hell. An earthly judge can restore the innocent alone to freedom, but the priest can give that blessing even to the guilty. Take a poor sinner whose soul is weighed down with the accumulated sins of many years, and see to whom must he have recourse if he seeks for mercy. . . . The angels indeed *may keep away the evil spirits* which surround this poor child of Adam; Mary may pray for him; but neither the angels nor Mary can remove one single sin from his soul. Who can do this for him? The priest of God. He can rescue the sinner from hell, and make him worthy to be received into heaven. Go, therefore, where you will, to heaven or through this earth, you will find only one created being who can forgive the sinner, and that Being is the Catholic priest. . . . In one word, he is, as it were, the great channel through which all the helps and means of salvation are conveyed to our souls."

Such a code of doctrine as this is well calculated to ruin the infatuated people who believe in it. It blots

out the death of Christ from the book of history, and denies to that ineffable sacrifice any saving effect whatever. It kills all practice of real virtue, destroys Christian self-help and individual responsibility. It sets a premium upon vice by the ease, frequency, and secrecy with which it can be forgiven. It encourages superstition, including a belief in evil spirits, resulting in a lucrative trade in masses. It reduces respect for the omnipotent God almost to vanishing point; and, thereby, extirpates self-respect and all the virtues that follow in the wake of self-respect—namely, industry, hopefulness, truth, courage, and moral rectitude.

It is the same gospel as the pagan priests preached many centuries before the Papacy—founded by a decree of the debauched Emperor Phocas, and not by Christ—brought *its* priests upon the stage of the world. It is the gospel which has been rejected by all civilisation and by the better half of white humanity. It explains why the social system in Roman Catholic Ireland, resting upon a foundation of such blasphemous fallacies, is a failure and a fraud. It explains why Catholic Ireland is rotting like a diseased limb in the otherwise sound body-politic of the United Kingdom. It explains why every country which professes this creed is in a condition of stagnation. It explains why the world owes whatever of comfort, progress, and enlightenment it has achieved, to the men and nations who have discarded the gospel of Father Gildea.

With such exaggerated notions of his own superdivinity, the theological student spends the point-years of a man's life nursing his delusions in stagnant isolation. Without his perceiving it, the pointsmen are lifting their carefully devised levers and directing him off the main line of truth and progress, and leading him on to one of the farthermost sidings of life's rail-

way, where the effete Roman Catholic rolling-stock stands rusting and worm-eaten, creaking and groaning when the slightest movement is required.

When the young man is ordained, and finds himself installed as a curate in a parish, he is like a crocodile on shore, in touch with animal life for the first time. He does not know the actual strength of his own jaws, though he has been hearing them snap in imagination for many years while floating in the ecclesiastical pools of the theological colleges—brooding alone in his room, or ruminating in his "meditations."

He has ceased to be a man; he is a saurian covered with thick scales and a green archaic slime.

Some of the very best spirits, when they have had time for a survey of the outside world, cast off the scales and cease to be saurians, and become men; or as nearly like men as it is possible *for them* to become. All credit be to them and pity for them! What greater impediment to human progress can be conceived than the course of mental misdirection to which they have been subjected? The sordid ideals which have been placed before them, and up to which they have been trained to live—worst of all, to handle God and "control His movements," as we have heard it put, in return for a small sum of money, whenever invited to do so—make it impossible for them to become, unless with strenuous self-effort in after-life, high-minded or well-principled men. Their history shows how few of them ever succeed in getting their minds to work straightly again. The best of them are plotters and prosperity-worshippers, eager to range themselves on the winning side, never prepared to commit themselves wholly to any side. If the truth dawns upon them—and I know that it has dawned upon many of them—they have not principle enough to break openly

with an institution of which they disapprove. The vitriol-letters are stamped in their hard hearts, out of which all the softening, legitimate loves of human nature have been seared: DON'T CEASE TO BE A CATHOLIC! DON'T DESERT THE FAITH! But, over and above that, which applies to laymen as well as priests, there is this to be remembered, that their low view of human life, their Evil Spirit, to use their own term, eternally whispers in their ear the following counsel and warning: *How can you live if you give it up? True, the proselytisers may give you something, but you will have to do work for it. You will have to become an ordinary unworshipped human being. Your training has unfitted you for that. You fool, you could never stand it. You are not a man. You are a sacred crocodile. Your home is in the pool where you can float and grow fat at ease.*

And the evil spirit laughs stridently, and wins the day. Then the parish priest makes for himself a little pool in his own parish, in his own house and church, in which he floats and grows fat. And he soon learns how to close his formidable jaws upon weak humanity —children especially, then women, and some men— in the school, in the pulpit, and in the confessional; as, with advancing years, he grows more inured to his situation. And if the prey will not come to him in the pool, he goes forth to seek it; but he arranges matters so that nineteen-twentieths of his operations are carried on in the pool.

And each saurian crawls out of his own parish pool once a month and goes to the big pool at the deanery, where they all float and gormandise at a conference; and when one of them dies there is a great foregathering at the dead saurian's pool. And the prey—the laity—look on in wonder at it all, and keep out of the way of the saurians, who know by rote all the sins

of each layman and laywoman; and the laity only visit the pools of the saurians under compulsion and threat of eternal damnation as the punishment of absenting themselves.

The Catholic laity either live out in the desert, leaving the sacred saurians to possess the fertile land along the banks, or they come into the rich loam amongst the pools and work for the sacerdotal organisation.

There are many men and women in the rich land who do not fear the priests; for they have "put on the armour of righteousness" and discarded the scales of Rite. They are protestant Catholics whose ancestors rose up for Christ against the priests, and there are 1,150,000 of them; but for whom the dreaded priests would utterly possess Ireland. "In other lands," said Father Kane, the Jesuit, recently, "other kinds of error imperil Faith. The mental poison of our Irish atmosphere is Protestantism."[1] Most of the Protestants love the poor victims of the saurians, and have for generations been doing all that mortal wit could devise to save Ireland from the priests. But the laity bear the vitriol stamp in their hearts: DON'T CEASE TO BE A CATHOLIC! DON'T DESERT THE FAITH!

The poor Irish laity fly out of Ireland from the priests at the rate of 40,000 per annum, and they quietly desert "the faith" in thousands every year—in America notably, and in Great Britain. Father Jarvis, Ely Place, London, is reported as saying:—

"We have heard a great deal about the leakage going on amongst the Catholic population of London; and leakage is taking place chiefly among the lower classes of the London Irish, who, year after year, give up the practice of their religion, and cease to enter a Catholic church. Most of them marry non-Catholics,

[1] Sermon reported in *Derry Journal*, June 9, 1902.

men and women, without religion of any kind, and the children of these marriages, oftentimes contracted at the Registrar's office, or in a Protestant church, are too frequently brought up without faith, go to Board Schools, and consider themselves Protestants. I have come across cases of this kind myself, and all my efforts to bring such people back to the faith have proved useless. They did not wish to be Catholics, although they admitted that their grandparents were."[1]

According to the Oblate, Father Shinnors, the Irish immigrants in America desert in millions. He points out that the entire Roman Catholic population of all nationalities in the States is only claimed to be 10,000,000; whereas he estimates that the Roman Catholic Irish and their descendants alone number more than that figure; and the non-growth of Roman Catholicism[2] is attributable, says the Oblate Father, to "the speedy absorption of Catholic immigrants, and particularly of Irish Catholic immigrants, into the irreligious and unbelieving masses."

I have a considerable number of relatives in the United States; and, in a general way, I know a good deal about that country: and I have no hesitation in saying that many Catholic immigrants after "the speedy absorption" deplored by Father Shinnors, are better citizens and *practise* a higher code of morality than the unabsorbed, stay-at-home faithful who *profess to believe* in sacerdotal infallibility in Ireland.

They have escaped the saurians, and they *will not* return to the pools. That is why the Roman Catholics of England, *pace* their friends in the House of Lords, are either stationary or decreasing, while all other

[1] *St. Peter's Net*, May 1902.
[2] *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, July 1902, &c.

classes of English citizens are growing in numbers and in strength. Of the 1,750,000 Roman Catholics in Great Britain, about 100,000 are English;[1] the rest are poor Irish immigrants, or their descendants. The 100,000 English Catholics constitute the "antique" seventeenth part of the body, and on them is devolved all the show work for the edification of the Protestants, while the poor "deserting" Irish are asked to subscribe the money and produce the officiating priests.

What a composite monster is English Roman Catholicity, its bold, scarlet head high amongst the Tories, with the Article Club and the Duke of Norfolk, its body of clay sunk waist-deep in the Irish nationalist bog, in the untold misery of Catholic Ireland, in the prostitution of Mecklenburgh Street area, in the wife-burning of Ballyvadlea, in all kinds and degrees of *post-mortem* savageries, superstition, mind-enslavement, and religious insanity!

At Durham Assizes on July 14, 1902, a poor, married Irishwoman, "charged with the murder of her four-and-a-half months old child, was found guilty, but not responsible. During St. Patrick's week she drank heavily, but finally said she would sign the pledge. She got some holy water from the priest and sprinkled her kitchen with it, declaring she was chasing devils out of the house. Then having prayed and read a prayer-book, she placed her child upon the hearthrug and cut its throat."[2]

The bulk of the Protestants love the Catholic laity, as I have said, and long for their well-being, without at all wanting them to become Protestants; for there are no unmarried leagues of men and women devoted to religious mystery and money-making amongst the Protestants. But there are some professing Pro-

[1] Mr. Davitt, *Freeman*, June 1902. [2] *Daily Mail*, July 15, 1902.

testants, not many, who side with the priests against us, either through honest ignorance, or because the priests are so much the stronger. Of the latter species, I regret to say, seems at least one Irish Government official, already alluded to, who, standing on the same platform at Cork, and linked in the same enterprise with Father Finlay, Jesuit, on 10th July 1902, expressed a hope that "there may be before long in Dublin another institution of higher education, where such movements" as his and the Jesuits' "would be appreciated and supported."[1]

Government should not take further counsel on such a grave question from one whose sole claim to attention is that he is a priests' mouthpiece. The Government have followed *him* far enough. He is following *his* leaders, the priests, and will lead it and Ireland to certain destruction. Yes, to destruction. For it is a delusion to think that triflers are the only people left in this realm, although casuistry and quibbling have been so triumphant in the United Kingdom's politics for the last ten years. A change of Government, and, with it, the disappearance of the priests and their friends from official life, would be preferable to a further devolution of power and money to the sacerdotal organisation.

Nor may the injustice be accomplished by bribing the Presbyterians, unless I misunderstand those Christians! The intriguers have "run" their last cargo for the priests through Parliament. They will, God willing, be under open fire on their next venture—fire which, if necessary, will be directed at the hulk of Government itself, under whose bottom they cling and feed like barnacles.

It is regretfully I write with apparent harshness

[1] *Freeman*, July 11, 1902.

of any one, but hard words break no bones; and if no heavier retribution fall upon the promoters of priestly supremacy in Ireland than a verbal castigation, they shall have escaped more leniently than some of their prototypes in other Catholic lands.

I hope my opinion may be wrong; but I believe the existing condition of things in Catholic Ireland resembles in many respects the phenomena which immediately preceded violent outbreaks elsewhere.

Before any Government, in compliance with the priests' clamour, proceed to take action in a question so fraught with risk as the establishment of a State-subsidised university, let them remember that it is bad statesmanship to be, as the Americans put it, "too previous." I praised this Government in FIVE YEARS IN IRELAND for their Local Government Act of 1898 and the Land Act of 1896, and I gave them credit for the best intentions in reference to the Agriculture and Technical Instruction Act of 1899, and I have no intention of receding from that position.

In the case of the two measures first mentioned, there was a demand for legislation "broad based upon the people's will." But the third measure was empirical, and the demand for it manifestly factitious, being a worked-up expression of opinion. It was bad statesmanship to pass the Bill under such circumstances, and it was short-sighted policy to entrust its administration to the priest-serving *coterie* who had got up the agitation.

It would be infinitely worse statesmanship to deal with university education for Catholics upon an equally factitious agitation, got up by the Irish priests. There should be a genuine public demand, as well as a national want, before such an act should be contemplated in a country with a constantly decreasing

population. There is no public demand. There is no national want. Every expression of opinion about the project is whipped-up. Nobody but the priests, and those who expect situations under them, are in earnest about it, on the Catholic side.

That may not be the case in ten years hence, when our new representative institutions have had time to develop.

If and when the Catholic laity are in a position to formulate an unforced, well-considered, and representative statement of their requirements with regard to secular university education, then, any Government that may happen to be in power should readily deal with such a presentation of the case.

But to legislate now would be to comply with a spurious clamour, to provide for a want which does not exist; it would be, in fine, to be "too previous." Let the Irish priests be given some time to digest the exceptional pecuniary meals they have been getting recently, and let us not pay too much attention to the crocodile's tears.

The priest when he deserts his true business—which is ceremonial, varied by the delivery of such sermons as I have quoted—does not exhibit a degree of capacity which justifies his pretentiousness. Take, for example, a dictum from the address reported to have been delivered by Father Finlay, paid Fellow of the Royal University, in co-operation with the vice-president of the department of agriculture and technical instruction at Cork:—

"By industry he did not mean the mere exertion of physical strength, or the mere substitution of men's strength for the forces of nature, but an ordered control of the forces of nature and of the labour which was expended, not in taking the place of the beast of burden —of that they had had enough in Ireland—the labour

which directs the animal and material forces alike for the prosperity of man, a labour which substituted thought for mere physical strength, and in which method was much more than muscle."[1]

Does not this seem like a gospel of labour without exertion; or the principle of the "crozier indulgence" applied to industry? If we take the secret power of the confessional away from the "learned" priests who spin off such mental cobwebs by the square mile, what are they worth? Possibly twenty shillings a week, without board. Scores of better men—poor, lay, Catholic clerks—do not get more.

The priest is induced to step outside his trade every day, even if he were not, as he is, most anxious to do so of his own accord. His influence, real and assumed, over the submerged seven-tenths gives him a peculiar position. Some years ago, when a Lord-Lieutenant was about to visit a nobleman residing near a Catholic town, the stipendiary magistrate called upon the Catholic bank manager and some leading traders; and they secretly visited the Catholic bishop, who, on their representations, invited the town commissioners to his palace, and advised them to present an address of welcome to the Lord-Lieutenant, as "there was something to be got by doing so." The address was presented; and it proved a profitable transaction for the bishop. But of what value was such an address either to the State or its recipient?

Now, if the submerged seven-tenths of our people could get their heads permanently over water, the priests' position in such negotiations would be lost. It is the noisy discontent and ignorance of the seven-tenths that are the priests' best milch-cows. They are like the chronic debt on his parish church or schools.

[1] *Freeman*, July 11, 1902.

"Well, how did you get on in my absence?" said an Irish parish priest, just returned from a holiday, to his young curate.

"Oh! splendidly," replied the curate; "the sermon was largely attended, the collection was good, and I have paid off the debt on the church."

"What!" roared the parish priest; "paid off the debt! Did you announce that from the altar?"

"I did, and I thanked the people in your name," said the curate.

"Oh, you fool!" said the parish priest; "you have ruined me! I had that debt as an excuse for everything I wanted since I came to the parish, and now what'll I have to fall back on? You must leave this parish. I won't have a fool like you in my service."

Our children are instructed in the schools to salute the priest when they meet him in the street, for the following alleged reason: "The priest may be carrying the Host to some dying person," says the Christian Brother, the Nun, the National Teacher, or the Priest himself, as the case may be, addressing the school children, "and it is to God Himself, therefore, you show respect when you salute the priest." The salutes are a very valuable asset in the priests' inventory, and they impress the Protestants; but we all know that is how they are procured. The same instructions are given as to the raising of hats when passing a church, a custom which deeply impresses the onlookers. About two-tenths of the submerged seven-tenths, infant and adults, systematically disobey the personal saluting order. The upper three-tenths treat it with scorn, and never even contemplate obedience to it.

The priests now encourage the laity to bring the remains of deceased relatives to the churches, where they lie in the interval between death and interment.

The practice has produced a new source of revenue, for it ensures a requiem mass in cases where one would not have been ordered under ordinary circumstances. The disgraceful scenes enacted at wakes, and which the priests never really exerted themselves to put a stop to, supply the ostensible reason for converting the parish churches into morgues. But the results of the practice are: firstly, increased revenue for the priests; and, secondly, to make the insanitary conditions under which poor people are crowded into the chapels on Sundays still more dangerous.

The "most reverend Dr. Clancy," Government's conscience-keeper and champion of the God of Truth against the blaspheming King of England, for instance, places his cathedral at the disposal of the people of Sligo for that purpose. And on July 11, 1902, the body of a respectable Sligo alderman, over whose remains no disgraceful wake-scenes need have been anticipated, were deposited for the night in the Sligo cathedral. About eleven o'clock that night "three young men were passing when they heard some noise in the chapel yard, and shortly afterwards heard the sound of breaking glass." They raised an alarm, and allege that they beheld "three men" running out of the cathedral yard and disappearing in the darkness. The police came upon the scene, and "found the safe in the chapel yard, and the sacristy window, through which it had apparently been removed, broken. The safe was intact, but a contribution-box in the sacred edifice had been broken and rifled."[1] And it is added that "it is surmised that the perpetrators of the outrage secreted themselves in the cathedral when the remains of the late Alderman —— were removed there in the evening." To such depths have we fallen!

[1] *Freeman*, July 14, 1902.

Many priests, as I have said, are in mental revolt against the life to which they find themselves committed. But both they and the nonconformist laity have the vitriol letters, DON'T CEASE TO BE A CATHOLIC, stamped in their hearts, and they pass through life in outward compliance with rules and practices in which they do not believe.

The Father Superior or Rector of a Dublin friary, one of those described in an earlier chapter, quite recently left the institution and discarded the profession. He was a middle-aged man, and I knew him by appearance. His defection is known in some Catholic circles in Dublin; but, like everything of the kind, it is hushed up, "to avoid scandal," as the priests put it. It is doubtful if the poor priest himself will ever have the courage to acknowledge what he has done. At Athlone, in the year 1887, a well-known incident occurred, of which the particulars were, however, allowed to divulge. A young priest of St. Peter's parish in that town had, after long consideration, determined to leave the Church, but, he tells us, "I knew that my parents would prefer to see me dead rather than that I should turn my back on the priesthood."[1] He rowed out alone on the river Shannon, taking with him a suit of layman's clothes in a Gladstone bag. Having secreted the bag in a lonely spot near the river's edge he pulled out into mid-stream, took off his priest's clothes, left them in the boat, and swam ashore, where he attired himself in the secular suit, and ran away. The drifting boat, containing his priest's clothes, was found; and his death thus discovered, was bewailed all over the county. His praises were for a while on every lip. He is now a Protestant clergyman; his brother and sister have also

[1] "Hear the Other Side," by the Rev. T. Connellan, Dublin, 1889.

left the Church with him; and no language is too vile, no imputations on his character too low, for sacerdotal use in reference to him.

People, clerical as well as lay, in free lands like England or the States, change their religious creed or place of worship whenever conscientious reasons impel them to do so, and nobody dreams of persecuting or hounding them down or imputing evil motives to them for so doing. In Ireland, as my illustrations prove, it is different; and the Catholic who dares to leave the religion is denounced more mercilessly by the priests than Luther, Zwingle, and other reformers. If the priests gained information beforehand that one of their number contemplated such a public change of religion, I dare not say to what lengths I believe they would go in order to prevent the apostasy.

Such, then, is the Irish priest. My sketch of him is but an outline, an incentive to study rather than a study.

If my words could reach them, I should appeal to British statesmen of all politics—and, in particular, to the new prime minister, Mr. A. J. Balfour—to view with suspicion any proposals, no matter under what specious pleas they may be advanced, of which the tendency and result will be to enhance the power or increase the wealth of the already over-endowed and over-grown sacerdotal organisation in Roman Catholic Ireland.

CHAPTER XXXI

IS CHRIST RESPONSIBLE?

THE rich and powerful sacerdotal organisation whose woe-begetting policy I have been inadequately endeavouring to describe in the foregoing pages is alleged to be necessary for the appeasement and glorification of the everlasting triune God, whom the vast majority of the inhabitants of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland adore. The incarnation of God the Son; His life, example, and teaching; His death on the cross after having undergone the direst human agony—were all insufficient, unless followed up *in perpetuo* by the maintenance of the unmarried Priest in Power in Ireland. The priests' organisation, we are told, consummates what would have been the otherwise ineffectual sacrifice of Calvary.

Now, if the priests preached Christ Crucified to us, and if they practised the teaching of Christ and imitated His acts, and thereby made us a Christlike or truly Christian people, I could understand how their organisation, working unitedly towards that end, might be truthfully described as perpetuating, though it could not be said to be consummating, the redemption of mankind; for that was in itself a perfect work.

He said, "*It is finished:* and He bowed His head and gave up the ghost."

Photographische Gesellschaft, *Berlin.*

"How frequently, when gazing upon some noble conception of Christ's agony at Gethsemane, have I not asked myself, thinking of Catholic Ireland, whether the chalice of His trouble consisted, not, as we are taught, in the physical torture of His approaching crucifixion, but in a prevision of the dreadful wrongs which should afterwards be inflicted upon humanity under cover of His authority?"

But our priests preach anything and everything rather than Christ Crucified; and, while they are prepared to ascribe the most extraordinary powers to people like Anthony of Padua, Peter of Alcantara, Expedit, Blaise, Blessed Gerard of Clonard Gardens, Belfast, and to themselves, and even to the Holy Souls, they deny, *in practice*, all efficacy and saving grace to the sacrifice of the incarnate God the Son in whom they *verbally* profess to believe.

How frequently, when gazing upon some noble conception of Christ's agony at Gethsemane, have I not asked myself, thinking of Catholic Ireland, whether the chalice of His trouble consisted, not, as we are taught, in the physical torture of His approaching crucifixion, but in a prevision of the dreadful wrongs which should be afterwards inflicted upon humanity under cover of His authority!

The priests' organisation is the reverse of all that is Christlike, humble, forgiving, and poor. If we follow the example of our priests, our characters will not be ennobled, our minds will not be clarified, our spirits will not be raised up in hopeful confidence towards our Father who is in heaven, that great Spirit of Perfection to Whom all human virtue is akin, and to meet Whom, beyond the grave, we are travelling laboriously through this corporal life.

The condition of our poor, priest-oppressed people, bowed down in sorrow with the weight of ignorance and trouble, proves that ours is not the inheritance of the believing and happy Christian. The descending scale of our morality; the decay of our courage and industry; the diminution of our population; the national disregard for truth; the maintenance and increase of the spirit of savage uncharitableness and envy amongst us; and the almost total disappearance

of counsels of brotherly love—all these portents prove that, in company with our priests, we are not walking along the path trodden by our Redeemer, Christ.

"Then said Jesus unto His disciples, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me."

Our priests and nuns take up the cross—*their* simulacrum of a cross—and place it, not like a burden of Christian responsibility, upon their shoulders, or as a spiritual light in their hearts; but they erect it over their hall doors, in the fanlights of recently-purchased noblemen's mansions, on their gold watch-chains, on the piers of their palace gates, and on the top of the heaven-affronting new steeple at Maynooth, 275 feet high, which, dominating unhappy Ireland,

"Lifts its tall head, and, like a bully, lies."

They paint His agony in pictures and hang them on their chapel walls. They descant grossly about His Sacred Heart and His Holy Face, and practise every species of low familiarity towards Him most calculated to earn His contempt. They select from the scant but sufficient records of His life whatever is least practical and least useful to humanity; they adulterate it with a mass of fables of their own invention, and they dignify the amalgam with the appellation of THE FAITH. And, pressing a blunderbuss against the temples of their lay brethren, they compel them to accept that amalgam implicitly, and threaten them that if they do not so accept it, they shall receive the dreadful sentence, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

Their blunderbuss is an effete weapon, and has no

terror for many of us alive to-day; but it still terrifies millions of our brethren, ruins their minds, and spoils existence for them. It is about our poorer brethren that we, who do not fear the priests ourselves, are anxious to-day. We have too long committed our poor brothers to the custody of those unjust sacerdotal stewards, those "experts" in religion, who monopolise all our Catholic charities for their own profit.

Having a keen sense of my own shortcomings, I should not dare to judge any human being, even a priest. But I cannot help remembering that the dreadful sentence with which we are threatened if we doubt the infallibility of the priest, and refuse to stifle the faculty of reason implanted in us by God for His own good ends, was decreed, not to unbelievers in any particular code of religious law, but was denounced against non-practisers of Christ's simple teaching.

After the sentence, we are told He shall say also to them on the left hand: "For I was an hungered, and ye gave Me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in; naked, and ye clothed Me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited Me not."

Picture to yourself the condition of the poor Catholic men, women, and children of Ireland—the tens of thousands of them in the Catholic quarters of Dublin, in the swamps of Connaught, in the morasses of Munster—into whose minds the light of truth may never enter, and remember that we, better-class Catholics, have been coerced by the priests into delegating all responsibility for our poor brothers and sisters to the priests' organisation in Ireland.

Upon the rich priests, with their sham crosses, and upon them alone, therefore, rests all responsibility for the condition of the Irish Roman Catholic poor, whose

helpless and contentious misery in the midst of peace and plenty is discussed and wondered at all over the world.

Catholic Ireland, instead of having been saved by the sublime sacrifice of Calvary, is writhing in misery and involved in as much religious doubt and perplexity as if Jesus had never died for humanity. The many grand pictorial representations of His death, instead of testifying that He died FOR US, and thereby lightening our mental burdens, only seem to increase our trouble and make life more difficult for us.

To whom, then, will the Son of Man, seated upon the throne of His glory, make answer, saying: "Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me?"

Shall the Son of Man, think you, consider the privilege which the condescending Irish priests concede to Him, of "meekly resting on our altars within the little chalice or the cold ciborium," sufficient to exonerate the guilty pastors who are responsible for the mental and physical destitution of His "little ones" in Ireland?

"Let them begin at New York," exclaims Mr. Michael Davitt, eager for the suppression of landlordism as the cause of all Irish misery, "and in the large cities of America, by investigating how many unfortunate young girls, driven from Irish homes to seek a livelihood across the water, found their way in the end to a life of shame."[1]

Let them begin at Mecklenburgh Street area in the capital of Ireland, and at the nun-managed Magdalen Asylums of Ireland, I say, and let them inquire how many of the inhabitants of these reserva-

[1] *Freeman*, July 15, 1902.

Kehler pinxit.

"Catholic Ireland, instead of having been saved by the sublime sacrifice of Calvary, is writhing in misery and involved in as much religious doubt and perplexity as if Jesus had never died for humanity. The many grand pictorial representations of His death, instead of testifying that He died FOR US, and thereby lightening our mental burdens, only seem to increase our troubles and make life more difficult for us!"

tions owe their fall to landlordism, and how many owe it to the enervation of mind and character, the helpless laziness, the superstition, and the ignorance of Christian principles in which they were brought up by the Irish priests and nuns. Legislation can effect little more useful purpose in these realms; and the power of the M.P. is waning because the public are beginning to discover the fact. Their "legislative harvests" nowadays are but "bundles of tares." If, for instance, all the tenant-farmers of Ireland were converted into occupying owners by Act of Parliament, would not all the evil-breeding influences—against which I protest, but which Mr. Davitt's friends condone or abet—still flourish in full play in our midst, and would they not still remain to be grappled with? Of what avail to make the Irish citizen owner of his farm by legislation, when he may not be owner of his own mind? Under such circumstances a man cannot be said to be the real owner of anything. Do not the facts with reference to the disposition of his property, prove that the Irish Catholic citizen is not the real owner of anything that he possesses? When we have succeeded in setting free the minds of our poorer brethren, and in directing their mental energies into the proper channels in youth, then we shall have insured to them the peaceful possession of everything worth having in this life. No act of parliament can achieve that, though legislation which is passed at the behest of the priests, and in their interests, may delay and even prevent the accomplishment of that greatest of all good things.

Our general morality is deteriorating as well as our sexual morals, while we thus continue to stray farther and farther away from the simple virtues of

Christ. We make a meaner display before the world now than at any anterior period of our history. Consider, for instance, the Young Ireland and the 'Forty-eight movements and the many men of high intelligence connected with them, their lofty aspirations, their liberal ideas, their literature, and the brotherhood of Protestant with Catholic which characterised that period. At that comparatively recent date Ireland was in touch with European Liberalism, and her little wrist-pulse beat in time to the heart-throbs of the Continent.

The priest, emancipated by Daniel O'Connell, then came forth and spread himself over the land:

> "in bulk as huge,
> As whom the fables name of monstrous size,"

and began his work of capturing the minds of our people, enlisting them not in the service of Christ, but enslaving them under his own barren and unchristian rule.

Twenty years elapsed; and the pent-up feeling of Catholic Ireland, the priests' Ireland, found vent in the rising of 'Sixty-seven! What a drop there was from the intelligence of the thinking men of the 'forties to the unintelligent, unmemorable efforts of the men of 'Sixty-seven! But, oh, how the priest had grown in Ireland in the interval between the 'forties and the 'sixties!

Fifteen or twenty years again elapsed; and the period of the Invincible conspiracy and the dynamite outrages arrived, proving how we had been withering, how we had been losing, as a whole, in nobility, in character, in straightforwardness, in width of view. And, again, in that interval between the 'sixties and the 'eighties, the priests had been growing incessantly!

All the mental and physical energies of the dwindling remnant of our people were being sucked up by the swollen leeches of sacerdotalism; Christ was more utterly forgotten, perhaps, than at any previous stage of our history, and we had wandered farther than ever from the ways of simple industry and virtue.

Behold us to-day, twenty years after, at the opening of the twentieth century. Our parliamentary representation is numerous enough to give us an overwhelming voice, out of all proportion to our numbers, in the management of the affairs of the prosperous empire to which we belong. But, have we any real weight in Parliament? Are our members, representing, as they do, the priest-educated intelligence of Ireland, respected or powerful? On the contrary, may it not be safely said of them, without any uncharity or any reflection on their personal characters, or any fear of genuine contradiction from any reputable quarter, that they stand for the lowest watermark of intellect and capacity ever recorded by the public men of Ireland in the councils of the nation? Where are our orators? Where are our men of understanding and wisdom? Where are our statesmen? Where are even our men of common-sense? May not our critics truthfully say of our representatives, judging them by their acts: *It is as sport to a fool to do mischief?* May it not be said of our Irish party, appraising it by its utterances, that *its mouth is its destruction?*

There is no phase of sacerdotal policy at home or abroad which is not misinterpreted for our poor people. I cannot exaggerate the intensity of my despair when I think of how even the doings of the Friars in the Philippine Islands are represented: "They have established Christianity and introduced law and order,"

writes an important Dublin newspaper,[1] referring to the Spanish friars!

Alas, if Christianity and law and order can be said to exist in, for instance, the Mecklenburgh Street area of Dublin, with its population of 20,000 souls, and throughout poor, Catholic Ireland at this moment; then, assuredly, it does not lie with us, Catholic Irish, to deny those blessings to the wretched Filipinos. That, I suppose, is our position. *They* are our equals in morality. *They* have been priest-ruled as well as the Irish. *We* can no longer look down upon them.

The American Government requested the Pope, properly saddling him with his responsibility, as superior officer of the wicked friars, to command them to withdraw from the islands. The Pope could not see his way; and the Christian Government of America is now proceeding to eject the sinful monks without assistance from our spiritual master in Rome. The unhappy islands, under ecclesiastical rule, were a cesspool of iniquity, as the world knows, in which the priests themselves were the leaders and chief participators.[2]

As "blasphemy" seems a popular topic of discussion in Ireland at the moment, especially in the sacerdotal press, let me say that I cannot conceive a worse blasphemy than that of holding Christ and Christianity responsible, either for the miseries of the priest-ruled Philippines, or for the mental and physical destitution of the poor in priest-governed, Roman Catholic Ireland.

Would that, before I close this treatise, I could discover some substantial redeeming point in the working of the priests' organisation upon which I

[1] *Freeman*, July 18, 1902.

[2] U.S.A. State Paper on the Philippines, 1901.

might dwell for the honour of my countrymen. If they were poor, like our people, it would be to their credit; if they were simple in their habits, sparing in their diet, humble in their prosperity, how gladly should I record it for their sakes!

A foreigner, residing in Ireland, and owner of a hotel, recently said, with a shrug of his shoulders, to a Protestant gentleman: "Oh, your clergy, your Protestant clergy, they are so poor, they are so poor! They have no money. They come in and they ask for a bottle of ginger-beer, or a cup of tea, or a few biscuits for the little ones, and they put a few coppers or a sixpence on the counter. Bah! They are no good. But the priests; ah, the priests, they are rich, they have plenty money, they are good for me! They come in and have the best, always the best, whisky-soda, brandy-seltzer, or champagne. Oh, they buy cases of champagne from me, at a hundred-and-twenty shillings the dozen! They ask me to dine with them. I go. I am politic. I please my customers. I dine with the priests, and I get the best, the very best of everything; no expense is spared by the priests. But your clergy, your Protestant clergy, and their wives and their little ones, ah, they are no good, no good for me!"

The priests write fulsome theses upon temperance; but do they "deny themselves"? Their annual pastorals, in which they laboriously depict the vices of the laity, to the astonishment of our Protestant fellow-Christians, are as hollow and meaningless as the pictures on their chapel walls, or the crosses on their watch-chains. They are like the epistles of Micawber—never followed up in practice, and recoil upon themselves to their own disgrace as the infallible mentors of their flocks. A monsignor reads an essay at Maynooth on

the Drink Bill of Ireland. Let me tell him that the sacerdotal organisations in Ireland are the largest contributors to that excessive national account. It is unnecessary for me to say more on such a topic. Every man and woman in Catholic Ireland knows the strength and truth of my statement. The priests call for legislation and think they have done their duty. They administer formal pledges and stop at that. They raise a dust about a pettifogging Act of Parliament to stop the granting of new publicans' licences in Ireland for five years. Their friends and relatives, the licensees, are with them heart and soul in that project which tends to increase the value of their property and not to diminish the consumption of drink. But, Mr. John Fitzgibbon of Castlerea, from his cell in Sligo jail, where he has time to ruminate upon the woes of Ireland, forgets the De Freyne estate, speaks of the temperance question as "the subject next his heart," and asks the following pertinent question: "On whom, then, rests the responsibility of bringing about the desired reform? Will legislation accomplish it, or even mitigate the evil? I fear not." And he goes on plaintively: "There is, in my opinion, no half-way house in the matter of temperance. Habitual venial sins lead to mortal sins. The Church, be it Roman Catholic, Protestant, or any other, should be the great moving power; *but, to be effectual, the bishop of the Church should set the example of total abstinence to his priests or ministers, the priests or ministers to their flocks.*"

Castlerea, where Mr. Fitzgibbon lives, is in the diocese of Bishop Clancy, whose co-operation in so laudable a work can, no doubt, be readily secured, as leading member of the technical instruction board for Connaught. Let us hope that the words of Mr.

Fitzgibbon, written in jail, may reach the ears of Bishop Clancy, in his palace; and that a new temperance crusade may be preached in which, to use Mr. Fitzgibbon's words, "the crusaders must be men that will preach by example."[1]

I calculate that the Peter's Pence contribution sent to Rome by the priests' organisation in Ireland amounts to £30,000 per annum. Kerry, an out-of-the-way diocese, as we have seen, subscribes £1000; Dublin, as we may see from the newspapers, sends off about £2000; so that for the twenty-eight dioceses, £30,000 per annum is a reasonable estimate. But the Peter's Pence is only a fraction of the money which the priests of Ireland take from the Irish people for the enrichment of the disloyal party in Italy. Fees, donations, gifts, remittances on countless pretexts are continually on their way from Ireland to Rome. But nothing ever finds its way thence back to Ireland, except, perhaps, some unfortunate boy, "ice-cream vendor and native of Rome," to be charged in the Dublin Police Court "with attempting to steal money from the donation boxes in High Street Catholic Church," and with attempting to commit suicide by endeavouring to hang himself in the prison cell.[2]

For all this disheartening and lamentable condition of things, we, Catholic layfolk, cannot be held justly responsible. We are without authority in our Church —a position of things which our brother-Christians in the Church of Ireland, Presbyterian, Methodist, and other Churches—find it difficult to understand. How different seems to be the trend of thought amongst our Protestant brethren everywhere! Even in England, where the Church is by law established, and the

[1] *Westmeath Independent*, June 21, 1902.
[2] *Freeman's Journal*, February 10, 1902.

salaries of its ministers secured upon ample properties, we find one of the Anglican bishops, on the 29th of April 1902, presenting to the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury a joint committee's report "on the position of the laity in the early Church." In doing so, Bishop Wordsworth of Salisbury said:[1] "We have come to the conclusion, as our forefathers have done, that laymen have a true position in the councils of the Church. I believe that the Church, as a body, is a true representation of Christ on earth, not the clerical order alone." And the report was followed by this resolution: "That it is desirable that a National Council should be formed fully representing the clergy and laity of the Church of England."

In the direction indicated by that resolution lies the one well-grounded hope for the immediate improvement of Catholic Ireland.

There are hundreds of thousands of good, God-fearing, industrious men and women, Roman Catholic as well as protestant Catholic, scattered up and down through this kingdom of Ireland, "believing that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ they shall be saved." They are not priests; they are not members of parliament. Their presence and actions illumine the face of the country and brighten the streets of our cities and towns; so much so that the eyes of few of the many strangers passing through our beautiful island can pierce into the darkness and see our *real* misery.

Can those men and women not achieve something for their country to arrest its swift descent upon the glissade which leads sheer down to the morass from

[1] *Guardian.*

which the American nation is now laboriously extracting the Cubans and Filipinos?

Oh, that we could put an end to the exclusive ownership and monopoly in Christ which the priests so unjustifiably claim for themselves, and upon which they trade so grossly! Oh, that we could secure for the laity a community of interest and authority with the priests in the administration of Christ's Church in Ireland! If we could truly say of the Irish Roman Catholics as all the protestant Catholics can say of themselves: "All that believed were together and had all things common," even to the possession of Christ and His word; then, beyond all doubt, Ireland should at length know peace, and possess the tranquil courage which constitutes His legacy to man: "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

NOTES

Page 29—"I believe that if Patrick lived to-day, he would raise up the peasants of Ireland," &c. St. Patrick's words prove to us that he did not sell his ministrations as our priests do to-day. In Stokes and Wright's edition of St. Patrick's writings, the reader will find at chapter iv., section 22, of the *Confession*, the following remarkable utterance of Patrick:—"But, perhaps, since I baptized so many thousand men, I may have accepted half a screpall (threepence) from some of them? Tell it to me, and I will restore it to you. Or when the Lord ordained everywhere clergy, through my humble ministry, I dispensed the rite gratuitously. If I asked of any of them even the price of my shoe, tell it against me and I will restore you more."

Page 41—"Our Church often boasts that it is the Church of the Poor," &c. Archbishop Fennelly of Cashel, speaking at Callan on September 28, 1902, is reported to have said: "The toiling man, striving to acquire a competency, has an intense love for the priests of God, while those who acquire prosperity seem to lose that intense affection. Speaking here before a good many priests, I say that we, as priests and bishops, though we desire to do our best to promote the prosperity of our people, have no selfish interests in doing so, for I have remarked during the whole of my missionary career, that the hand of the toiling man is always open to the needs and wants of the priests, while prosperity seems, to a certain extent, to close it."—*Freeman*, September 29, 1902. I am convinced that it is their own selfish interests that the priests pursue; and that they do not desire the real prosperity of the people.

Page 50—"drawing £1200 a year from a Protestant endowment," &c. The actual receipts of the Monaghan Ecclesiastical School, under the Scheme, in the year ended December 31, 1899, amounted to £1121, 9s. 10d. —*Education* (*Ireland*) 1900; *Report of Commissioners.*

Page 86—"Everywhere in Tyrone . . . our people . . . expend themselves in glorifying the priesthood," &c. Miss Ellen Boyle of Omagh, writing in *The Derry Journal* of September 29, 1902, says that a priest at Omagh, commenting, in a sermon, on the smallness of the collection, attributed it "to the unexpected departure from their midst of a generous benefactor." Miss Boyle says that she is the benefactor referred to, and recites how £8940 had been given by her late brother to the priests and nuns of Tyrone and Derry; and that, out of the residue of his property, left to her, an additional £6487 had been contributed to the same quarters; total £15,427! Miss Boyle adds: "The foregoing explanation may, perhaps, account for my *unexpected departure* from Omagh."

Page 303—"Girls of any age, between twelve and twenty, are to be found in scores," &c. In the Dublin Police Court, "before Mr. Mahony, on the 16th of July 1902, Ellen W——, a girl 14 years of age; Lizzie Br——, 18 years; Sarah K——, 18 years; a woman named Mrs. Letitia B——; her daughter, also named Letitia B——, aged 17 years; and a man named Edward M——, all resident in Dublin, were charged with an organised conspiracy for picking pockets on different dates within the past month. The little girl, Ellen W——, was charged with stealing from the dress-pocket of a lady a purse containing a sum of money, and also with picking the pocket of a woman on the same date, outside a drapery store in North Earl Street. Prisoner was charged at Store Street, and there made the alarming statement that she had been induced by Mrs. B—— to leave her home without the consent of her parents twelve months ago, and had since, at Mrs. B——'s instigation, been engaged in picking pockets.

She further stated that she stole £5 on Friday night the 4th inst., from a lady's dress-pocket in a sweet-shop in South George's Street, while in the company of Letitia B——, jun., and Sarah K——. She brought the purse containing this sum to Mrs. B——, when the latter burnt the purse and went to the public-house, accompanied by Edward M——. She ordered two bottles of stout and tendered the £5 note to an assistant there, who became suspicious and asked her name. She stated it was Mary W——. The man and woman then returned to their home and divided the balance of the money, giving a portion to Lizzie B——, Sarah K——, and Letitia B——, jun., the latter two receiving gifts of a white sailor hat each. They all attended the Empire and Tivoli music-halls subsequently, and enjoyed themselves freely. On the 5th inst., in consequence of instructions received from Sarah K—— and Letitia B——, jun., Ellen W—— again succeeded in picking an elderly woman's pocket, which yielded 11s., the money being again divided.

"On the girl W—— being examined, she repeated those statements, and added that Mrs. B—— always accompanied her when she set out to pick pockets, and that she succeeded altogether in stealing forty purses during the past twelve months."[1]

The entire responsibility for the awful condition of our Roman Catholic poor rests upon the priests. I protest against the continuance of such a state of things in our Roman Catholic Church. I call the attention of citizens of every creed to the breach of trust of which our priests are guilty, and for which the whole community suffers. I ask public men who profess to be statesmen whether, in view of the condition of Catholic Ireland, the priests can be said to be zealous or trustworthy guardians of "faith and morals." Basing my charge upon sad experience, I denounce as a public enemy the Minister of State who, now or at any future time, subsidises the priesthood out of public funds on the assumption that they are the only fit and proper guardians of faith and morals.

[1] *Freeman*, July 17, 1902.

Page 483—"Kildare is one of the most priest-infested counties," &c. A letter was read from the Countess of Mayo at a meeting of the Naas Guardians on October 1, 1902, complaining that, in performance of her duty as member of the ladies' committee for visiting boarded-out children, she had been prevented from visiting certain children by the woman with whom they boarded. Lady Mayo says: "Mrs. Jones informed me that Father Norris had lately been there, and had told her to tell me that this place was in his parish, and that I was not to visit the children any more."—*Kildare Observer.*

Page 483—"Meath is a most priest-ridden county." Amongst the sales effected at Ballinasloe Fair on October 7, 1902, it is reported that "Father Dillon, Ballinamore, Co. Meath, sold a hunter for £135."—*Freeman's Journal.*

Page 530—"How the moral wind is blowing in large districts of Kerry." Last year, 1901, a housemaid in a new Kerry hotel went to a Protestant church to witness a wedding. When she next went to confession the priest imposed the following harsh penance upon her, and she was in tears when she related it: She was to *walk on her knees round the church, holding in her mouth a bone taken from a pile of ancient, unburied human remains in the graveyard close by!* That gives the clue to the policy which drives Catholic girls to the bad.

Page 592—"Founded by a decree of the debauched Emperor Phocas," &c.—Phocas, emperor of the East, 602–610, "was of low origin, and of an equally low nature; ignorant, cowardly and cruel, with no ambition but to indulge the more freely in lust and drunkenness."—*Maunders and Cates Biography* (Longmans). When Pope Gregory I. died in A.D. 604 there was a hiatus in the succession to the bishopric of Rome. Boniface III., who succeeded in 607, had been Gregory's representative at Phocas's immoral court in Constantinople, there being no emperor at Rome; and Boniface "appears to have been successful," writes Mr. J. Bass Mullinger, "in completely winning the favour of Phocas,

who, at his suggestion, passed a decree declaring the 'Apostolic Church of Rome' to be 'the head of all the Churches.'" Phocas, amongst other things, "tortured the Empress Constantina, and beheaded her and her three daughters; and murdered the Emperor Maurice and his five sons." We are informed that: "his image, with that of his wife Leontia, were set up in the Lateran by Pope Gregory, who stooped basely to flatter him." Phocas was dethroned, beheaded, and his body was burned amidst the execrations of the public in 610. So much for the respectability of our over-exploited antiquity.

THE END

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